THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

THE POEMS OF ALEXANDER POPE

A ONE-VOLUME EDITION OF
THE TWICKENHAM TEXT
WITH SELECTED ANNOTATIONS
EDITED BY JOHN BUTT

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Preface

The completion of the first stage of the Twickenham Edition in six volumes has provided an opportunity of making a new one-volume edition of Pope's entire poetical work, except for the translation of Homer Such an edition would have been a formidable undertaking without the labours of the Twickenham editors, whose work upon the text, canon, chronology, and elucidation of Pope's poetry has been put to use at every stage This edition is in a real sense a reduced version of the Twickenham edition. The text is the Twickenham text but without the variant readings, without the Latin original of the Imitations of Horace, without the mock indexes to each version of The Dunciad, without the poems of doubtful authenticity, the 1712 version of The Rape of the Lock, and a few small pieces in volume VI that were subsequently incorporated in longer poems The annotation is derived with few exceptions from the Twickenham annotation All Pope's notes are reprinted here in full, but without variant readings and without indication of the editions in which they are to be found They are designated by the Letter P within square brackets, except in The Dunciad where the commentary is largely Pope's When editorial addition has been required within his notes (or in The Dunciad, has been appended to them), it has been placed within diagonal brackets

The arrangement of the poems posed a problem Pope himself never attempted to collect all his verse in a single volume. The octavo editions of his works published in the last years of his life extend to three volumes of poems, the first two of which were issued in two parts each. In these editions he grouped his poems under the following headings 'Original Poems written under 25 years of age', 'Tianslations done at the same time', 'Imitations of English Poets', 'Epistles', 'Epitaphs', 'Epigrams', and 'Imitations of Horace and Dr. Donne'. Thus he abandoned the category of 'Miscellames on Several Occasions', which he had used in the Works of 1717, since all that he chose to reprint could be found without much difficulty in one or other of these new groups

With only a few minor poems selected for inclusion, Pope's problem was relatively simple But when Warburton set himself to prepare the first collected edition after Pope's death and decided that several more of the shorter pieces should be included, he was constrained to restore the category of 'Miscellanies' Every

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subsequent editor has followed this practice, and since this category has grown in size in each edition, it has meant that more and more poems have been loosely and illogically associated in positions where they are most easily overlooked and least easily found

In the Twickenham edition, volume VI, an attempt was made to arrange the minor poems in chronological order of composition, and the titles of the major poems were inserted in their proper years. Though this arrangement enabled the student to see both the whole range of Pope's poetical career in perspective and the development of his style from 1700 to 1744, besides presenting an intermittent but progressive record of his activities, thoughts, and feelings, it was an arrangement which could not be adopted for an edition of the poems in a single volume. To follow the chronological order entails separating the four *Moral Essays* and abandoning the order which Pope prescribed for them in 1735 and to which readers have accordingly grown accustomed. Pope also devised what he called a 'proper Order' for the *Imitations of Horace*, and this was not the chronological order.

The order adopted for this volume preserves some features of Pope's categories, yet does not depart so far from thronological order as to mislead the reader and to destroy all sense of a developing career

In the first section are found all poems written between 1700 and 1717, the year of Pope's first collected edition. The 'Imitations of English Poets' and the 'Translations and Paraphrases done in Youth' are Pope's categories, but they have been extended to contain other authentic poems of this period, together they indicate the sort of prentice work he undertook. They are succeeded by the *Pastorals* and later poems written in this period, and a group called 'Minor Verse 1700–1717' What constitutes a 'major' poem is a decision that has given the editor delight to exercise, and an opportunity has been taken in this and the following two sections of 'promoting' a few poems which have not yet received the critical attention they deserve

The second section covers the years 1718-1729 and ends with *The Dunciad Variorum* The relative scarceness of major poems in this section is owing to Pope's long labours on the translation of Homer The minor verse of the period contains several epistles, epitaphs, and epigrams, categories which, on a balance of considerations, were not thought to deserve retaining

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The major poems of the last section contain the two completed parts of what Pope designed as an 'ethic work in four books', that is to say, the *Essay on Man* and the *Moral Essays* These are followed by the *Imitations of Horace*, and of Donne, 'in proper Order', a few 'promoted' poems, and *The Dunciad in Four Books*

The date of composition and of publication of each poem is briefly indicated below its title. For more precise information on this and on other details the reader is referred to the Twickenham edition, where he will also find full references to passages quoted in the notes. An asterisk added to the title of a poem in the list of contents indicates that the poem was never acknowledged by Pope either publicly or tacitly, but that its credentials rest on evidence set out in the Twickenham edition

JOHN BUTT

Edinburgh, 1961

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settled at Chiswick, where their neighbour was Lord Burlington

1711 (January) Three Hours after Marriage by Pope, Gav, and Arbuthnot, first acted, rediculed by Cibber (June) Iliad, vol 111

The collected volume of Pope's Works, containing Verses

The collected volume of Pope's Works, containing Verses to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady and Elvisa to Abelard

(October) Pope's father died

1718 (June) Ihad, vol 1v

Death of Parnell Pope and his mother moved to Twickenham late in the year

1719 Death of Addison

1720 (May) Iliad, vols v and vi

- 1721 (September) The Epistle to Addison prefixed to Tickell's edition of Addison's Works
 (December) The Epistle to Oxford prefixed to Pope's edition of Parnell's Poems
- 1723 (January) Pope's edition of John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham's Works published, and seized by the Government on suspicion of Jacobitish passages (May) Pope called before the House of Lords as a witness at Atterbury's trial
- 1725 (March) Pope's edition of Shakespeare published in six volumes
 (April) Odyssey, vols I-III Grub Street taunts Pope as a 'political undertaker'
 Bolingbroke returned from exile, and settled near Pope at Dawley Farm, Uabridge
- 1726 (March) Theobald's Shakespeare Restored or, a Specimen of the Many Errors Committed by Mr Pope (June) Odyssey, vols IV-V
 Pope visited by Swift Gulliver's Travels published in October

- 1727 (June) Pope-Swift Miscellanes, vols I and II Swift's second visit to Pope
- 1728 (March) Pope-Swift Miscellanies, 'last' volume The Peri Bathous arouses angry comment (May) The Dunciad, in three books, with Theobald as hero Numerous attacks on Pope follow
- 1728 (April) The Dunciad Variorum
- 1731 (December) Epistle to Burlington [Moral Essay IV]
- 1732 (October) Pope-Swift Miscellanies, 'third' volume (December) Death of Gay
- 1733 (January) Epistle to Bathurst [Moral Essay III]
 (February) The first Imitation of Horace [Sat II 1]
 (February-May) An Essay on Man, Epistles I-III
 (June) Death of Pope's mother
- 1734 (January) Epistle to Cobham [Moral Essay I]
 An Essay on Man, Epistle IV
 (July) Imtation of Horace [Sat II II]
 (December) Sober Advice from Horace
- 1735 (January) Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot
 (February) Of the Characters of Women [Moral Essay II]
 Death of Arbuthnot
 (April) The Works, vol II
 (May) Curll's edition of Pope's letters
 Bolingbroke returned to France
- 1737 (April) Imitation of Horace [Ep II II]
 (May) Pope's edition of his letters
 Imitation of Horace [Ep II I]
 Art Essay on Man attacked by Crousaz, Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy at Lausanne
- 1738 (January-March) Imitations of Horace [Eps I vi and I i] (May-July) Epilogue to the Satires Warburton began his replies to Crousaz Pope visited by Bolingbroke
- 1740 (April) Pope's first meeting with Warburton

1742 (March) The New Dunciad [1 e Book IV]

1743 (October) The Dunciad in four books with Cibber enthroned in the place of Theobald

1744 (Mav 30) Death of Pope

List of Abbreviations

The Preface of 1717

I am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest, so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man, and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have fail'd in an expression, or err'd in any particular point and can it then be wonder'd at, if the Poets in general seem resolv'd not to own themselves in any error? For as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgements

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-plac'd, Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment, but such a Critic's is to put them, out of humor, a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguish'd by a man himself, from a strong inclination and if his genius be ever so great, he can not at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made an object of ridicule I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write, and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular

friends may be either ignorant, or insincere, and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents, and till such talents as they have are so far discredited, as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagin'd he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame, when perhaps the poer man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances, for from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty If he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb If he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence, as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise, since if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguish'd from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envy'd by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority, for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it. And 'tis to be fear'd that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities, and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him a hundred honest gentlemen will dread him as a wit, and a hundred innocent women as a satyrist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone, the privilege of being admitted into the best company, and the freedom of saving as many careless things as other people, without being so severely remark'd upon

I believe, if any one, early in his life should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth, and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to

serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been less concern'd about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore since my writings have had their fate already, and 'tis too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, byast by recommendations, dazled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author, I writ because it amused me, I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write, and I publish'd because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant, I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleas'd with them at last But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we, and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent, and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality. Tho' if we took the same care, we should still he under a farther misfortune they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent, and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients and it will be found true, that in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For to say truth, whatever is very good sense must have been common sense in all times, and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers. And indeed it is

very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so

I fairly confess that I have serv'd my self all I could by reading, that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living, that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies. But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live. One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together, and what Critic can be so unreasonable as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the publick, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves, and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole Poem, and vice versa a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts, and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one For what I have publish'd, I can only hope to be pardon'd, but for what I have burn'd. I deserve to be prais'd On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me I must farther acquit my self of the presumption of having lent my name1 to recommend any Miscellanies, or works of other men, a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon my self as a man building a monument, or burying the dead?

If time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or self-interest, the gratification of publick prejudices, or private passions, the flattery of the undeserving, or the insult of the unfortunate If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do

¹ Pope had not 'lent his name' to a Miscellany, but he was engaged at this time in editing, anonymously, a volume entitled *Poems on Several Occasions*

without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses, without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings, not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceiv'd, meerly for my credit However, I desire it may then be consider'd, that there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty1, so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concern'd about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing if any thing was good it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was oblig'd to. brib'd no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language, or when I could not attack a Rival's works, encourag'd reports against his Morals To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves. and a Memento more to some of my vain co-temporaries the Poets, to teach them that when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encourag'd by the great, commended by the eminent, and favour'd by the publick in general

Nov 10, 1716

¹ Pope was twenty-five in 1713, by that time he had published the Pastorals (1709), An Essay on Criticism (1711), The Rape of the Lock (original version) and Messiah (1712), Windsor-Forest (1713)

Poems 1700-1717

Imitations of English Poets

Verses in imitation of Waller, by a Youth of thirteen

[written c 1701, published, PSO 1717]

I OF A LADY SINGING TO HER LUTE

Fair charmer cease, nor make your voice's prize

A heart resign'd the conquest of your eyes

Well might, alas! that threaten'd vessel fail,

Which winds and lightning both at once assail

We were too blest with these inchanting lays,

Which must be heav'nly when an angel plays,

But killing charms your lover's death contrive,

Lest heav'nly musick should be heard alive

Orpheys could charm the trees, but thus a tree

Taught by your hand, can charm no less than he,

A poet made the silent wood pursue,

This vocal wood had drawn the poet too

II OF THE LADY WHO COULD NOT SLEEP IN A STORMY NIGHT

As gods sometimes descend from heav'n and deign On earth a while with mortals to remain, So gentle sleep from Seremssa flies, To dwell at last upon her lover's eyes That god's indulgence can she justly crave, Who flies the tyrant to relieve the slave? Or should those eyes alone that rest enjoy, Which in all others they themselves destroy? Let her whom fear denies repose to take, Think for her love what crowds of wretches wake So us'd to sighs, so long inur'd to tears, Are winds and tempests dreadful to her ears? Jove with a nod may bid the world to rest, But Seremssa must becalm the breast

5

10

III OF HER PICTURE

The nymph her graces here express'd may find, And by this picture learn to dress her mind, For here no frowns make tender love afraid, Soft looks of mercy grace the flatt'ring shade, And, while we gaze, the gracious form appears T'approve our passion and forbid our fears Narcissus here a different fate had prov'd, Whose bright resemblance by himself was lov'd, Had he but once this fairer shade descry'd, Not for his own, but hers, the youth had dy'd

5

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IV OF HER SICKNESS

Ah Serenssa, from our arms
Did you for death's preserve your charms,
From us that serv'd so long in vain,
Shall heav'n so soon the prize obtain?
Sickness, its courtship, makes the fair
As pale as her own lovers are

Sure you, the goddess we adore,
Who all colestial seem'd before,
While vows and service nothing gain'd,
Which, were you woman, had obtain'd,
At last in pity, for our sake,
Descend an human form to take,
And by this sickness chuse to tell
You are not now invincible

V OF HER WALKING IN A GARDEN AFTER A SHOWER

See how the sun in dusky skies
Veils his fair glories, while he spies
Th' unclouded lustre of her eyes!
Her bashful beauties once descry'd,
The vanquish'd roses lose their pride,
And in their buds their blushes hide
Myrtles have lost their balmy smell,
And drooping lillies seem to tell
How much her sweets their own excel
See! She retires Nor can we say
If light breaks out or goes away,

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS	5
For Sol's is now the only ray Lo how their heads the lillies rear, And with fresh sweets perfume the air, When their bright rival is not there Again grown proud, the spreading rose Its bloomy beauties does disclose, And to the skies its incense throws	15
Her glorious charms eclipse the day, Nature itself is only gay,	20
When Seremssa is away Like, yet unlike these flow'rs am I, I languish when her charms draw nigh, But if she disappears, I dye	
VI OF HER SIGHING	
When love would strike th' offending fair, This incense bribes the god to spare, And Cytheræa now does prize No sweets but Seremssa's sighs The yielding nymph by these confest, Encourag'd lovers seek her breast So spicy gales at once betray Th' Arabian coast, and waft us on our way	5
Verses in imitation of Cowley By	
a Youth of thirteen	
[written c 1701, published, PSO, 1717]•	
I WEEPING	
While Celia's tears make sorrow bright, Proud grief sits swelling in her eyes The sun (next those the fairest light) Thus from the ocean first did rise And thus thro' mists we see the sun, Which else we durst not gaze upon	5
These silver drops, like morning dew, Foretell the fervour of the day, So from one cloud soft show'rs we view,	
And blasting lightnings burst away	10

The stars that fall from Celia's eye, Declare our doom in drawing nigh

The baby, in that sunny sphere
So like a *Phaeton* appears,
That heav'n, the threaten'd world to spare,
Thought fit to drown him in her tears
Else might th' ambitious nymph aspire,
To set, like him, heav'n too on fire

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II PRESENTING A LARK

Go tuneful bird, forbear to soar, And the bright sun admire no more, Go bask in *Seremssa*'s eyes, And turn a bird of paradise

In those fair beams thy wings display, Take shorter journies to the day, And at an humbler pitch prefer Thy musick to an angel's ear

Nor, tho' her slave, thy lot deplore, The god of love himself's no more Ev'n him to constancy she brings, And clips, like thine, his wav'ring wings

She gains from us, as now from thee, Our songs by our captivity, But happier you attention gain, While wretched lovers sing in vain

III THE RIVER

Hail sacred spring, whose fruitful stream
Fattens the flocks, and cloaths the plain,
The melancholy poets theme,
And solace of the thirsty swain

Thou fly'st, like time, with eager haste, Behind thy self thou still dost stay, Thy stream, like his, is never past, And yet is ever on the way

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS	7
While mankind boasts superior sight, With eyes erect the heav'ns to see, The starry eyes of heav'n delight To gaze upon themselves in thee	10
A second sun thou dost present, And bring new heav'ns before our eyes, We view a milder firmament, And pleas'd, look downward to the skies	15
Thy streams were once th' impartial test Of untaught nature's humble pride, When by thy glass the nymphs were drest, In flow'rs, the honours of thy side	20
Of thee they drank, till blushing fruit Was rayisht from the tender vine.	

Of thee they drank, till blushing fruit
Was ravisht from the tender vine,
And man, like thee, was impollute,
Till mischief learn'd to mix with wine

To the Author of a Poem, intitled, Successio

[written c 1702, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1712]

Begone ye Criticks, and restrain your Spite,

Codrus writes on, and will for ever write,

The heaviest Muse the swiftest Course has gone,

As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on

What tho' no Bees around your Cradle flew,

Nor on your Lips distill'd their golden Dew?

Yet have we oft discover'd in their stead,

A Swarm of Drones, that buzz'd about your Head

When you, like Orpheus, strike the warbling Lyre,

Attentive Blocks stand round you, and admire

Wit, past thro' thee, no longer is the same,

The person addressed as the Author of Successio was Elkanah Settle, whose poem in praise of the Hanoverian succession, Eusebia Triumphans, was published in 1702 Pope stated that his poem was written in imitation of the style of the Earl of Dorset

2 Codrus] A Latin poet, temp Domitian, whose poverty became proverbial

As Meat digested takes a diff'rent Name, But Sense must sure thy safest Plunder be, Since no Reprizals can be made on thee Thus thou may'st Rise, and in thy daring Flight (Tho' ne'er so weighty) reach a wondrous height, So, forc'd from Engines, Lead it self can fly, And pondrous Slugs move nimbly thro' the Sky Sure Bavius copy'd Mævius to the full, And Chærilus taught Codrus to be dull, Therefore, dear Friend, at my Advice give o'er This needless Labour, and contend no more, To prove a dull Succession to be true, Since 'tis enough we find it so in You

17f Inserted later in The Dunciad A, I 177-80, with a revision of 1 4
19 Bavius Mævius] Two stupid and malevolent poets of the
Augustan age
20 Chævilus A type of blundering poet who occasionally writes a good

line

On Silence

[IN IMITATION OF THE EARL OF ROCHESTER]

[written c 1702, published, Lintot's

Miscellany, 1712]

Silence! Coceval with Eternity, Thou wert e'er Nature's self began to be, 'Twas one vast Nothing, All, and All slept fast in thee

Thine was the Sway, e'er Heav'n was form'd or Earth, E'er fruitful *Thought* conceiv'd Creation's Birth, Or Midwife *Word* gave Aid, and spoke the Infant forth

Then various Elements against thee join'd, In one more various Animal combin'd, And fram'd the clam'rous Race of busic Human-kind

The tongue mov'd gently first, and Speech was low, 'Till wrangling Science taught it Noise and Show, And wicked Wit arose, thy most abusive Foe

But Rebel Wit deserts thee oft in vain, Lost in the Maze of Words, he turns again, And seeks a surer State, and courts thy gentle Reign

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Afflicted Sense thou kindly dost set free, Oppress'd with Argumental Tyranny, And routed Reason finds a safe Retreat in thee

With thee in private modest *Dulness* lies, And in thy Bosom lurks in *Thought's* Disguise, Thou Varnisher of *Fools*, and Cheat of all the *Wise*

20

Yet thy Indulgence is by both confest, Folly by thee lies sleeping in the Breast, And 'tis in thee at last that Wisdom seeks for Rest

Silence, the Knave's Repute, the Whore's good Name, 25 The only Honour of the wishing Dame, Thy very want of Tongue makes thee a kind of Fame

But could'st thou seize some Tongues that now are free, How Church and State should be oblig'd to thee! At Senate, and at Bar, how welcome would'st thou be! 30

Yet Speech, ev'n there, submissively withdraws From Rights of Subjects, and the Poor Man's Cause, Then pompous Silence reigns, and stills the noisie Laws

Past Services of Friends, good Deeds of Foes, What Fav'rites gain, and what the Nation owes, Fly the forgetful World, and in thy Arms repose

35

The Country Wit, Religion of the Town, The Courtier's Learning, Policy o' th' Gown, Are best by thee express'd, and shine in thee alone

The Parson's Cant, the Lawyer's Sophistry, Lord's Quibble, Critick's Jest, all end in thee, All rest in Peace at last, and sleep eternally 40

Chaucer

[written before 1709, published, PSM, 1727]

Women ben full of Ragerie, Yet swinken nat sans Secresie Thilke moral shall ye understond, From Schole-boy's Tale of favre *Ireland*

Which to the Fennes hath him betake, 5 To filch the gray Ducke fro the Lake Right then, there passen by the Way, His Aunt, and eke her Daughters tway Ducke in his Trowzes hath he hent, Not to be spied of Ladies gent IO 'But ho! our Nephew,' (crieth one,) 'Ho!' quoth another, 'Cozen John!' And stoppen, and lough, and callen out,-This sely Clerk full low doth lout They asken that, and talken this, 15 'Lo here is Coz, and here is Miss' But, as he glozeth with Speeches soote, The Ducke sore tickleth his Erse Roote Fore-piece and Buttons all-to-brest, Forth thrust a white Neck, and red Crest 20 Te-he cry'd Ladies, Clerke nought spake Miss star'd, and gray Ducke crieth Quaake 'O Moder, Moder,' (quoth the Daughter,) 'Be thilke same Thing Maids longen a'ter? Bette is to pyne on Coals and Chalke, 25 Then trust on Mon, whose verde can talke'

Spenser The Alley

[written before 1709, published, PSM, 1727]

In ev'ry Town, where *Thams* rolls his Tyde,
A narrow Pass there is, with Houses low,
Where eyer and anon, the Stream is ey'd,
And many a Boat soft sliding to and fro
There oft' are heard the Notes of Infant Woe,
The short thick Sob, loud Scream, and shriller Squawl
How can ye, Mothers, vex your Children so?
Some play, some eat, some cack against the Wall,
And as they crouchen low, for Bread and Butter call

And on the broken Pavement here and there,
Doth many a stinking Sprat and Herring he,
A Brandy and Tobacco Shop is near,
And Hens, and Dogs, and Hogs are feeding by
And here a Sailor's Jacket hangs to dry
At ev'ry Door are Sun-burnt Matrons seen,
Mending old Nets to catch the scaly Fry,

50

Now singing shrill, and scolding eft between, Scolds answer foul-mouth'd Scolds, bad Neighbourhood I ween

The snappish Cur, (the Passengers annoy)
Close at my Heel with yelping Treble flies, 20
The whimp'ring Girl, and hoarser-screaming Boy,
Join to the yelping Treble shrilling Cries,
The scolding Quean to louder Notes doth rise,
And her full Pipes those shrilling Cries confound
To her full Pipes the grunting Hog replies, 25
The grunting Hogs alarm the Neighbours round,
And Curs, Girls, Boys, and Scolds, in the deep Base are drown'd

Hard by a Sty, beneath a Roof of Thatch,
Dwelt Obloquy, who in her early Days
Baskets of Fish at Billingsgate did watch,
Cod, Whiting, Oyster, Mackrel, Sprat, or Plaice
There learn'd she Speech from Tongues that never cease
Slander beside her, like a Magpye, chatters,
With Envy, (spitting Cat,) dread Foe to Peace
Like a curs'd Cur, Malice before her clatters,
And vexing ev'ry Wight, tears Cloaths and all to Tatters

Her Dugs were mark'd by ev'ry Collier's Hand,
Her Mouth was black as Bull-Dogs at the Stall
She scratched, bit, and spar'd ne Lace ne Band,
And Bitch and Rogue her Answer was to all,
Any, e'en the Parts of Shame by Name would call
Yea when she passed by or Lane or Nook,
Would greet the Man who turn'd him to the Wall,
And by his Hand obscene the Porter took,
Nor ever did askance like modest Virgin look

45

Such place hath Deptford, Navy-building Town, Woolwich and Wapping, smelling strong of Pitch, Such Lambeth, Envy of each Band and Gown, And Twick'nam such, which fairer Scenes enrich, Grots, Statues, Urns, and Jo—n's Dog and Bitch

50 Jo—n's Dog and Bitch] James Johnston (1655–1737), one-time Secretary of State for Scotland, and responsible for the inquiry into the Glencoe massacre, in retirement he was a near neighbour of Pope's at Twickenham, and displayed on his garden wall 'two miserable little leaden figures of a dog and a bitch'

Ne Village is without, on either side, All up the silver *Thames*, or all a down, Ne *Richmond*'s self, from whose tall Front are ey'd Vales, Spires, meandring Streams, and *Windsor*'s tow'ry Pride

Waller On a Fan of the Author's design, in which was painted the story of Cephalus and Procris with the Motto, Aura Veni

[written before 1709, published, Spectator, 1712]

Come, gentle Air! th' *Holian* Shepherd said, While *Procris* panted in the secret shade, Come, gentle Air, the fairer *Delia* cries, While at her feet her swain expiring lies Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties stray, Breathe on her lips, and in her bosom play! In *Delia*'s hand this toy is fatal found, Nor could that fabled dart more surely wound Both gifts destructive to the givers prove, Alike both lovers fall by those they love Yet guiltless too this bright destroyer lives, At random wounds, nor knows the wound she gives She views the story with attentive eyes, And pities *Procris*, while her lover dies

Cowley The Garden

[written before 1709, published, Works, 1736]

Fain would my Muse the flow'ry Treasures sing, And humble glories of the youthful Spring, Where opening Roses breathing sweets diffuse, And soft Carnations show'r their balmy dews, Where Lillies smile in virgin robes of white, The thin Undress of superficial Light, And vary'd Tulips show so dazling gay, Blushing in bright diversities of day Each painted flouret in the lake below Surveys its beauties, whence its beauties grow,

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And pale Narcissus on the bank, in vain Transformed, gazes on himself again Here aged trees Cathedral walks compose, And mount the Hill in venerable rows There the green Infants in their beds are laid. 15 The Garden's Hope, and its expected shade Here Orange-trees with blooms and pendants shine, And vernal honours to their autumn join, Exceed their promise in the ripen'd store. Yet in the rising blossom promise more 20 There in bright drops the crystal Fountains play, By Laurels shielded from the piercing Day Where Daphne, now a tree as once a maid, Still from Apollo vindicates her shade, Still turns her beauties from th' invading beam, 25 Nor seeks in vain for succour to the Stream The stream at once preserves her virgin leaves. At once a shelter from her boughs receives, Where Summer's beauty midst of Winter stays. And Winter's Coolness spite of Summer's rays 30

E of Dorset

[written before 1709, published, PSM, 1727]

I ARTIMESIA

Tho' Artimesia talks, by Fits,
Of Councils, Classicks, Fathers, Wits,
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke
Yet in some Things methinks she fails,
'Twere well if she would pare her Nails,
And wear a cleaner Smock

Haughty and huge as *High-Dutch* Bride, Such Nastiness and so much Pride Are odly join'd by Fate

It is unnecessary to search, with earlier commentators, for prototypes

of these two type-characters

(i) 3 Nicole Malebranche (1638–1715), French philosopher Recherche de la Verité (1674), translated into English 1694 Robert Boyle (1627–91), author of numerous books on chemistry, physics, and philosophy John Locke (1632–1704) An Essay concerning Humane Understanding (1690) had reached a seventh edition by 1716

POEMS 1700-1717	
On her large Squab you find her spread, Like a fat Corpse upon a Bed, That lies and stinks in State	10
She wears no Colours (sign of Grace) On any Part except her Face, All white and black beside Dauntless her Look, her Gesture proud, Her Voice theatrically loud, And masculine her Stride	15
So have I seen, in black and white A prating Thing, a Magpy height, Majestically stalk, A stately, worthless Animal, That plies the Tongue, and wags the Tail, All Flutter, Pride, and Talk	20
II PHRYNE	
Phryne had Talents for Mankind, Open she was, and unconfin'd, Like some free Port of Trade Merchants unloaded here their Freight, And Agents from each foreign State, Here first their Entry made	5
Her Learning and good Breeding such, Whether th' Italian or the Dutch, Spaniard or French came to her, To all obliging she'd appear 'Twas Si Sigmor, 'twas Yaw Mynheer, 'Twas S'il vous plaist, Monsieur	10
Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes,	

Obscure by Birth, renown'd by Crimes, Still changing Names, Religions, Climes, At length she turns a Bride In Di'monds, Pearls, and rich Brocades, She shines the first of batter'd Jades,

15

And flutters in her Pride

10 Squab] A sofa or couch
(u) Phryne] Grk φρυνη, a toad The nickname of several Athenian courtesans

IMITATIONS OF ENGLISH POETS	+2
So have I known those Insects fair,	
(Which curious Germans hold so rare,)	20
Still vary Shapes and Dyes,	

Still gain new Titles with new Forms, First Grubs obscene, then wriggling Worms, Then painted Butterflies

The Happy Life of a Country Parson

[written c 1713, published, PSM, 1727]

Parson, these Things in thy possessing Are better than the Bishop's Blessing A Wife that makes Conserves, a Steed That carries double when there's need October, store, and best Virginia, 5 Tythe-Pig, and mortuary Gunea Gazettes sent Gratis down, and frank'd, For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd A large Concordance, (bound long since,) Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince, 10 A Chronicle of antient standing, A Chrysostom to smooth thy Band in The Polygott—three Parts,—my Text. Howbert,—likewise—now to my next, Lo here the Septuagint,—and Paul, 15 To sum the whole,—the Close of all He that has these, may pass his Life, Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife, On Sundays preach, and eat, his Fill, And fast on Findays, if he will, 20 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News, Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews, Pray heartily for some new Gift, And shake his Head at Doctor S-

This poem was first entitled The Happy Life of a Country Parson In Imitation of Martial, but was later called an imitation of Swift, and placed in the Imitations of English Poets Done by the Author in his Youth

5 October] 1 e ale brewed in October

6 Tythe-Pig] A pig due to the parson in payment of tithe mortuary Guinea] A customary gift formerly claimed by the incumbent of a parish from the estate of a deceased parishioner

7 frank'd] Superscribed with a privileged signature, e.g. of a Member

of Parliament, and so free from postage dues

13 Polyglot Brian Walton's Biblia Sacra Polyglotta, 1657

Translations and Paraphrases

DONE IN YOUTH



A Paraphrase on Thomas a Kemps, L 3, C 2

DONE BY THE AUTHOR AT 12 YEARS OLD [written, c 1700, published, 1854]

Speak, Gracious Lord, oh speak, thy Servant hears
For I'm thy Servant, and I'l still be so
Speak words of Comfort in my willing Ears,
And since my Tongue is in thy praises slow,
And since that thine all Rhetorick exceeds,
Speak thou in words, but let me speak in deeds!

5

Nof speak alone, but give me grace to hear
What thy cælestial Sweetness does impart,
Let it not stop when entred at the Ear
But sink, and take deep rooting in my heart
As the parch'd Earth drinks Rain (but grace afford)
With such a Gust will I receive thy word

10

Nor with the Israelites shall I desire
Thy heav'nly word by Moses to receive,
Lest I should die but Thou who didst inspire
Moses himself, speak thou, that I may live
Rather with Samuel I beseech with tears
Speak, gracious Lord, oh speak, thy Servant hears

15

Moses indeed may say the words but Thou
Must give the Spirit, and the Life inspire,
Our Love to thee his fervent Breath may blow,
But 'tis thy self alone can give the fire
Thou without them may'st speak and profit too,
But without thee, what could the Prophets do?

20

They preach the Doctrine, but thou mak'st us do't, 2. They teach the Misteries thou dost open lay,

The Trees they water, but thou giv'st the fruit,
They to Salvation shew the arduous way,
But none but you can give us Strength to walk,
You give the Practise, they but give the Talk

30

Let them be silent then, and thou alone
(My God) speak comfort to my ravish'd Ears,
Light of my eyes, my Consolation,
Speak when thou wilt, for still thy Servant hears
What-ere thou speak'st, let this be understood,
Thy greater Glory, and my greater Good!

35

Polyphemus and Acis

OUT OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

[written c 1702, published 1749]

CONNEXION OF THE FABLE

On occasion of Aneas's Passage by Scylla and Charybdis, the Poet introduces an Account of the former, who was, before her Transformation, an Attendant of Galatea As she is employed in dressing her Mistress, she relates to her the following Story of her Amours with Acis, and the Love of Polyphemus

From fair Symæthis and her Faunus came A lovely youth, and Acis was his name, His parents joy, who did a comfort prove To them by nature, but to me by love To me the boy did an affection bear, 5 His only pleasure, and his early care E'er sixteen passing years had overlaid His downy cheeks with a beginning shade, Acis I lov'd, and Polyphemus too With equal ardour did my love pursue, IO Nor knew I then which passion greater prov'd, If most I hated, or if most I lov'd Great queen of love! how boundless is thy sway. Which monsters wild, and savages obey! Thy force the barb'rous Polyphemus try'd, 15 The proud despiser of all heav'n beside, Ev'n, he, the terror of his native grove,

	Dismiss'd his fierceness, and cou'd learn to love!	
	Now all neglected, he forgets his home,	
	His flocks at random round the forest roam	20
	While nice, and anxious in his new disease,	
	He vainly studies every art to please	
	To trim his beard, th'unweildy scythe prepares,	
	And combs with rakes, his rough, disorder'd hairs	
	Adjusts his shapes, while in the crystal brook	25
	He views and practises a milder look	
	Love makes him all his cruelty forego,	
	And ships, in safety, wander to and fro	
	It chanc'd prophetick Telemus, who knew	
	The flight of birds, and thence presages drew,	30
	Arriving then by Ætna's steepy height,	_
	Foretold the Cyclops he shou'd lose his sight	
	The laughing Cyclops gave the bard the lye,	
	And said, a charming female stole that eye	
	Thus scorning prophecy, and warn'd in vain,	35
	With heavy steps he sinks the sandy plain,	33
	Then weary grown, to shady grotts retires,	
	But finds no shelter from his raging fires	
	Far in the main a promontory grows,	
	Around whose rocky sides the water flows	40
	High in the midst, upon this airy steep	40
	He sate, pursu'd by all his flocks of sheep	
	Before his feet his pondrous staff he cast,	
	A pine which ships might challenge for a mast	
	His whistle (which a hundred reeds compose)	
		45
	With all his strength the giant-lover blows,	
	The neighbouring mountains, and resounding main	
	Shook, and return'd the dreadful blast again	
	Hid in a rock, and by my Acis laid,	
	The boist rous musick did my ears invade,	50
	While to his reeds he sung his amorous pains,	
	In words like these, which still my mind retains	
	Oh! lovely nymph, and more than lilies fair,	
	More sweet than winter's sun, or summer's air,	
	And smooth as shells that gliding waters wear,	55
	Not ice or crystal equal splendor yield,	
	O far more pleasing than the flow'ry field!	
	Wanton as kids, and more delicious far,	
	Than grapes mature, or blushing apples are,	
	More strait than alders, taller than the planes,	60
25	shapes] Appearance, perhaps, or attitude and dress	

And soft as down upon the breast of swans	
As gardens fresh, where running rivers stray,	
But, ah! like rivers, swift to glide away,	
And what alone must all my hopes remove,	
Swift as the wind before pursuing love,	65
Yet know, coy maid, and curse your long delay,	_
Know from whose arms you fly so fast away	
Behold the rocky caverns where I dwell,	
Which summer suns, and winter frosts expel	
See how my fruits the loaded branches bend,	70
And grapes in clusters from the vine depend,	, -
These bright, like gold, and those with purple shine,	
And these and those, my dearest, shall be thine	
Here cornels rise, and in the shady grove	
Grow scarlet strawberries to feast my love	75
The chesnut, wilding, plum, and every tree,	,,,
For thee shall bear their fruits, and offer all to thee!	
These flocks are mine, and more are pen'd at home	
Range in the woods, and in the vallies roam	•
So great the tale, I scarce can count them o'er,	80
The poorest shepherd best may tell his store	
Believe not me, but come and witness here,	
How, scarce, my ewes their strutting udders bear,	
What tender lambkins here my folds contain,	
And there what kids of equal age remain	85
Nor boast we only common dainties here,	_
But roes and lev'rets, and the fallow deer,	
The goat, the hare, with ev'ry forest beast,	
And turtles taken from their airy nest	
Two cubs I have, as like as twins can be,	90
And these, dear nymph, are kept to play with thee	•
Two little bears, I found them, and did please	
Myself to think, my mistress shou'd have these	
Come Galatea, from the sea arise,	
And see my presents, nor the gifts despise	95
I'm not so monst'rous, I my face did view	
In you clear lake, and thought it handsome too	
How great I look'd! of what a godlike size!	
Not Jove himself (your Jove that sways the skies)	
~	100
Your beauty charms a greater man than Jove	
Hairs, like a wood, my head and shoulders grace,	
And cast a majesty on all my face	
The comely steeds are grac'd with flowing manes,	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	21
With fleeces sheep, and birds with plumy trains, Leaves deck the stately trees, and man is fair, By bearded cheeks, and members rough with hair With one large eye my ample front is grac'd, Round like a shield, and in the middle plac'd	105
The sun all objects views beneath the sky, And yet, like me, has but a single eye My father o'er your seas presides, and he Will be your father by your wedding me Oh! yeild at last, nor still remain severe,	110
I worship you, and you alone I fear! Jove's harmless lightning unregarded flies, No lightning wounds me but your angry eyes Nor thy contempt cou'd cause me thus to mourn, If thou all others didst despise and scorn	115
But Acis, Acis is thy dear delight, For his embraces you the Cyclops slight Well, he may please himself, and you may share His pleasures too (tho' that I scarce can bear) Yet he shall find, wou'd time th'occasion shew,	120
The strength and fury of a giant foe I'll from his bleeding breast his entrails tear, And hurl his mangled carcass in the air, Or cast his limbs into thy guilty flood, And mix thy waters with his reeking blood! For oh! I burn, nor you my flames asswage, And love disdain'd revives with fiercer rage	125
Two lines here wanting	
This said, he rose, and frantick with his pain, Roar'd out for rage, and hurried o'er the plain So bulls in forests hunt their absent loves, And stung with anguish bellow through the groves But as around his rowling orb he cast, Myself and Acis he descry'd at last	135
These thefts, false nymph, thou shalt enjoy no more. He cry'd, and Ætna trembled with the roar! Flighted, beneath my native deeps I fled, Acis too run, and help, oh help! he said, A wretch undone O parents help, and deign T'admit your offspring in your watry reign!	140
The Cyclops follow'd, and a stone he threw, Torn from the rock, which threatned as it flew, No further speech the thundering rock affords,	145

O'ertakes the flying boy, and smothers half his words Yet what we cou'd, and what no fates deny'd, We soon perform'd, and Acis deify'd, To rule in streams to which he was ally'd 150 His body press'd beneath the stone, the blood Flow'd from the marble in a crimson flood, Which lost its native red, and first appear'd A troubled stream, the troubled stream was clear'd, The rock asunder cleav'd, and thro' the chink 155 Long reeds sprung up as on a fountain's brink Strait from the hollow cliff, and yawning ground, Insulting waters yield a murmuring sound At last a youth above the waist arose, Whose horned temples reedy wreaths inclose. 160 And, but he seem'd a larger bulk to bear, With looks more azure, Acis might appear, And Acis was, who now transform'd became A crystal fountain, and preserv'd the name

Memorandum Done at 14 years old 158 insulting Assaulting

The Fable of Vertumnus and Pomona

FROM

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK OF OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES

written c 1702, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1712]

Rege sub hoc Pomona furt———&c

The fair Pomona flourish'd in his Reign,
Of all the Virgins of the Sylvan Train,
None taught the Trees a nobler Race to bear,
Or more improv'd the Vegetable Care
To her the shady Grove, the flow'ry Field,
The Streams and Fountains, no Delights cou'd yield,
'Twas all her Joy the ripening Fruits to tend,
And see the Boughs with happy Burthens bend
The Hook she bore, instead of Cynthia's Spear,

1 his Reign] The reign of Procas, legendary king of Alba Longa

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	23
To lop the Growth of the luxuriant Year, To decent Form the lawless Shoots to bring, And teach th'obedient Branches where to spring Now the cleft Rind inserted Graffs receives, And yields an Off-spring more than Nature gives,	10
Now sliding Streams the thirsty Plants renew, And feed their Fibres with reviving Dew These Cares alone her Virgin Breast imploy, Averse from Venus and the Nuptial Joy, Her private Orchards wall'd on ev'ry side,	15
To lawless Sylvans all Access deny'd How oft the Satyrs and the wanton Fawns, Who haunt the Forests or frequent the Lawns, The God whose Ensign scares the Birds of Prey,	20
And old Silenus, youthful in Decay, Imploy'd their Wiles and unavailing Care, To pass the Fences, and surprize the Fair? Like these, Vertumnus own'd his faithful Flame, Like these, rejected by the scornful Dame	,25
To gain her Sight, a thousand Forms he wears, And first a Reaper from the Field appears, Sweating he walks, while Loads of golden Grain O'ercharge the Shoulders of the seeming Swain Oft o'er his Back a crooked Scythe is laid,	30
And Wreaths of Hay his Sun-burnt Temples shade, Oft in his harden'd Hand a Goad he bears, Like one who late unyok'd the sweating Steers Sometimes his Pruning-hook corrects the Vines, And the loose Straglers to their Ranks confines	35
Now gath'ring what the bounteous Year allows, He pulls ripe Apples from the bending Boughs A Soldier now, he with his Sword appears, A Fisher next, his trembling Angle bears Each Shape he varies, and each Art he tries,	40
On her bright Charms to feast his longing Eyes A Female Form at last Vertumnus wears, With all the Marks of rev'rend Age appears, His Temples thinly spread with silver Hairs Prop'd on his Staff, and stooping as he goes,	45

23 The God] Priapus, the god of fertility in vegetable and animal life Images of Priapus were placed in gardens as protection against robbers and birds

²⁷ Vertumnus] A deity thought to preside over the seasons and their various productions in the vegetable world. To him gardeners offered their first fruits (cf. 1 96)

A painted Mitre shades his furrow'd Brows The God, in this decrepit Form array'd, The Gardens enter'd, and the Fruits survey'd, And happy You' (he thus address'd the Maid) Whose Charms as far all other Nymphs out-shine, As other Gardens are excell'd by thine!	50
Then kiss'd the Fair, (his Kisses warmer grow Than such as Women on their Sex bestow) Then plac'd beside her on the flow'ry Ground, Beheld the Trees with Autumn's Bounty crown'd, An Elm was near, to whose Embraces led,	55
The curling Vine her swelling Clusters spread, He view'd their twining Branches with Delight, And prais'd the Beauty of the pleasing Sight Yet this tall Elm, but for his Vine (he said) Had stood neglected and a barren shade,	60
And this fair Vine, but that her Arms surround Her marry'd Elm, had crept along the Ground Ah beauteous Maid, let this Example move Your Mind, averse from all the Joys of Love Deign to be lov'd, and ev'ry Heart subdue!	65
What Nymph cou'd e'er attract such Crowds as you? Not she whose Beauty urg'd the Centaur's Arms, Ulysses' Queen, nor Helen's fatal Charms Ev'n now, when silent Scorn is all they gain, A thousand court you, tho' they court in vain,	70
A thousand Sylvans, Demigods, and Gods, That haunt our Mountains and our Alban Woods But if you'll prosper, mark what I advise, Whom Age and long Experience render wise, And one whose tender Care is far above	75
All that these Lovers ever felt of Love, (Far more than e'er can by your self be guest) Fix on Vertumnus, and reject the rest For his firm Faith I dare ingage my own, Scarce to himself, himself is better known	80
To distant Lands Vertumnus never roves, Like you, contented with his Native Groves, Nor at first sight, like most, admires the Fair, For you he lives, and you alone shall share His last Affection, as his early Care	85
Besides, he's lovely far above the rest,	90

 $\ painted\ Mitre$] The mitra was a head-dress worn by women, it was probably embroidered

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	25
With Youth Immortal and with Beauty blest Add, that he varies ev'ry Shape with ease, And tries all Forms, that may <i>Pomona</i> please	
But what shou'd most excite a mutual Flame,	
Your Rural Cares, and Pleasures, are the same	95
To him your Orchards early Fruits are due,	
(A pleasing Off'ring when 'tis made by you,)	
He values these, but yet (alas) complains,	
That still the best and dearest Gift remains	
Not the fair Fruit that on yon' Branches glows	100
With that ripe red th'Autumnal Sun bestows,	
Nor tastful Herbs that in these Gardens rise,	
Which the kind Soil with milky Sap supplies,	
You, only you, can move the God's Desire	
Oh crown so constant and so pure a Fire!	105
Let soft Compassion touch your gentle Mind,	
Think, 'tis Vertumnus begs you to be kind!	
So may no Frost, when early Buds appear,	
Destroy the Promise of the youthful Year,	
Nor Winds, when first your florid Orchard blows,	IIO
Shake the light Blossoms from their blasted Boughs!	
This when the various God had urg'd in vain,	
He strait assum'd his Native Form again,	
Such, and so bright an Aspect now he bears,	
As when thro' Clouds th'emerging Sun appears,	115
And thence exerting his refulgent Ray,	
Dispels the Darkness and reveals the Day	
Force he prepar'd, but check'd the rash Design,	
For when, appearing in a Form Divine,	
The Nymph surveys him, and beholds the Grace	120
Of charming Features and a youthful Face,	
In her soft Breast consenting Passions move,	
And the warm Maid confess'd a mutual Love	

112 various] Appearing in a variety of forms

The Fable of Dryope

FROM THE NINTH BOOK OF OVID'S METAMORPHOSES

[written c 1702, published, Works, 1717]

Upon occasion of the death of Hercules, his mother Alemena recounts her misfortunes to Iole, who answers with a relation of those of her own family, in particular the transformation of her sister Dryope, which is the subject of the ensuing Fable

She said, and for her lost Galanthis sighs, When the fair Consort of her son replies Since you a servant's ravish'd form bemoan. And kindly sigh for sorrows not your own, Let me (if tears and grief permit) relate 5 A nearer woe, a sister's stranger fate No nymph of all Oechalia could compare For beauteous form with Dryope the fair. Her tender mother's only hope and pride, (My self the offspring of a second bride) IO This nymph compress'd by him who rules the day, Whom Delphi and the Delian isle obey, Andramon lov'd, and bless'd in all those charms That pleas'd a God, succeeded to her arms A Lake there was, with shelving banks around, 15 Whose verdant summit fragrant myrtles crown'd These shades, unknowing of the fates, she sought, And to the Naiads flow'ry garlands brought, Her smiling babe (a pleasing charge) she prest Within her arms, and nourish'd at her breast 20 Not distant far a watry Lotos grows,

r She said] Alcmena has just told the story of Galanthis, one of her maids Juno sent Lucina, goddess of childbirth, to cause the death of Alcmena by delaying the birth of Hercules, her son by Zeus Galanthis brought about the delivery of Hercules by outwitting Lucina, but as punishment she was turned into a weasel

2 Consort of her son] Iole, who was the wife not of Hercules but of Hyllus, his son The Latin nurus applies not only to the wife of a son,

but to the wife of a grandson

7 nymph] The Latin nympha can mean either a young woman or a demi-goddess In this line the word has the former sense, though there is nothing in Ovid to which it corresponds Elsewhere (ll 31, 37) Pope uses it to imply semi-divine status

21 watry Lotos] Not the well-known Egyptian lotus, a water-lily, but probably the Zizyphus lotus, a jujube tree, the fruit of which was esteemed

by the ancients

27

The spring was new, and all the verdant boughs Adorn'd with blossoms, promis'd fruits that vie In glowing colours with the Tyrian dve Of these she crop'd, to please her infant son, 25 And I my self the same rash act had done. But lo! I saw, (as near her side I stood) The violated blossoms drop with blood, Upon the tree I cast a frightful look, The trembling tree with sudden horror shook 30 Lotis the nymph (if rural tales be true) As from *Priapus*' lawless lust she flew, Forsook her form, and fixing here, became A flow'ry plant, which still preserves her name This change unknown, astonish'd at the sight 35 My trembling sister strove to urge her flight. And first the pardon of the nymphs implor'd. And those offended sylvan pow'rs ador'd But when she backward wou'd have fled, she found Her stiff'ning feet were rooted in the ground 40 In vain to free her fasten'd feet she strove. And as she struggles, only moves above, She feels th'encroaching bark around her grow By quick degrees, and cover all below Surpriz'd at this, her trembling hand she heaves 45 To rend her hair, her hand is fill'd with leaves, Where late was hair, the shooting leaves are seen To rise, and shade her with a sudden green The child Amphisus, to her bosom prest, Perceiv'd a colder and a harder breast. 50 And found the springs that ne'er till then deny'd Their milky moisture, on a sudden dry'd I saw, unhappy! what I now relate, And stood the helpless witness of thy fate, Embrac'd thy boughs, the rising bark delay'd, 55 There wish'd to grow, and mingle shade with shade Behold, Andræmon and th' unhappy Sire Appear, and for their Dryope enquire, A springing tree for *Drvope* they find, And print warm kisses on the panting rind, 60 Prostrate, with tears their kindred plant bedew, And close embrace, as to the roots they grew

The face was all that now remain'd of thee,

³² Priapus] See Vertumnus and Pomona, 1 23n (p 23, above) 57 th'unhappy Sire] Eurytus, Dryope's father

No more a woman, nor yet quite a tree	
Thy branches hung with humid pearls appear,	65
From ev'ry leaf distills a trickling tear,	-
And strait a voice, while yet a voice remains,	
Thus thro' the trembling boughs in sighs complains	
If to the wretched any faith be giv'n,	
I swear by all th'unpitying pow'rs of heav'n,	70
No wilful crime this heavy vengeance bred,	•
In mutual innocence our lives we led	
If this be false, let these new greens decay,	
Let sounding axes lop my limbs away,	
And crackling flames on all my honours prey	75
But from my branching arms this infant bear,	15
Let some kind nurse supply a mother's care	
And to his mother let him oft' be led,	
Sport in her shades, and in her shades be fed,	
Teach him, when first his infant voice shall frame	80
Imperfect words, and lisp his mother's name,	•
To hail this tree, and say, with weeping eyes,	
Within this plant my hapless parent lies	
And when in youth he seeks the shady woods,	
Oh, let him fly the crystal lakes and floods,	85
Nor touch the fatal flow'rs, but, warn'd by me,	ر
Believe a Goddess shrin'd in ev'ry tree	
My sire, my sister, and my spouse farewell!	
If in your breasts or love or pity dwell,	
Protect your plant, not let my branches feel	90
The browzing cattel, or the piercing steel	,-
Farewell and since I cannot bend to join	
My lips to yours, advance at least to mine	
My son, thy mother's parting kiss receive,	
While yet thy mother has a kiss to give	95
I can no more, the creeping rind invades	25
My closing lips, and hides my head in shades	
Remove your hands, the bark shall soon suffice	
Without their aid, to seal these dying eyes	
She ceas'd at once to speak, and ceas'd to be,	100
And all the nymph was lost within the tree,	
Yet latent life thro' her new branches reign'd,	
And long the plant a human heat retain'd	
•	

⁷⁵ honours] Her foliage The word was frequently used of trees in this sense

Sapho to Phaon

WHOLLY TRANSLATED

[written c 1707, published, Ovid's Epistles, 1712]

Say, lovely Youth, that dost my Heart command, Can Phaon's Eves forget his Sapho's Hand? Must then her Name the wretched Writer prove? To thy Remembrance lost, as to thy Love! Ask not the cause that I new Numbers chuse, 5 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse, Love taught my Tears in sadder Notes to flow. And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn By driving Winds the spreading Flames are born! TO Phaon to Ætna's scorching Fields retires. While I consume with more than Ætna's Fires! No more my Soul a Charm in Musick finds, Musick has Charms alone for peaceful Minds Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can please, 15 Love enters there, and I'm my own Disease No more the Lesbian Dames my Passion move, Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love, All other Loves are lost in only thine, Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine! 20 Whom wou'd not all those blooming Charms surprize, Those heav'nly Looks, and dear deluding Eves? The Harp and Bow wou'd you like Phæbus bear. A brighter *Phæbus*, *Phaon* might appear, Wou'd you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair, 25 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon cou'd compare Yet Phæbus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the Flame, One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan Dame,

⁵ new Numbers] An allusion to the elegiac distichs used by Ovid, which differ from the Sapphic metre used by Sappho and named after her

¹¹ To avoid Sappho's love, Phaon had fled to Sicily, where Mount Aetna is situated

²⁸ warm'd] Inspired with love

the Cretan Dame] Ariadne, daughter of Minos, king of Crete She was abandoned by Theseus on the island of Naxos, where Bacchus discovered her on his return from India Ovid tells the story of Apollo and Daphne in Met I

Nymphs that in Verse no more cou'd rival me, Than ev'n those Gods contend in Charms with thee The Muses teach me all their softest Lays, And the wide World resounds with Sapho's Praise Tho' great Alcœus more sublimely sings,	30
And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings, No less Renown attends the moving Lyre, Which <i>Venus</i> tunes, and all her Loves inspire To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd	35
Is well by Wit's more lasting Flames supply'd Tho' short my Stature, yet my Name extends To Heav'n it self, and Earth's remotest Ends Brown as I am, an Æthiopian Dame Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous Flame	40
Turtles and Doves of diff'ring Hues, unite, And glossy Jett is pair'd with shining White If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign, But such as merit, such as equal thine, By none alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,	45
Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd! Yet once thy Sapho cou'd thy Cares employ, Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy No Time the dear Remembrance can remove, For oh! how vast a Memory has Love? My Musick, then, you cou'd for ever hear,	50
And all my Words were Musick to your Ear You stop'd with Kisses my inchanting Tongue, And found my Kisses sweeter than my Song In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best,	55
And the last Joy was dearer than the rest Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd, You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd, Till all dissolving in the Trance we lay, And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away	60
The fair Sicilians now thy Soul inflame, Why was I born, ye Gods, a Lesbian Dame?	

29 Nymphs] Daphne was a nymph, but Ariadne was not Here, as in 1 65, the word describes a young and lovely woman Cf Dryope, 1 7n (p 26, above)

38 Wit] Genius, Latin ingenium

³³ Alcaus An older contemporary of Sappho, he was also a native of Lesbos Love and wine, satire and politics, were subjects of his odes, written in the alcaic metre, so called after him

⁴¹ Athropian Dame] Andromeda, daughter of Cepheus and Cassiopeia, king and queen of Ethiopia

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	31
But ah beware, Sicilian Nymphs! nor boast That wandring Heart which I so lately lost, Nor be with all those tempting Words abus'd, Those tempting Words were all to Sapho us'd And you that rule Sicilia's happy Plains,	65
Have pity, Venus, on your Poet's Pains! Shall Fortune still in one sad Tenor run, And still increase the Woes so soon begun? Enur'd Sorrow from my tender Years, My Parent's Ashes drank my early Tears	70
My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame, Ignobly burn'd in a destructive Flame An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increast, And all a Mother's Cares distract my Breast	75
Alas, what more could Fate it self impose, But Thee, the last and greatest of my Woes? No more my Robes in waving Purple flow, Nor on my Hand the sparkling Diamonds glow, No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuse	80
The costly Sweetness of Arabian Dews, Nor Braids of Gold the vary'd Tresses bind, That fly disorder'd with the wanton Wind For whom shou'd Sapho use such Arts as these? He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please! Cupid's light Darts my tender Bosom move,	85
Still is there cause for Sapho still to love So from my Birth the Sisters fix'd my Doom, And gave to Venus all my Life to come, Or while my Muse in melting Notes complains, My yielding Heart keeps Measure to my Strains	90
By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won, Who might not—ah! who wou'd not be undone? For those, Aurora Cephalus might scorn, And with fresh Blushes paint the conscious Morn For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's Sleep,	95
And bid Endymon nightly tend his Sheep Venus for those had rapt thee to the Skies, But Mars on thee might look with Venus' Eyes O scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy!	100
must Employed a surname of Anhrodite in the original Their	e TX70e

70 Venus] Erycina, a surname of Aphrodite, in the original There was a temple dedicated to Venus on Mount Eryx in Sicily 84 Arabian Dews] Perfumes, reputed to come from Arabia 97 The hunter Cephalus, faithful husband of Procris, was loved in vain by Aurora

⁹⁸ conscious] Sensible of wrong-doing, guilty

O useful Time for Lovers to employ	
Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,	105
Come to these Arms, and melt in this Embrace!	
The Vows you never will return, receive,	
And take at least the Love you will not give	
See, while I write, my Words are lost in Tears,	
The less my Sense, the more my Love appears	IIO
Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,	
(At least to feign was never hard to you)	
Farewel my Lesbian Love ' you might have said,	
Or coldly thus, Farewel oh Lesbian Maid i	
No Tear did you, no parting Kiss receive,	115
Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve	_
No Lover's Gift your Sapho cou'd confer,	
And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her	
No Charge I gave you, and no Charge cou'd give,	
But this, Be mindful of our Loves, and live	120
Now by the Nine, those Pow'rs ador'd by me,	
And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,	
When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)	
That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,	
Like some sad Statue, speechless, pale, I stood,	125
Grief chill'd my Breast, and stop'd my freezing Blood,	_
No Sigh to rise, no Tear had pow'r to flow,	
Fix'd in a stupid Lethargy of Woe	
But when its way th'impetuous Passion found,	
I rend my Tresses, and my Breast I wound,	130
I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,	_
Now swell to Rage, now melt in Tears again	
Not fiercer Pangs distract the mournful Dame,	
Whose first-born Infant feeds the Fun'ral Flame	
My scornful Brother with a Smile appears,	135
Insults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears,	
His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,	
And why this Grief? thy Daughter lives, he cries	
Stung with my Love, and furious with Despair,	
All torn my Garments, and my Bosom bare,	140
My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim,	•
Such inconsistent things are Love and Shame!	
'Tis thou are all my Care and my Delight,	
My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night	
O Night more pleasing than the brightest Day,	145
When Fancy gives what Absence takes away,	
And drest in all its visionary Charms,	

Restores my fair Deserter to my Arms!	
Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,	
Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine	150
A thousand tender Words, I hear and speak,	3 -
A thousand melting Kisses, give, and take	
Then fiercer Joys—I blush to mention these,	
Yet while I blush, confess how much they please!	
But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,	155
And all things wake to Life and Joy, but I,	-55
As if once more forsaken, I complain,	
And close my Eyes, to dream of you again	
Then frantick rise, and like some Fury rove	
Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the silent Grove,	160
As if the silent Grove, and lonely Plains	100
That knew my Pleasures, cou'd relieve my Pains	
I view the <i>Grotto</i> , once the Scene of Love,	
The Rocks around, the hanging Roofs above,	
	-6-
That charm'd me more, with Native Moss o'ergrown,	165
Than Phrygian Marble or the Parian Stone	
I find the Shades that veil'd our Joys before,	
But, <i>Phaon</i> gone, those Shades delight no more	
Here the prest Herbs with bending Tops betray	
Where oft entwin'd in am'rous Folds we lay,	170
I kiss that Earth which once was prest by you,	
And all with Tears the with ring Herbs bedew	
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,	
And Birds defer their Songs till thy Return	
Night shades the Groves, and all in Silence lye,	175
All, but the mournful Philomel and I	
With mournful Philomel I join fly Strain,	
Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain	
A Spring there is, whose Silver Waters show,	
Clear as a Glass, the shining Sands below,	180
A flow'ry Lotos spreads its Arms above,	
Shades all the Banks, and seems it self a Grove,	
Eternal Greens the mossie Margin grace,	
Watch'd by the Sylvan Genius of the Place	
Here as I lay, and swell'd with Tears the Flood,	185
Before my Sight a Watry Virgin stood,	
She stood and cry'd, 'O you that love in vain!	
Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian Main,	
There stands a Rock from whose impending Steep	
former Total Cf The Eable of Drainte 1 arm (n. 26 above)	

181 flow'ry Lotos] Cf The Fable of Dryope, 1 21n (p 26, above) 188 Leucadian Main] Leucadia, now called Leucas, is one of the

Apollo's Fane surveys the rolling Deep,	190
There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,	-
Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love	
Deucalion once with hopeless Fury burn'd,	
In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd,	
But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,	195
Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain	
Haste Sapho, haste from high Leucadia throw	
Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below!'	
She spoke, and vanish'd with the Voice—I rise,	
And silent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes	200
I go, ye Nymphs! those Rocks and Seas to prove,	
How much I fear, but ah! how much I love?	
I go, ye Nymphs! where furious Love inspires	
Let Female Fears submit to Female Fires!	
To Rocks and Seas I fly from Phaon's Hate,	205
And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate	
Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,	
And softly lay me on the Waves below!	
And thou, kind Love, my sinking Limbs sustain,	
Spread thy soft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,	210
Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltless Flood profane!	
On Phæbus' Shrine my Harp I'll then bestow,	
And this Inscription shall be plac'd below	
'Here She who sung, to Him that did inspire,	
Sapho to Phæbus consecrates her Lyre,	215
What suits with Sapho, Phæbus, suits with thee,	
The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree'	
But why alas, relentless Youth! ah why	
To distant Seas must tender Sapho fly?	
Thy Charms than those may far more pow'rful be,	220
And Phæbus' self is less a God to me	
Ah! canst thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,	
O far more faithless and more hard than they?	
Ah! canst thou rather see this tender Breast	
Dash'd on these Rocks, than to thy Bosom prest?	225
This Breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well,	
Where the Loves play'd and where the Muses dwell —	
Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,	
Untun'd my Lute, and silent is my Lyre,	

Ionian islands, off the west coast of Greece It terminates in a promontory 2,000 feet in height, on which can still be seen the remains of the temple of Apollo to which Ovid alludes It was said that lovers who threw themselves from this headland into the sea might be cured of their infatuation

My languid Numbers have forgot to flow, 230 And Fancy sinks beneath a Weight of Woe Ye Lesbian Virgins, and ve Lesbian Dames. Themes of my Verse, and Objects of my Flames, No more your Groves with my glad Songs shall ring. No more these Hands shall touch the trembling String 235 My Phaon's fled, and I those Arts resign. (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!) Return fair Youth, return, and bring along Toy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song Absent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires, 240 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's Fires? Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move One savage Heart, or teach it how to love? The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear, The flying Winds have lost them all in Air! 245 Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious Gales To these fond Eves restore thy welcome Sails? If you return—ah why these long Delays? Poor Sapho dies while careless Phaon stays O launch thy Baik, nor fear the watry Plain, 250 Venus for thee shall smooth her native Main O launch thy Bark, secure of prosp'rous Gales, Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling Sails If you will fly—(yet ah! what Cause can be, Too cruel Youth, that you shou'd fly from me?) 255 If not from Phaon I must hope for Ease, Ah let me seek it from the raging Seas To raging Seas unpity'd I'll remove, And either cease to live, or cease to love!

The First Book of Statius his Thebais

[written c 1703, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1712]

THE ARGUMENT

OEdipus King of Thebes having by mistake slain his Father Laius, and marry'd his Mother Jocasta, put out his own Eyes, and resign'd the Realm to his Sons, Etheocles and Polynices Being neglected by them, he makes his Prayer to the Fury Tisiphone, to sow Debate betweet the Brothers They agree at last to Reign singly, each a Year by turns, and the first Lot is obtain'd by Etheocles Jupiter, in a Council

of the Gods, declares his Resolution of punishing the Thebans, and Argives also, by means of a Marriage betwixt Polynices and one of the Daughters of Adrastus King of Argos Juno opposes, but to no effect, and Mercury is sent on a Message to the Shades, to the Ghost of Laius, who is to appear to Etheocles, and provoke him to break the Agreement Polynices in the mean time departs from Thebes by Night, is overtaken by a Storm, and arrives at Argos, where he meets with Tydeus, who had fled from Calydon, having kill'd his Brother Adrastus entertains them, having receiv'd an Oracle from Apollo that his Daughters shou'd be marry'd to a Boar and a Lion, which he understands to be meant of these Strangers by whom the Hydes of those Beasts were worn, and who arriv'd at the time when he kept an annual Feast in honour of that God The Rise of this Solemnity he relates to his Guests, the Loves of Phoebus and Psamathe, and the Story of Chorcebus He enouges, and is made acquainted with, their Descent and Quality, The Sacrifice is renew'd, and the Book concludes with a Hymn to Apollo

The Translator hopes he needs not apologize for his Choice of this Piece, which was made almost in his Childhood But finding the Version better than he expected, he gave it some Correction a few Years afterwards

Fraternal Rage, the guilty *Thebes* Alarms,
Th' Alternate Reign destroy'd by Impious Arms,
Demand our Song, a sacred Fury fires
My ravish'd Breast, and All the Muse inspires
O Goddess, say, shall I deduce my Rhimes
From the dire Nation in its early Times, *Europa*'s Rape, *Agenor*'s stern Decree,
And *Cadmus* searching round the spacious Sea?
How with the Serpent's Teeth he sow'd the Soil,
And reap'd an Iron Harvest of his Toil,
Or how from joyning Stones the City sprung,

5

10

5 deduce] To trace the course of, treat, deal with 6 dire] A Latinism ill-omened, unfortunate

7 Agenor's stern Decree] Agenor, king of Phoenicia, sent his son Cadmus to search for Europa, forbidding him to return should he fail

8 Cadmus's search proved vain In obedience to the oracle of Delphi he went into Boeotia, where his followers were killed by a dragon Cadmus slew the dragon and sowed its teeth in the earth, whence sprang up armed warriors whom Cadmus caused to fight amongst themselves till only five remained With their help he founded the city of Thebes and fulfilled the oracle

11 from joyning Stones Another legend attributed the foundation of Thebes to Amphion and Zethus, twin sons of Jupiter and Antiope

While to his Harp Divine Amphion sung? Or shall I Juno's Hate to Thebes resound, Whose fatal Rage th'unhappy Monarch found, The Sire against the Son his Arrows drew, 15 O'er the wide Fields the furious Mother flew, And while her Arms her Second Hope contain, Sprung from the Rocks, and plung'd into the Main But wave whate'er to Cadmus may belong, And fix, O Muse! the Barrier of thy Song, 20 At Oedipus—from his Disasters trace The long Confusions of his guilty Race Nor yet attempt to stretch thy bolder Wing, And mighty Cæsar's conqu'ring Eagles sing, How twice he tam'd proud Ister's rapid Flood, 25 While Dacian Mountains stream'd with barb'rous Blood, Twice taught the Rhine beneath his Laws to roll, And stretch'd his Empire to the frozen Pole, Or long before, with early Valour strove In youthful Arms t'assert the Cause of Youe 30 And Thou, great Heir of all thy Father's Fame. Encrease of Glory to the Latian Name. Oh bless thy Rome with an Eternal Reign. Nor let desiring Worlds intreat in vain! What the the Stars contract their Heav'nly Space. 35

13 Juno's Hate] Juno's jealous hatred of Europa extended to all her family and descendants, the house of Thebes

14 unhappy Monarch] Athamas, who was married to Nephele, but fell in love with Ino, daughter of Cadmus, by whom he had two sons At Juno's instigation the fury Tisiphone caused Athamas and Ino to go mad Athamas slew one of his sons, and Ino, with the other son, Melicertes, in her arms, flung herself into the sea Ino and Melicertes were changed into sea deities, under the names of Leucothea and Palaemon Cf 11 167-8, below

10 wave Waive

20 Barrier] Either the boundary line, or perhaps an allusion to the 'carcer', or starting-place, in the ancient race-course

22 long Confusions] The troubled histories of Polynices, Eteocles, Antigone

ungone

24 mighty Cæsar] Domitian, emperor of Rome, AD 81-96

25 proud Ister] The Danube Far from 'taming' Dacia, the Romans, owing to Domitian's defeat by the Marcomanni, were obliged to make peace with the Dacian general, Decebalus, and pay tribute for the first time in Roman history

27 Domitian annexed the Taunus district between the Rhine and the

31 thy Father] Vespasian, emperor A D 69-79

35 ff Members of the imperial family were deified, and as divinities were placed among the constellations. See 1 46 below

And crowd their shining Ranks to yield thee place,	
Tho' all the Skies, ambitious of thy Sway,	
Conspire to court thee from our World away,	
Tho' Phæbus longs to mix his Rays with thine,	
And in thy Glories more serenely shine,	40
Tho' fove himself no less content wou'd be,	
To pait his Throne and share his Heav'n with thee,	
Yet stay, great Cæsar¹ and vouchsafe to reign	
O'er the wide Earth, and o'er the watry Main,	
Resign to Jove his Empire of the Skies,	45
And People Heav'n with Roman Deities	
The Time will come, when a diviner Flame	
Shall warm my Breast to sing of Cæsar's Fame	
Mean while permit that my preluding Muse	
In Tneban Wars an humbler Theme may chuse	50
Of furious Hate surviving Death, she sings,	
A fatal Throne to two contending Kings,	
And Fun'ral Flames, that parting wide in Air,	
Express the Discord of the Souls they bear	
Of Towns dispeopled, and the wandring Ghosts	55
Of Kings unbury'd, on the wasted Coasts,	
When Duce's Fountain blush'd with Grecian Blood,	
And Thetis, near Ismenos' swelling Flood,	
With Dread beheld the rolling Surges sweep	
In Heaps his slaughter'd Sons into the Deep	60
What Hero, Cho! wilt thou first relate?	
The Rage of Tydeus, or the Prophet's Fate?	
Or how with Hills of slain on ev'ry side,	

39-40 The suggestion is that Phoebus would like to mix the rays from his nimbus with those from the nimbus Domitian will acquire when he is divinized. In ancient art emperors and consuls are occasionally represented with a nimbus.

51-4 The smoke from the bodies of Eteocles and Polynices, who were placed on the same funeral pyre, did not mingle

58 Thetis] Daughter of Nereus, and chief of the fifty Neields 60 his slaughter d Sons] The Thebans, descendants of Cadmus

61 What Hero] Which one, that is, of the famous seven who fought against Thebes They were Polynices, Adrastus (king of Argos), Tydeus, Amphiaraus, Hippomedon, Parthenopaeus, and Capaneus

62 The Rage of Tydeus] An allusion to the horrible episode related later in the Thebais, VIII 751-62, in which the dying Tydeus gnaws the head of

his dead adversary Melanippus in a frenzy of hatred

the Prophet's Fate! Amphiaraus, who prophesied the destruction of all the leaders except Adrastus Jupiter saved him from the spear of the Theban Periclymenus by causing the earth to swallow him with his chariot and horses

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	39
Hippomedon repell'd the hostile Tyde?	
Or how the Youth with ev'ry Grace adorn'd,	65
Untimely fell, to be for ever mourn'd?	
Then to fierce Capaneus thy Verse extend,	
And sing, with Horror, his prodigious End	
Now wretched Oedipus, depriv'd of Sight,	
Led a long Death in everlasting Night,	70
But while he dwells where not a chearful Ray	
Can pierce the Darkness, and abhors the Day,	
The clear, reflecting Mind, presents his Sin	
In frightful Views, and makes it Day within,	
Returning Thoughts in endless Circles roll,	75
And thousand Furies haunt his guilty Soul	
The Wretch then lifted to th'unpitying Skies	
Those empty Orbs, from whence he tore his Eyes,	_
Whose Wounds yet fresh, with bloody Hands he stroom	-
While from his Breast these dreadful Accents broke	80
Ye Gods that o'er the gloomy Regions reign	
Where guilty Spirits feel Eternal Pain,	
Thou, sable Styx ' whose livid Streams are roll'd	
Thro' dreary Coasts which I, tho' Blind, behold	_
Tisiphone! that oft hast heard my Pray'r,	85
Assist, if Oedipus deserve thy Care!	
If you receiv'd me from Jocasta's Womb,	
And nurst the Hope of Mischiefs yet to come	
If leaving Polybus, I took my Way	
To Cyrrha's Temple on that fatal Day,	90
When by the Son the trembling Father dy'd,	
Where the three Roads the <i>Phocian</i> Fields divide	
If I the Sphynxe's Riddles durst explain,	
Taught by thy self to win the promis'd Reign	۰
If wretched I, by baleful Furies led, With monstrous Mixture stain'd my Mother's Bed,	95
For Hell and Thee begot an impious Brood,	
And with full Lust those horrid Joys renew'd	
Therr self-condemn'd to Shades of endless Night,	
THEM SOM-CONDENSING OF CHARGES 14181113	

64 Hippomedon] The bodies of the enemy slain by Hippomedon dammed the Ismenos

65 Parthenopæus [P] He was the son of Atalanta of Calydon

85 Tisiphone One of the three Furies, the avenger of murder Cf 1 14n 89 Polybus King of Corinth, who raised Oedipus as his son 90 Cyrrha's Temple The spring at Delphi, beneath the peaks of Parnassus, where Oedipus went to consult the oracle

⁶⁷ Capaneus] He defied Jupiter, who slew him with a thunderbolt as he was scaling the walls of Thebes

Forc'd from these Orbs the bleeding Balls of Sight	100
Oh hear, and aid the Vengeance I require,	
If worthy Thee, and what Thou might'st inspire!	
My Sons their old, unhappy Sire despise,	
Spoil'd of his Kingdom, and depriv'd of Eyes,	
Guideless I wander, unreguarded mourn,	105
While These exalt their Scepters o'er my Urn,	
These Sons, ye Gods! who with flagitious Pride	
Insult my Darkness, and my Groans deride	
Art thou a Father, unregarding Jove '	
And sleeps thy Thunder in the Realms above?	IIO
Thou Fury, then, some lasting Curse entail,	
Which o'er their Childrens Children shall prevail	
Place on their Heads that Crown distain'd with Gore,	
Which these dire Hands from my slain Father tore,	
Go, and a Parent's heavy Curses bear,	TTE
Break all the Bonds of Nature, and prepare	115
Their kindred Souls to mutual Hate and War	
Give them to dare, what I might wish to see,	
Blind as I am, some glorious Villany!	
Soon shalt thou find, if thou but arm their Hands,	120
Then ready Guilt preventing thy Commands	
Cou'dst thou some great, proportion'd Mischief frame	
They'd prove the Father from whose Loins they came	:
The Fury heard, while on Cocytus' Brink	
Her Snakes, unty'd, Sulphureous Waters drink,	125
But at the Summons, roll'd her Eyes around,	
And snatch'd the starting Serpents from the Ground	
Not half so swiftly shoots along in Air	
The gliding Lightning, or descending Star	
Thro' Crouds of Airy Shades she wing'd her Flight,	130
And dark Dominions of the silent Night,	-50
Swift as she past, the flitting Ghosts withdrew,	
And the pale Spectres trembled at her View	
To th'Iron Gates of <i>Tænarus</i> she flies,	
There spreads her dusky Pinions to the Skies	T 2 5
The Day beheld, and sick'ning at the Sight,	135
Veil'd her fair Glories in the Shades of Night	
Affrighted Atlas, on the distant Shore,	
Trembl'd, and shook the Heav'ns and Gods he bore	
Now from beneath Malea's airy Height	140

134 Tanarus] The southernmost promontory of the Peloponnesus, considered to be one of the gates of Hades
140 Malea] Promontory at the south-eastern point of the Peloponnesus

Aloft she sprung, and steer'd to <i>Thebes</i> her Flight, With eager Speed the well-known Journey took, Nor here regrets the Hell she late forsook A hundred Snakes her gloomy Visage shade,	
A hundred Serpents guard her horrid Head, In her sunk Eye-balls dreadful Meteors glow,	45
Such Rays from Phæbe's bloody Circle flow,	
When lab'ring with strong Charms, she shoots from his A fiery Gleam, and reddens all the Sky	gh
Blood stain'd her Cheeks, and from her Mouth there can	me
	51
From ev'ry Blast of her contagious Breath,	ــر.
Famine and Drought proceed, and Plagues, and Death	
A Robe obscene was o'er her Shoulders thrown,	
	55
She tost her meagre Arms, her better Hand	
In waving Circles whirl'd a Fun'ral Brand,	
A Serpent from her left was seen to rear	
His flaming Crest, and lash the yielding Air	
	60
Where vast Cythæron's Top salutes the Sky,	
A Hiss from all the Snaky Tire went round,	
The dreadful Signal all the Rocks rebound,	
And thro' th' Achaian Cities send the Sound	
Oete, with high Parnassus, heard the Voice,	65
Eurota's Banks remurmur'd to the Noise,	
Again Leucothoe shook at these Alarms,	
And press'd Palæmon closer in her Arms	
Headlong from thence the glowing Fury springs,	
102	70
Once more invades the guilty Dome, and shrouds	
Its bright Pavilions in a Veil of Clouds	
Strait with the Rage of all their Race possest,	
Stung to the Soul, the Brothers start from Rest,	
And all the Furies wake within their Breast	75

142 well-known Journey] Tisiphone had had occasion to visit Thebes before Cf 1 14n

161 Cytheron's Top The mountain range between Athens and Thebes, from which the Fury looked down on her goal

165 Oete] A mountain south of Thessaly, a land famous for spells and witches

166 Eurota] The Eurotas, a river in Sparta

167-8 See 1 14n

173 Gentilisque animos subit furor, seems a better reading than Gentilesque [P]

Their tortur'd Minds repining Envy tears,	
And Hate, engender'd by suspicious Fears,	
And sacred Thirst of Sway, and all the Tils	
Of Nature broke, and Royal Perjuries,	
And impotent Desire to Reign alone,	180
That scorns the dull Reversion of a Throne,	
Each wou'd the sweets of Sovereign Rule devour,	
While Discord waits upon divided Pow'r	
As stubborn Steers by brawny Plowmen broke,	
And join'd reluctant to the galling Yoke,	185
Alike disdain with servile Necks to bear	_
Th' unwonted Weight, or drag the crooked Share,	
But rend the Reins, and bound a diff'rent way,	
And all the Furrows in Confusion lay	
Such was the Discord of the Royal Pair,	190
Whom Fury drove precipitate to War	-
In vain the Chiefs contriv'd a specious way,	
To govern Thebes by their Alternate Sway,	
Unjust Decree! while This enjoys the State,	
That mourns in Exile his unequal Fate,	195
And the short Monarch of a hasty Year	
Foresees with Anguish his returning Heir	
Thus did the League their impious Arms restrain,	
But scarce subsisted to the Second Reign	
Yet then no proud aspiring Piles were rais'd,	200
No fretted Roofs with polish'd Metals blaz'd,	
No labour'd Columns in long Order plac'd,	
No Grecian Stone the pompous Arches grac'd,	
No nightly Bands in glitt'ring Armour wait	
Before the sleepless Tyrant's guarded Gate,	205
No Chargers then were wrought in burnish'd Gold,	
Nor Silver Vases took the forming Mold,	
Nor Gems on Bowls emboss'd were seen to shine,	
Blaze on the Brims, and sparkle in the Wine—	
Say, wretched Rivals! what provokes your Rage?	210
Say to what End your impious Arms engage?	
Now All bright Phæbus views in early Morn,	
Or when his Evening Beams the West adorn,	
When the South glows with his Meridian Ray,	
And the cold North receives a fainter Day	2TE

178 sacred Thirst] Sacred here means accursed (Latin sacer), and alludes to Virgil's famous phrase, Aen, III 56-7 'auri sacra fames' 181 Reversion] The right of succession to an office or place of emolument, after the death or retirement of the holder

For Crimes like these, not all those Realms suffice,	
Were all those Realms the guilty Victor's Prize!	
But Fortune now (the Lots of Empire thrown)	
Decrees to proud Etheocles the Crown	
What Joys, oh Tyrant! swell'd thy Soul that Day,	220
When all were Slaves thou cou'dst around survey,	
Pleas'd to behold unbounded Pow'r thy own,	
And singly fill a fear'd and envy'd Throne!	
But the vile Vulgar, ever discontent,	
Their growing Fears in secret Murmurs vent,	225
Still prone to change, tho' still the Slaves of State,	_
And sure the Monarch whom they have, to hate,	
New Lords they madly make, then tamely bear,	
And softly curse the Tyrants whom they fear	
And one of those who groan beneath the Sway	230
Of Kings impos'd, and grudgingly obey,	_
(Whom Envy to the Great, and vulgar Spight	
With Scandal arm'd, th' Ignoble Mind's Delight,)	
Exclaim'd—O Thebes! for thee what Fates remain,	
What Woes attend this mauspicious Reign?	235
Must we, alas! our doubtful Necks prepare,	}
Each haughty Master's Yoke by turns to bear,	}
And still to change whom chang'd we still must fear?	J
These now controul a wretched People's Fate,	
These can divide, and these reverse the State,	240
Ev'n Fortune rules no more —Oh servile Land,	
Where exil'd Tyrants still by turns command!	
Thou Sire of Gods and Men, Imperial Jove '	
Is this th'Eternal Doom decreed above?	
On thy own Offspring hast thou fix'd this, Fate,	245
From the first Birth of our unhappy State,	
When banish'd Cadmus wandring o'er the Main,	
For lost Europa search'd the World in vain,	
And fated in Bæotian Fields to found	
A rising Empire on a foreign Ground,	250
First rais'd our Walls on that ill-omen'd Plain	
Where Earth-born Brothers were by Brothers slain?	
What lofty Looks th'unrival'd Monarch bears	
How all the Tyrant in his Face appears!	
What sullen Fury clowds his scornful Brow!	255
Gods! how his Eyes with threatning Ardour glow!	
Can this Imperious Lord forget to Reign,	

²³⁶ doubtful] Full of fear or apprehension 252 Cf 1 8n

Quit all his State, descend, and serve again?	
Yet who, before, more popularly bow'd,	
Who more propitious to the suppliant Crowd,	260
Patient of Right, familiar in the Throne?	
What Wonder then? he was not then Alone	
Oh wretched we, a vile submissive Train,	
Fortune's tame Fools, and Slaves in ev'ry Reign!	
As when two Winds with Rival Force contend,	265
This way and that, the wav'ring Sails they bend,	_
While freezing Boreas and black Eurus blow,	
Now here, now there, the reeling Vessel throw	
Thus on each side, alas! our tott'ring State	
Feels all the Fury of resistless Fate,	270
And doubtful still, and still distracted stands,	-,-
While that Prince Threatens, and while this Command	đs
And now th'Almighty Father of the Gods	
Convenes a Council in the blest Abodes	
Far in the bright Recesses of the Skies,	275
High o'er the rowling Heav'ns, a Mansion lyes,	-13
Whence, far below, the Gods at once survey)
The Realms of rising and declining Day,	}
And all th'extended Space of Earth, and Air, and Sea	
Full in the midst, and on a Starry Throne,	280
The Majesty of Heav'n superior shone,	
Serene he look'd, and gave an awful Nod,	
And all the trembling Spheres confess'd the God	
At Jove's Assent, the Deities around	
In solemn State the Consistory crown'd	285
Next a long Order of Inferior Pow'rs	-
Ascend from Hills, and Plains, and shady Bow'rs,	
Those from whose Urns the rowling Rivers flow,	
And those that give the wandring Winds to blow,	
Here all their Rage, and ev'n their Murmurs cease,	290
And sacred Silence reigns, and universal Peace	-
A shining Synod of Majestick Gods	
Gilds with new Lustre the divine Abodes,	
Heav'n seems improv'd with a superior Ray,	
And the bright Arch reflects a double Day	295
The Monarch then his solemn Silence broke,	
The still Creation listen'd while he spoke,	
Each sacred Accent bears eternal Weight,	

²⁶⁷ Eurus] The east wind
282 Placido quatiens tamen omnia Vultu, is the common reading, I
believe it should be Nutu, with reference to the word quatiens [P]

	45
And each irrevocable Word is Fate	
How long shall Man the Wrath of Heav'n defy,	300
And force unwilling Vengeance from the Sky?	J
Oh Race confed'rate into Crimes, that prove	
Triumphant o'er th'eluded Rage of Jove '	
This weary'd Arm can scarce the Bolt sustain,	
And unregarded Thunder rolls in vain	305
Th' o'erlabour'd Cyclop from his Task retires,	505
Th' <i>Æolian</i> Forge exhausted of its Fires	
For this, I suffer'd <i>Phæbus</i> ' Steeds to stray,	
And the mad Ruler to misguide the Day,	
When the wide Earth to Heaps of Ashes turn'd,	310
And Heav'n it self the wandring Chariot burn'd	310
For this, my Brother of the watry Reign	
Releas'd th'impetuous Sluices of the Main,—	
But Flames consum'd, and Billows rag'd in vain	
Two Races now, ally'd to Jove, offend,	315
To punish these, see <i>Jove</i> himself descend!	
The Theban Kings their Line from Cadmus trace,	
From God-like <i>Perseus</i> those of <i>Argive</i> Race	
Unhappy Cadmus' Fate who does not know?	
And the long Series of succeeding Woe	320
How oft the Furies from the deeps of Night	
Arose, and mix'd with Men in Mortal Fight	
Th'evulting Mother stain'd with Filial Blood,	
The Savage Hunter, and the haunted Wood,	
The direful Banquet why shou'd I proclaim,	325
And Crimes that grieve the trembling Gods to name	
E'er I recount the Sins of these Profane,	
The Sun wou'd sink into the Western Main,	
And rising gild the radiant East again	
Have we not seen (the Blood of Laus shed)	330
The murd'ring Son ascend his Parent's Bed,	
Thro' violated Nature force his way,	
And stain the sacred Womb where once he lay?	

307 Th' Æolian Forge] Vulcan's forge, where he worked with the Cyclopes, was supposed to be on Hiera, one of the Æolian islands, off Sicily

309 mad Ruler] Phaethon

312-14 An allusion to the deluge

³²³ Th'exulting Mother] Agave, daughter of Cadmus, who, blinded by bacchic fury, tore to pieces her own son, Pentheus
324 The Savage Hunter] Athamas Cf 1 14n

³²⁵ direful Banquet] An allusion to the story of Tantalus, the king of Argos who served up his own son as meat for the gods

Yet now in Darkness and Despair he groans,	
And for the Crimes of guilty Fate attones,	335
His Sons with Scorn their Eyeless Father view,	555
Insult his Wourds, and make them bleed anew	
Thy Curse, oh Oedipus, just Heav'n alarms,	
And sets th'avenging Thunderer in Arms	
I from the Root thy guilty Race will tear,	340
And give the Nations to the Waste of War	270
Adrastus soon, with Gods averse, shall join	
In dire Alliance with the Theban Line,	
Hence Strife shall rise, and mortal War succeed,	
The guilty Realms of Tantalus shall bleed,	345
Fix'd is their Doom, this all-remembring Breast	243
Yet Harbours Vengeance for the Tyrant's Feast	
He said, and thus the Queen of Heav'n return'd,	
(With sudden Grief her lab'ring Bosom burn'd)	
Must I whose Cares Phoroneus' Tow'rs defend,	250
Must I, oh Jove ' in bloody Wars contend?	350
Thou know'st those Regions my Protection claim,	
Glorious in Arms, in Riches, and in Fame	
Tho' there the fair Ægyptian Heifer fed,	
And there deluded Argus slept and bled,	255
Tho' there the Brazen Tow'r was storm'd of old,	355
When Jove descended in Almighty Gold	
Yet I can pardon those obscurer Rapes,	
Those bashful Crimes disguis'd in borrow'd Shapes,	
But Thebes, where shining in Coelestial Charms	260
Thou cam'st Triumphant to a Mortal's Arms,	360
When all my Glories o'er her Limbs were spread,	
And blazing Lightnings danc'd around her Bed,	
Curs'd <i>Thebes</i> the Vengeance it deserves, may prove,	
Ah why shou'd Argos feel the Rage of Jove?	
Yet since thou wilt thy Sister-Queen controul,	365
Since still the Lust of Discord fires thy Soul,	
Go, rase my Samos, let Mycene fall,	
And level with the Dust the Spartan Wall	
No more let Mortals Juno's Pow'r invoke,	250
Her Fanes no more with Eastern Incense smoke,	370
Nor Victims sink beneath the Sacred Stroke,	
345-7 Cf 1 325n	
350 Phoroneus' Tow'rs] Argos, of which Phoroneus was rep	urted
iounder_	,uscu
354 Ægyptian Heifer] Io	
361 a Mortal's Arms] Semele's 368-9 Mycenae and Sparta were Juno's favourite cities	
200 A 1111 course and pharts were land a tanonitie cities	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	47
But to your Ists all my Rites transfer, Let Altars blaze and Temples smoke for her,	
For her, thro' Ægypt's fruitful Clime renown'd, Let weeping Nilus hear the Timbrel sound	37 <i>5</i>
But if thou must reform the stubborn Times,	
Avenging on the Sons the Father's Crimes,	
And from the long Records of distant Age	200
Derive Incitements to renew thy Rage,	380
Say, from what Period then has <i>fove</i> design'd To date his Vengeance, to what Bounds confin'd?	
Begin from thence, where first Alpheus hides	
His wandring Stream, and thro' the briny Tydes,	
Unmix'd, to his Sicilian River glides	385
Thy own Arcadians there the Thunder claim,	505
Whose impious Rites disgrace thy mighty Name,	
Who raise thy Temples where the Chariot stood	
Of fierce Oenomaus, defil'd with Blood,	
Where once his Steeds their savage Banquet found,	390
And Human Bones yet whiten all the Ground	
Say, can those Honours please? and canst thou love	
Presumptuous Crete, that boasts the Tomb of Jove?	
And shall not <i>Tantalus</i> his Kingdoms share	
Thy Wife and Sister's Tutelary Care?	395
Reverse, O Jove, thy too severe Decree,	
Nor doom to War a Race deriv'd from thee,	
On Impious Realms, and barb'rous Kings, impose	
Thy Plagues, and curse 'em with such Sons as those	
Thus, in Reproach and Pray'r, the Queen exprest	400
The Rage and Grief contending in her Breast,	
Unmov'd remain'd the Ruler of the Sky,	

373 Irts] Io, with whom Isis, worshipped by the Egyptians, was sometimes identified

And from his Throne return'd this stern Reply

387 umpious Rites] Perhaps a reference to the worship of Jupiter with human sacrifices The original seems to refer merely to the establishment of temples to Jupiter on the ground defiled by Oenomaus (cf 389n)

389 fierce Oenomaus] King of Pisa Warned that he would die by the hand of his son-in-law, he challenged all suitors for his daughter Hippodamia to a chariot race against his own horses The defeated suitors were fed to these man-eating horses

393 The Cretan Zeus, born on Mount Ida, was thought to die and to be reborn at certain periods

³⁹⁴ Cf 325n 399 Etheocles and Polynices [P]

'Twas thus I deem'd thy haughty Soul wou'd bear The dire, tho' just, Revenge which I prepare Against a Nation thy peculiar Care Ne less Dione might for Thebes contend, Nor Bacchus less his Native Town defend,	405
Yet these in Silence see the Fates fulfil Their Work, and rev'rence our Superior Will For by the black infernal Styx I swear, (That dreadful Oath which binds the Thunderer)	410
'Tis fix'd, th'irrevocable Doom of Jove, No Force can bend me, no Persuasion move Haste then, Cyllenius, thro' the liquid Air, Go mount the Winds, and to the Shades repair, Bid Hell's black Monarch my Commands obey,	415
And give up Lans to the Realms of Day, Whose Ghost yet shiv'ring on Cocytus' Sand Expects its Passage to the farther Strand Let the pale Sire revisit Thebes, and bear These pleasing Orders to the Tyrant's Ear,	420
That, from his exil'd Brother, swell'd with Pride Of foreign Forces, and his Argive Bride, Almighty Jove commands him to detain The promis'd Empire, and Alternate Reign Be this the Cause of more than mortal Hate,	425
The rest, succeeding Times shall ripen into Fate The God obeys, and to his Feet applies Those golden Wings that cut the yielding Skies, His ample Hat his beamy Locks o'erspread, And veil'd the Starry Glories of his Head	430
He seiz'd the Wand that causes Sleep to fly, Or in soft Slumbers seals the wakeful Eye, That drives the Dead to dark <i>Tartarean</i> Coasts, Or back to Life compells the wondring Ghosts Thus, thro' the parting Clouds the Son of <i>May</i>	435
Wings on the whistling Winds his rapid way, Now smoothly steers through Air his equal Flight, Now springs aloft, and tow'rs th'Ethereal Height, Then wheeling down the Steep of Heav'n he flies,	440

407 Dione] Venus was occasionally referred to by the name of her

mother, Dione
408 Bacchus was the son of Semele, a daughter of Cadmus, founder of Thebes

415 Cyllenus] Mercury, born on Mount Cyllene

419 yet shw'ring] Because he had been killed by his own son 437 Mercury was the son of Jupiter and Maia, daughter of Atlas

And draws a radiant Circle o'er the Skies Mean time the banish'd *Polynices* roves (His Thebes abandon'd) thro' th' Aoman Groves, While future Realms his wandling Thoughts delight, 445 His daily Vision, and his Dream by Night, Forbidden *Thebes* appears before his Eye, From whence he sees his absent Brother fly, With Transport views the airy Rule his own, And swells on an imaginary Throne 450 Fain wou'd he cast a tedious Age away, And live out all in one triumphant Day He chides the lazy Progress of the Sun. And bids the Year with swifter Motion run With anxious Hopes his craving Mind is tost, 455 And all his Joys in length of Wishes lost The Hero then resolves his Course to bend Where ancient Danaus' fruitful Fields extend, And fam'd Mycene's lofty Tow'rs ascend, (Where late the Sun did Atreus' Crimes detest 460 And disappear'd, in Horrour of the Feast) And now by Chance, by Fate, or Furies led, From Bacchus' consecrated Caves he fled, Where the shrill Cries of frantick Matrons sound, And Pentheus' Blood enrich'd the rising Ground, 465 Then sees Cythæron towring o'er the Plain, And thence declining gently to the Main Next to the Bounds of Nisus' Realm repairs, Where treach'rous Scylla cut the Purple Hairs The hanging Cliffs of Scyron's Rock explores, 470 And hears the Murmurs of the diff'rent Shores Passes the Strait that parts the foaming Seas, And stately Corinth's pleasing Site surveys 'Twas now the Time when Phæbus yields to Night, And rising Cynthia sheds her silver Light, 475 Wide o'er the World in solemn Pomp she drew Her airy Chariot, hung with Pearly Dew, All Birds and Beasts lve hush'd, Sleep steals away

449 arry] Unsubstantial, imaginary

⁴⁵⁸ Danaus was a former king of Argos

⁴⁶⁰⁻¹ The sky was darkened when Arreus, son of Pelops, served up the sons of his brother Thyestes as a meal for their father

⁴⁶³⁻⁵ Cf 323n 468-9 Scylla, daughter of Nisus, king of Megara, fell in love with Minos when he besieged Megara, and pulled out the purple hair on which her father's life depended

The wild Desires of Men, and Toils of Day,	
And brings, descending thro' the silent Air,	480
A sweet Forgetfulness of Human Care	•
Yet no red Clouds, with golden Borders gay,	
Promise the Skies the bright Return of Day,	
No faint Reflections of the distant Light	
Streak with long Gleams the scatt'ring Shades of Nig	ht.
From the damp Earth impervious Vapours rise,	486
Encrease the Darkness and involve the Skies	
At once the rushing Winds with roaring Sound	
Burst from th' Æolian Caves, and rend the Ground,	
With equal Rage their airy Quarrel try,	490
And win by turns the Kingdom of the Sky	77-
But with a thicker Night black Auster shrouds	
The Heav'ns, and drives on heaps the rowling Clouds	
From whose dark Womb a rating Tempest pours,	•
Which the cold North congeals to haily Show'rs	495
From Pole to Pole the Thunder roars aloud,	.,,
And broken Lightnings flash from ev'ry Cloud	
Now Smoaks with Show'rs the misty Mountain-Ground	nd,
And floated Fields lye undistinguish'd round	•
Th' Inachian Streams with headlong Fury run,	500
And Erasinus rowls a Deluge on	-
The foaming Lerna swells above its Bounds,	
And spreads its ancient Poysons o'er the Grounds	
Where late was Dust, now rapid Torrents play,	
Rush thro' the Mounds, and bear the Dams away	505
Old Limbs of Trees from crackling Forests torn,	
Are whirl'd in Air, and on the Winds are born,	
The Storm the dark Lycean Groves display'd,	
And first to Light expos'd the Sacred Shade	
Th'intrepid Theban hears the bursting Sky,	510
Sees yawning Rocks in massy Fragments fly,	
And views astonish'd from the Hills afar	
The Floods descending and the watry War,	
That driv'n by Storms, and pouring o'er the Plain,	
Swept Herds, and Hinds, and Houses to the Main	515
Thro' the brown Horrors of the Night he fled,	
Nor knows, amaz'd, what doubtful Path to tread,	

492 Auster] The south wind

500-1 Inachus and Erasınus were rivers in Argos

503 ancient Poysons] Those of the Hydra killed by Hercules in the marshes of Lerna

508 dark Lycean Groves] The groves on Mount Lycaeus, which the sun did not penetrate, were sacred to Jupiter

His Brother's Image to his Mind appears, Inflames his Heart with Rage, and wings his Feet with Fe	ears
So fares a Sailor on the stormy Main, When Clouds conceal <i>Bootes</i> ' golden Wain,	520
When not a Star its friendly Lustre keeps,	
Nor trembling Cynthia glimmers on the Deeps,	
He dreads the Rocks, and Shoals, and Seas, and Skies	,
While Thunder roars, and Lightning round him flies Thus strove the Chief on ev'ry side distress'd,	525
Thus still his Courage, with his Toils, encreas'd,	
With his broad Snield oppos'd, he forc'd his way	
Thro' thickest Woods, and rouz'd the Beasts of Prey	
Till he beheld, where from Larissa's Height	530
The shelving Walls reflect a glancing Light,	
Thither with haste the Theban Hero flies,	
On this side Lerna's pois'nous Water lies,	
On that, <i>Prosymna's</i> Grove and Temple rise	
He pass'd the Gates which then unguarded lay,	535
And to the Regal Palace bent his way,	
On the cold Marble spent with Toil he lies,	
And waits 'till pleasing Slumbers seal his Eyes	
Adrastus here his happy People sways,	
Blest with calm Peace in his declining Days,	540
By both his Parents of Descent divine,	
Great Jove and Phæbus grac'd his noble Line,	
Heav'n had not crown'd his Wishes with a Son, But two fair Daughters heir'd his State and Throne	
To him Apollo (wondrous to relate!	
But who can pierce into the Depths of Fate?)	545
Had sung—'Expect thy Sons on Argos' Shore,	
A Yellow Lyon and a bristly Boar,	
This, long revolv'd in his Paternal Breast,	
Sate heavy on his Heart, and broke his Rest,	550
This, great Amphiaraus, lay hid from thee,	550
Tho' skill'd in Fate and dark Futurity	
The Father's Care and Prophet's Art were vain,	
For thus did the Predicting God ordain	
	555
Had slain his Brother, leaves his Native Land,	
530 Larissa] The citadel of Argos 534 Prosymna's Grove] Part of the temple of Juno (Heraeum)	was
situated near Prosymna	
551 Amphiaraus] Cf 1 62n	
555 Tydeus] Son of Oeneus, king of Calydon He is called Oenide 1 572	ડ દ્વા

And seiz'd with Horror, in the Shades of Night, Thro' the thick Desarts headlong urg'd his Flight Now by the Fury of the Tempest driv'n, He seeks a Shelter from th'inclement Heav'n, Till led by Fate, the <i>Theban</i> 's Steps he treads, And to fair <i>Argos</i> ' open Court succeeds When thus the Chiefs from diff'rent Lands resort	560
T'Adrastus' Realms and Hospitable Court, The King surveys his Guests with curious Eyes, And views their Arms and Habit with Surprize A Lyon's yellow Skin the Theban wears,	565
Horrid his Mane, and rough with curling Hairs, Such once employ'd Alcides' youthful Toils, E're yet adorn'd with Nemea's dreadful Spoils A Boar's stiff Hyde, of Calydonian Breed, Oemdes' manly Shoulders overspread,	570
Oblique his Tusks, erect his Bristles stood, Alive, the Pride and Terror of the Wood Struck with the Sight, and fix'd in deep Amaze, The King th'accomplish'd Oracle surveys, Reveres Apollo's vocal Caves, and owns	575
The guiding Godhead, and his future Sons O'er all his Bosom secret Transports reign, And a glad Horror shoots through ev'ry Vein To Heav'n he lifts his Hands, erects his Sight, And thus invokes the silent Queen of Night	580
Goddess of Shades, beneath whose gloomy Reign Yon spangled Arch glows with the starry Train, You who the Cares of Heav'n and Earth allay, Till Nature quicken'd by th'Inspiring Ray, Wakes to new Vigor with the rising Day	585
Oh thou who freest me from my doubtful State, Long lost and wilder'd in the Maze of Fate! Be present still, oh Goddess! in our Aid, Proceed, and firm those Omens thou hast made! We to thy Name our Annual Rites will pay,	590
And on thy Altars Sacrifices lay, The Sable Flock shall fall beneath the Stroke, And fill thy Temples with a grateful Smoke Hail faithful <i>Tripos'</i> Hail ye dark Abodes Of awful <i>Phæbus</i> I confess the Gods!	595

591 firm] A Latinism, for confirm 596 faithful Tripos] The tripod on which the Pythoness seated herself when prophesying

	Thus, seiz'd with Sacred Fear, the Monarch pray	d,
	Then to his Inner Court the Guests convey'd,	•
	Where yet thin Fumes from dying Sparks arise,)	600
	And Dust yet white upon each Altar lies,	
	The Relicks of a former Sacrifice	
	The King once more the solemn Rites requires,	
	And bids renew the Feasts, and wake the Fires	
	His Train obey, while all the Courts around	605
	With noisie Care and various Tumult sound	
	Embroider'd Purple cloaths the Golden Beds,	
	This Slave the Floor, and That the Table spreads,	
	A Third dispels the Darkness of the Night,	
	And fills depending Lamps with Beams of Light,	610
	Here Loaves in Canisters are pil'd on high,	
	And there, in Flames the slaughter'd Victims fry	
	Sublime in Regal State, Adrastus shone,	
	Stretch'd on rich Carpets, on his Iv'ry Throne,	
	A lofty Couch receives each Princely Guest,	615
	Around, at awful Distance, wait the rest	5
	And now the King, his Royal Feast to grace,	
	Acestis calls, the Guardian of his Race,	
	Who first their Youth in Arts of Virtue train'd,	
	And their ripe Years in modest Grace maintain'd	620
	Then softly whisper'd in her faithful Ear,	
	And bad his Daughters at the Rites appear	
	When from the close Apartments of the Night,	
	The Royal Nymphs approach divinely bright,	
	Such was Diana's, such Minerva's Face,	625
	Nor shine their Beauties with superior Grace,	_
	But that in these a milder Charm indears,	
	And less of Terror in their Looks appears	
	As on the Heroes first they cast their Eyes,	
	O'er their fair Cheeks the glowing Blushes rise,	630
	Their down cast looks a decent Shame confest,	
	Then, on their Father's rev'rend Features rest	
	The Banquet done, the Monarch gives the Sign	
	To fill the Goblet high with sparkling Wine,	
	Which Danaus us'd in sacred Rites of old,	635
	With Sculpture grac'd, and rough with rising Gold	
	Here to the Clouds victorious Perseus flies,	
	Medusa seems to move her languid Eyes,	
	And, ev'n in Gold, turns paler as she dies	
	There from the Chace Jove's tow'ring Eagle bears	640
618	the Guardian] The nurse of his two daughters	

On golden Wings, the <i>Phrygian</i> to the Stars, Still as he rises in th'Æthereal Height, His native Mountains lessen to his Sight, While all his sad Companions upward gaze, Fix'd on the Glorious Scene in wild Amaze,	645
And the swift Hounds, affrighted as he flies,	-45
Run to the Shade, and bark against the Skies This Golden Bowl with gen'rous Juice was crown'd	
The first Libations sprinkled on the Ground,	٠,
By turns on each Celestial Pow'r they call,	650
With Phæbus' Name resounds the vaulted Hall	
The Courtly Train, the Strangers, and the rest,	
Crown'd with chast Laurel, and with Garlands drest,	
(While with rich Gums the fuming Altars blaze)	
Salute the God in num'rous Hymns of Praise	655
Then thus the King Perhaps, my Noble Guests,	
These honour'd Altars, and these annual Feasts,	
To bright <i>Apollo</i> 's awful Name design'd,	
Unknown, with Wonder may perplex your Mind	
Great was the Cause, our old Solemnities	660
From no blind Zeal or fond Tradition rise,	
But sav'd from Death, our Argives yearly pay	
These grateful Honours to the God of Day	
When by a thousand Darts the Python slain	
With Orbs unroll'd lay covering all the Plain,	665
(Transfix'd as o'er Castalia's Streams he hung,	
And suck'd new Poisons with his triple Tongue)	
To Argos' Realms the Victor God resorts,	
And enters old Crotopus' humble Courts	
This rural Prince one only Daughter blest,	670
That all the Charms of blooming Youth possest,	
Fair was her Face, and spotless was her Mind,	
Where Filial Love with Virgin Sweetness join'd	
Happy and happy still She might have prov'd,	_
Were she less beautiful, or less belov'd!	675
But Phæbus lov'd, and on the Flow'ry Side	
Of Nemea's Stream the yielding Fair enjoy'd	
Now, e'er ten Moons their Orb with Light adorn,	
Th'illustrious Off-spring of the God was born	
the Phrygian] Ganymede, carried off to be the cup-bearer o	t the

641 the Phrygian] Ganymede, carried off to be the cup-bearer of the gods

655 num'rous] Measured, rhythmic, harmonious
664 ff Python was the dragon who guarded the oracle of Delphi He
was killed by Apollo, who then took possession of the oracle
669 Crotopus] Former king of Argos

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	55
The Nymph, her Father's Anger to evade, Retires from Argos to the Sylvan Shade,	680
To Woods and Wilds the pleasing Burden bears, And trusts her Infant to a Shepherd's Cares	
How mean a Fate, unhappy Child! is thine?	
Ah how unworthy those of Race divine?	685
On flow'ry Herbs in some green Covert laid,	
His Bed the Ground, his Canopy the Shade,	
He mixes with the bleating Lambs his Cries, While the rude Swain his rural Musick tries,	
To call soft Slumbers on his infant Eyes	690
Yet ev'n in those obscure Abodes to live,	0,0
Was more, alas! than cruel Fate wou'd give!	
For on the grassie Verdure as he lay,	
And breath'd the Freshness of the early Day,	_
Devouring Dogs the helpless Infant tore,	695
Fed on his trembling Limbs, and lapt the Gore	
Th'astonish'd Mother when the Rumour came, Forgets her Father, and neglects her Fame,	
With loud Complaints she fills the yielding Air,	
And beats her Breast, and rends her flowing Hair,	700
Then wild with Anguish, to her Sire she flies,	•
Demands the Sentence, and contented dies	
But touch'd with Sorrow for the Dead, too late,	
The raging God prepares t'avenge her Fate	
He sends a Monster, horrible and fell,	705
Begot by Furies in the Depths of Hell,	
The Pest a Virgin's Face and Bosom bears, High on her Crown a rising Snake appears,	
Guards her black Front, and hisses in her Hairs	
About the Realm she walks her dreadful Round,	710
When Night with sable Wings o'erspreads the Ground	nd,
Devours young Babes before their Parents' Eyes,	
And feeds and thrives on Publick Miseries	
But gen'rous Rage the bold Choræbus warms.	
Chorœbus, fam'd for Virtue as for Arms, Some few like him, inspir'd with Martial flame,	7 ¹ 5
Thought a short Life well lost for endless Fame	
These, where two Ways in equal Parts divide,	
The direful Monster from afar descry'd,	
Two bleeding Babes depending at her Side,	720
Whose panting Vitals, warm with Life, she draws,	
And in their Hearts embrues her cruel Claws	
The Youth surround her with extended Spears,	

But brave Choræbus in the Front appears,	
Deep in her Breast he plung'd his shining Sword,	725
And Hell's dire Monster back to Hell restor'd	1-3
Th'Inachans view the Slain with vast Surprize,	
Her twisting Volumes, and her rowling Eyes,	
Her spotted Breast, and gaping Womb imbru'd	
With livid Poyson and our Children's Blood	730
The Crowd in stupid Wonder fix'd appear,	/30
Pale ev'n in Joy, nor yet forget to fear	
Some with vast Beams the squallid Corps engage,	
And weary all the wild Efforts of Rage	
The Devil about that mobile faciled to Test	725
The Birds obscene, that nightly flock'd to Tast,	735
With hollow Screeches fled the dire Repast,	
And ravenous Dogs, allur'd by scented Blood,	
And starving Wolves, ran howling to the Wood	
But fir'd with Rage, from cleft Parnassus' Brow	
Avenging <i>Phæbus</i> bent his deadly Bow,	740
And hissing flew the feather'd Fates below,	
A Night of sultry Clouds involv'd around	
The Tow'rs, the Fields, and the devoted Ground	
And now a thousand Lives together fled,	
Death with his Scythe cut off the fatal Thread,	745
And a whole Province in his Triumph led	
But Phæbus, ask'd why noxious Fires appear,	
And raging Sirius blasts the sickly Year,	
Demands their Lives by whom his Monster fell,	
And dooms a dreadful Sacrifice to Hell	750
Blest be thy Dust, and let Eternal Fame	
Attend thy Manes, and preserve thy Name,	
Undaunted Hero! who, divinely brave,	
In such a Cause disdain'd thy Life to save,	
But view'd the Shrine with a superior Look,	755
And its upbraided Godhead thus bespoke	
With Piety, the Soul's securest Guard,	
And conscious Virtue, still its own Reward,	
Willing I come, unknowing how to fear,	
Nor shalt thou, Phæbus, find a Suppliant here	760
Thy Monster's Death to me was ow'd alone,	
And the a Deed too alorsons to discoun	

727 Th'Inachans] Descendants of Inachus, founder of Argos 728 Volumes] Coils

⁷⁴³ devoted Consigned to evil or destruction, doomed 752 Manes Here probably the soul or spirit of Choroebus 753 Undaunted Hero Choroebus

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	57
Behold him here, for whom, so many Days, Impervious Clouds conceal'd thy sullen Rays, For whom, as Man no longer claim'd thy Care, Such Numbers fell by Pestilential Air! But if th'abandon'd Race of Human-kind	765
From Gods above no more Compassion find, If such Inclemency in Heav'n can dwell, Yet why must un-offending Argos feel The Vengeance due to this unlucky Steel? On me, on me, let all thy Fury fall, Nor err from me, since I deserve it all	770
Unless our Desart Cities please thy Sight, Our Fun'ral Flames reflect a grateful Light Discharge thy Shafts, this ready Bosom rend, And to the Shades a Ghost Triumphant send,	775
But for my Country let my Fate attone, Be mine the Vengeance, as the Crime my own Merit distress'd impartial Heav'n relieves, Unwelcome Life relenting <i>Phæbus</i> gives, For not the vengeful Pow'r, that glow'd with Rage,	780
With such amazing Virtue durst engage The Clouds dispers'd, Apollo's Wrath expir'd, And from the wondring God th'unwilling Youth ret:	ır³d
Thence we these Altars in his Temple raise, And offer Annual Honours, Feasts, and Praise, These solemn Feasts propitious <i>Phæbus</i> please,	786
These Honours, still renew'd, his antient Wrath app	ease
But say, Illustrious Guest (adjoin'd the King)	790
What Name you bear, from what high Race you spr. The noble <i>Tydeus</i> stands confess'd, and known Our Neighbour Prince, and Heir of <i>Calydon</i> Relate your Fortunes, while the friendly Night	
And silent Hours to various Talk invite The Theban bends on Earth his gloomy Eyes, Confus'd, and sadly thus at length replies Before these Altars how shall I proclaim	795
(Oh gen'rous Prince) my Nation or my name, Or thro' what Veins our ancient Blood has roll'd? Let the sad Tale for ever rest untold! Yet if propitious to a Wretch unknown,	800
You seek to share in Sorrows not your own, Know then, from Cadmus I derive my Race, Jocasta's Son, and Thebes my Native Place To whom the King, (who felt his gen'rous Breast	805

Touch'd with Concern for his unhappy Guest) Replies—Ah why forbears the Son to Name His wretched Father, known too well by Fame? Fame, that delights around the World to stray, Scorns not to take our Argos in her Way Ev'n those who dwell where Suns at distance roll, In Northern Wilds, and freeze beneath the Pole, And those who tread the burning Lybian Lands, The faithless Syrtes and the moving Sands,	810 815
Who view the Western Sea's extreamest Bounds, Or drink of Ganges in their Eastern Grounds, All these the Woes of Oedipus have known, Your Fates, your Furies, and your haunted Town	,
If on the Sons the Parents' Crimes descend, What Prince from those his Lineage can defend? Be this thy Comfort, that 'tis thine t'efface With Virtuous Acts thy Ancestor's Disgrace, And be thy self the Honour of thy Race	820
But see! the Stars begin to steal away, And shine more faintly at approaching Day, Now pour the Wine, and in your tuneful Lays, Once more resound the Great Apollo's Praise Oh Father Phæbus! whether Lycia's Coast	825
And snowy Mountains thy bright Presence boast, Whether to sweet Castalia thou repair, And bathe in silver Dews thy yellow Hair, Or pleas'd to find fair Delos float no more, Delight in Cynthus and the Shady Shore,	830
Or chuse thy Seat in <i>Ihon</i> 's proud Abodes, The shining Structures rais'd by lab'ring Gods! By thee the Bow and mortal Shafts are born, Eternal Charms thy blooming Youth adorn Skill'd in the Laws of Secret Fate above,	835
And the dark Counsels of Almighty Jove, 'Tis thine the Seeds of future War to know,	840

815 Syrtes] Quicksands off the northern coast of Africa 829 Lycia] A state in Asia Minor where the worship of Apollo was active

833 float no more] Delos supposedly drifted through the Aegean until Jupiter moored it as a refuge for Latona There she gave birth to Apollo and Diana

834 Shady Shore] The shadow cast by Mount Cynthus, the mountian in Delos on the Aegean shore

836 lab'rıng Gods] According to legend, the walls of Troy were built by Apollo and Neptune

The Change of Scepters, and impending Woe, When direful Meteors spread thro' glowing Air Long Trails of Light, and shake their blazing Hair	
Thy Rage the <i>Phrygian</i> felt, who durst aspire	845
T'excel the Musick of thy Heav'nly Lyre,	
Thy Shafts aveng'd lewd Tityus' guilty Flame,	
Th'Immortal Victim of thy Mother's Fame,	
Thy Hand slew Python, and the Dame who lost	
Her num'rous Off-spring for a fatal Boast	850
In Phlegias' Doom thy just Revenge appears,	_
Condemn'd to Furies and Eternal Fears,	
He views his Food, but dreads, with lifted Eye,	
The mouldring Rock that trembles from on high	
• Propitious hear our Pray'r, O Pow'r Divine!	855
And on thy Hospitable Argos shine	
Whether the Style of <i>Titan</i> please thee more,	
Whose Purple Rays th' Achæmenes adore,	
Or great Osyris, who first taught the Swain	
In Phanan Fields to sow the Golden Grain,	860
Or Mitra, to whose Beams the Persian bows,	
And pays in hollow Rocks his awful Vows,	
Mitra, whose Head the Blaze of Light adorns,	
Who grasps the strugling Heifer's Lunar Horns	

845 the Phrygian] Marsyas, a river god who competed with his flute against Apollo and his lyre He was defeated and flayed alive by the god 847 Tityus' guilty Flame] Tityus, a giant, attempted to violate Latona

He was killed by Apollo and Diana and hurled by them into Tartarus, where two vultures fed perpetually on his liver

849 the Dame | Niobe

851-4 Phlegyas set fire to Apollo's temple at Delphi because the god had seduced his daughter Coronis

858 Achæmenes] The people of Achaemenes, the legendary ancestor of the Persian kings

860 Pharian Egyptian

861 Mitral Mithras, the Peisian god of light He was identified by the Greeks with Apollo and introduced later into Roman mythology Statius alludes to the famous relief representing Mithras slaying a bull

The Gardens of Alcinous

FROM THE SEVENTH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSSES [written c 1713, published, Guardian, 1713]

Close to the gates a spacious garden lies, From storms defended, and inclement skies Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,

Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold. 5 The red'ning apple ripens here to gold, Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows, With deeper red the full pomegranate glows. The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear, And verdant olives flourish round the year 10 The balmy spirit of the western gale Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail Each dropping pear a following pear supplies, On apples apples, figs on figs arise The same mild season gives the blooms to blow, 15 The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear With all th' united labours of the year, Some to unload the fertile branches run. Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun. 20 Others to tread the liquid harvest join, The groaning presses foam with floods of wine Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd, Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side. And there in autumn's richest purple dy'd 25 Beds of all various herbs, for ever green, In beauteous order terminate the scene Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd, This thro' the gardens leads its streams around, Visits each plant, and waters all the ground While that in pipes beneath the palace flows, And thence its current on the town bestows, To various use their various streams they bring. The People one, and one supplies the King

The Episode of Sarpedon

TRANSLATED FROM THE TWELFTH AND SIXTEENTH BOOKS OF HOMER'S ILIADS

[written c 1707, published, Tonson's Miscellames, 1709]

THE ARGUMENT

Sarpedon, the Son of Jupiter, commanded the Lycians who came to the Aid of Troy In the first Battel when Diomed had put the Trojans to flight, he encouraged Hector to rally, and signalized himself by the Death of Tlepolemus Afterwards when the Greeks had rais'd a Fortification to cover their Fleet, which the Trojans endeavour'd to overthrow, this Prince was the Occasion of effecting it He incites Glaucus to second him in this Action by an admirable Speech, which has been render'd in English by Sir John Denham, after whom the Translator had not the Vanity to attempt it for any other reason, than that the Episode must have been very imperfect without so Noble a part of it

Thus Hector, great in Arms, contends in vain To fix the Fortune of the fatal Plain. Nor Troy cou'd conquer, nor the Greeks wou'd yield, 'Till bold Sarpedon rush'd into the Field, For Mighty Fove inspir'd with Martial Flame 5 His God-like Son, and urg'd him on to Fame In Arms he shines, conspicuous from afar, And bears aloft his ample Shield in Air. Within whose Orb the thick Bull-hides were roll'd. Pondrous with Brass, and bound with ductile Gold, 10 And while two pointed Jav'lins arm his Hands, Majestick moves along, and leads his Lycian Bands So prest with Hunger, from the Mountain's Brow, Descends a Lion on the Flocks below. So stalks the Lordly Savage o'er the Plain. 15 In sullen Majesty, and stern Disdain In vain loud Mastives bay him from afar, And Shepherds gaul him with an Iron War, Regardless, furious, he pursues his way, He foams, he roars, he rends the panting Prev 20 Resolv'd alike, Divine Sarpedon glows With gen'rous Rage, that drives him on the Foes He views the Tow'rs, and meditates their Fall, To sure Destruction dooms the Grecian Wall, Then casting on his Friend an ardent Look, 25 Fir'd with the Thirst of Glory, thus he spoke Why boast we, Glaucus, our extended Reign, Where Xanthus' Streams enrich the Lycian Plain? Our num'rous Herds that range each fruitful Field, And Hills where Vines their Purple Harvest yield? 30 Our foaming Bowls with gen'rous Nectar crown'd, Our Feasts enhanc'd with Musick's sprightly Sound? Why on those Shores are we with Joy survey'd,

¹⁵ Lordly Savage] Cf Windsor-Forest, 1 57n (p 197) 23 meditates] Cf Windsor-Forest, 1 102n (p 199)

Admir'd as Heroes, and as Gods obey'd?	
Unless great Acts superior Merit prove,	35
And Vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above	
'Tis ours, the Dignity They give, to grace,	
The first in Valour, as the first in Place	
That while with wondring Eyes our Martial Bands	
Behold our Deeds transcending our Commands,	40
Such, they may cry, deserve the Sov'reign State,	
Whom those that Envy dare not Imitate!	
Cou'd all our Care elude the greedy Grave,	
Which claims no less the Fearful than the Brave,	
For Lust of Fame I shou'd not vainly dare	45
In fighting Fields, nor urge thy Soul to War	
But since, alas, ignoble Age must come,	
Disease, and Death's inexorable Doom,	
The Life which others pay, let Us bestow,	
And give to Fame what we to Nature owe,	50
Brave, tho' we fall, and honour'd, if we live,	
Or let us Glory gain, or Glory give!	
He said, his Words the list'ning Chief inspire	
With equal Warmth, and rouze the Warrior's Fire,	
The Troops pursue their Leaders with Delight,	55
Rush to the Foe, and claim the promis'd Fight	
Menestheus from on high the Storm beheld,	
Threat'ning the Fort, and black'ning in the Field,	
Around the Walls he gaz'd, to view from far	
What Aid appear'd t'avert th'approaching War,	60
And saw where Teucer with th' Ajaces stood,	
Insatiate of the Fight, and prodigal of Blood	
In vain he calls, the Din of Helms and Shields	
Rings to the Skies, and ecchoes thro' the Fields,	
The Gates resound, the Brazen Hinges fly,	65
While each is bent to conquer or to die	_
Then thus to Thoos,—Hence with speed (he said)	
And urge the bold Ajaces to our Aid,	
Their Strength united best may help to bear	
The bloody Labours of the doubtful War	70
Hither the Lycian Princes bend their Course,	•
The best and bravest of the Trojan Force	
But if too fiercely, there, the Foes contend,	
Let Telamon at least our Tow'rs defend,	
And Teucer haste, with his unerring Bow,	75
To share the Danger, and repel the Foe	
Warl Soldiers in fighting array Cf 1 ray below	

IMMODATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	ν,
Swift as the Word, the Herald speeds along	
The lofty Ramparts, through the Warlike Throng,	
And finds the Heroes, bath'd in Sweat and Gore,	
Oppos'd in Combate on the dusty Shore	80
Strait to the Fort great Ajax turn'd his Care,	
And thus bespoke his Brothers of the War	
Now valiant Lycomede, exert your Might,	
And Brave Oileus, prove your Force in Fight	
To you I trust the Fortune of the Field,	85
'Till by this Arm the Foe shall be repell'd,	
That done, expect me to compleat the Day,	
Then, with his Sev'nfold Shield, he strode away	
With equal Steps bold Teucer prest the Shore,	
Whose fatal Bow the strong Pandion bore	90
High on the Walls appear'd the Lycian Pow'rs,	
Like some black Tempest gath'ring round the Tow'rs	
The Greeks oppress'd, their utmost Force unite,	
Prepar'd to labour in th' unequal Fight,	
The War begins, mix'd Shouts and Groans arise,	95
Tumultuous Clamour mounts, and thickens in the Skies	
Fierce Ajax first th'advancing Host invades,	
And sends the brave Epicles to the Shades,	
Sarpedon's Friend, Across the Warrior's Way,	
Rent from the Walls, a Rocky Fragment lay,	100
In modern Ages not the strongest Swain	
Cou'd heave th'unwieldy Burthen from the Plain	
He poiz'd, and swung it round, then tost on high,	
It flew with Force, and labour'd up the Sky,	
Full on the Lycian's Helmet thundring down,	105
The pondrous Ruin crush'd his batter'd Crown	
As skilful Divers from some Airy Steep	
Headlong descend, and shoot into the Deep,	
So falls Epicles, then in Groans expires,	
And murm'ring from the Corps th'unwilling Soul retires	110
While to the Ramparts daring Glaucus drew,	
From Teucer's Hand a winged Arrow flew,	
The bearded Shaft the destin'd Passage found,	
And on his naked Arm inflicts a Wound	
The Chief who fear'd some Foe's insulting Boast	115
Might stop the Progress of his warlike Host,	
Conceal'd the Wound, and leaping from his Height,	
Retir'd reluctant from th'unfinish'd Fight	
Divine Sarpedon with Regret beheld	
Disabl'd Glaucus slowly quit the Field,	120

His beating Breast with gen'rous Ardour glows,	
He springs to Fight, and flies upon the Foes	
Alcmaon first was doom'd his Force to feel,	
Deep in his Breast he plung'd the pointed Steel,	
Then from the yawning Wound with Fury tore	125
The Spear, pursu'd by gushing Streams of Gore,	
Down sinks the Warrior, with a thundring Sound,	
His Brazen Armour rings against the Ground	
Swift to the Battlement the Victor flies,	
Tugs with full Force, and ev'ry Nerve applies,	130
It shakes, the pondrous Stones disjoynted yield,	-50
The rowling Ruins smoak along the Field	
A mighty Breach appears, the Walls lye bare,	
And like a Deluge rushes in the War	
At once bold Teucer draws the twanging Bow,	135
And Ajax sends his Jav'lin at the Foe,	*33
Fix'd in his Belt the feather'd Weapon stood,	
And thro' his Buckler drove the trembling Wood,	
But Jove was present in the dire Debate,	
To shield his Off-spring, and avert his Fate	140
The Prince gave back, not meditating Flight,	140
But urging Vengeance and severer Fight,	
Then rais'd with Hope, and fir'd with Glory's Charms	2
His fainting Squadrons to new Fury warms	"
O where, ye Lycians, is the Strength you boast,	145
Your former Fame, and ancient Virtue lost?	143
The Breach lyes open, but your Chief in vain	
Attempts alone the guarded Pass to gain	
Unite, and soon that Hostile Fleet shall fall,	
The Force of pow'rful Union conquers All	150
This just Rebuke inflam'd the Lycian Crew,	130
They join, they thicken, and th'Assault renew,	
Unmov'd, th'embody'd Greeks their Fury dare,	
And fix'd support the Weight of all the War	
Nor cou'd the Greeks repell the Lycian Pow'rs,	155
Nor the bold Lycians force the Grecian Tow'rs	100
As on the Confines of adjoyning Grounds,	
Two stubborn Swains with Blows dispute their Bounds,	
They tugg, they sweat, but neither gain, nor yield,	
	160
Thus obstinate to Death, they fight, they fall,	100
Nor these can keep, nor those can win the Wall	
Their Manly Breasts are pierc'd with many a Wound,	
Loud Strokes are heard, and rating Arms resound,	
The state of	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	65
The copious Slaughter covers all the Shore, And the high Ramparts drop with Human Gore As when two Scales are charg'd with doubtful Loads,	165
From side to side the trembling Balance nods, 'Till poiz'd aloft, the resting Beam suspends Each equal Weight, nor this, nor that descends	170
So Conquest loth for either to declare,	1,0
Levels her Wings, and hov'ring hangs in Air 'Till Hector came, to whose Superior Might	
Jove ow'd the Glory of the destin'd Fight	
Fierce as a Whirlwind, up the Walls he flies,	175
And fires his Host with loud repeated Cries	
Advance ye <i>Trojans</i> , lend your valuant Hands, Haste, to the Fleet, and toss the blazing Brands!	
They hear, they run, and gath'ring at his Call,	
Raise scaling Engines, and ascend the Wall	180
Around the Works a Wood of glitt'ring Spears	
Shoots up, and All the rising Host appears	
A pondrous Stone bold <i>Hector</i> heav'd to throw,	
Pointed above, and rough and gross below Not two strong Men th'enormous Weight cou'd raise,	-0-
Such Men as live in these degen'rate Days	185
Yet this, as easie as a Swain wou'd bear	
The snowy Fleece, he tost, and shook in Air	
For Jove upheld, and lighten'd of its Load	
Th'unwieldy Rock, the Labour of a God	190
Thus arm'd, before the folded Gates he came,	
Of massy Substance and stupendous Frame,	
With Iron Bars and brazen Hinges strong,	
On lofty Beams of solid Timber hungs. Then thundring thro' the Planks, with forceful Sway,	195
Drives the sharp Rock, the solid Beams give way,	*90
The Folds are shatter'd, from the crackling Door	
Leap the resounding Bars, the flying Hinges roar	
Now rushing in the furious Chief appears,	
Gloomy as Night, and shakes two shining Spears,	200
A dreadful Gleam from his bright Armour came,	
And from his Eye-balls flash'd the living Flame He moves a God, resistless in his Course,	
And seems a Match for more than Mortal Force	
Then pouring after, thro' the gaping Space	205
A Tide of <i>Trojans</i> flows, and fills the Place,	_
The Greeks behold, they tremble, and they fly,	
The Shore is heap'd with Death, and Tumult rends the	Sky

Connection of the foregoing with the following Part

The Wall being forc'd by Hector, an obstinate Battel was fought before the Ships, one of which was set on fire by the Trojans Patroclus thereupon obtaining of Achilles to lead out the Myrmidons to the Assistance of the Greeks, made a great Slaughter of the Enemy, 'till he was oppos'd by Sarpedon The Combate betwit these Two, and the Death of the latter, with the Grief of Jupiter for his Son, are describ'd in the ensuing Translation, from the Sixteenth Book of the Iliads

When now the Chief his valiant Friends beheld Grov'ling in Dust, and gasping on the Field, With this Reproach his flying Host he warms, Oh Stain to Honour! oh Disgrace of Arms!	210
Forsake, inglorious, the contended Plain, This Hand unaided shall the War sustain The Task be mine the Hero's Strength to try, Who mows whole Troops, and makes whole Armies fly He said, and leap'd from off his lofty Car,	215
Patroclus lights, and sternly waits the War As when two Vulturs on the Mountain's Height Stoop with their sounding Pinions to the Fight, They cuff, they tear, they raise a screaming Cry, The Desart ecchoes, and the Rocks reply,	220
The Warriors thus oppos'd in Arms engage, With equal Valour, and with equal Rage fove view'd the Combate, whose Event foreseen, He thus bespoke his Sister and his Queen The Hour draws on, the Destinies ordain,	225
My God-like Son shall press the <i>Phrygian</i> Plain Already on the Verge of Death he stands, His Life is ow'd to fierce <i>Patroclus</i> ' Hands What Passions in a Parent's Breast debate! Say, shall I snatch him from Impending Fate,	230
And send him safe to Lycia, distant far From all the Dangers and the Toils of War, Or to his Doom my bravest Off-spring yield, And fatten, with Celestial Blood, the Field? Then thus the Goddess with the radiant Eyes What Words are these, O Sov'reign of the Skies?	235

220 Stoop] See Ep to Arbuthnot, 34In (p 608)

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	67
Short is the Date piescrib'd to Mortal Man, Shall Jove, for one, extend the narrow Span, Whose Bounds, were fix'd before his Race began? How many Sons of Gods, foredoom'd to Death,	240
Before proud <i>Ihon</i> must resign their Breath! Were thine exempt, Debate, wou'd rise above, And murm'ring Pow'rs condemn their partial <i>Jove</i> Give the bold Chief a glorious Fate in Fight, And when th'ascending Soul has wing'd her Flight, Let <i>Sleep</i> and <i>Death</i> convey, by thy Command,	245
The breathless Body to his Native Land His Friends and People, to his future Praise, A Marble Tomb and Pyramid shall raise, And lasting Honours to his Ashes give,	250
His Fame ('tis all the Dead can have') shall live She said, the Cloud-Compeller overcome, Assents to Fate, and ratifies the Doom Then, touch'd with Grief, the weeping Heav'ns distill'd A Show'r of Blood o'er all the fatal Field	255
The God, his Eyes averting from the Plain, Laments his Son, predestin'd to be slain, Far from the Lycian Shores, his happy Native Reign Now met in Arms the Combatants appear, Each heav'd the Shield, and pois'd the lifted Spear	260
From strong Patroclus' Hand the Jav'lin fled, And pass'd the Groin of valiant Thrasymed, The Nerves unbrac'd no more his Bulk sustain, He falls, and falling, bites the bloody Plain Two sounding Darts the Lycian Leader threw, The first aloof with erring Fury flew,	265
The next more fatal pierc'd Achilles' Steed, The gen'rous Pedasus, of Theban Breed, Fix'd in the Shoulder's Joint, he reel'd around,	270
Rowl'd in the bloody Dust, and paw'd the slipp'ry Grounders sudden Fall the entangled Harness broke, Each Axle groan'd, the bounding Chariot shook,	
When bold Automedon, to disengage The starting Coursers, and restrain their Rage, Divides the Traces with his Sword, and freed Th'incumber'd Chariot from the dying Steed The rest move on, obedient to the Rein,	275
The Car rowls slowly o'er the dusty Plain The towning Chiefs to fiercer Fight advance, And first Sarpedon tost his weighty Lance,	280

Which o'er the Warrior's Shoulder took its Course,	
And spent, in empty Air, its dying Force	
Not so Patroclus never-erring Dart,	285
Aim'd at his Breast, it pierc'd the mortal Part	-
Where the strong Fibres bind the solid Heart	
Then as the stately Pine, or Poplar tall,	
Hewn for the Mast of some great Admiral,	
Nods, groans, and reels, 'till with a crackling Sound	290
It sinks, and spreads its Honours on the Ground,	
Thus fell the King, and laid on Earth Supine,	
Before his Chariot stretch'd his Form divine	
He grasp'd the Dust, distain'd with streaming Gore,	
And, pale in Death, lay groaning on the Shore	295
So lyes a Bull beneath the Lion's Paws,	
While the grim Savage grinds with foarny Jaws	
The trembling Limbs, and sucks the smoking Blood,	
Deep Groans and hollow Roars rebellow thro' the Wood	
Then to the Leader of the Lycian Band,	300
The dying Chief address'd his last Command	•
Glaucus, be bold, Thy Task be first to dare	
The glorious Dangers of destructive War,	
To lead my Troops, to combate at their Head,	
Incite the Living, and supply the Dead	305
Tell 'em, I charg'd them with my latest Breath,	,
Not unreveng'd to bear Sarpedon's Death	
What Grief, what Shame must Glaucus undergo,	
If these spoil'd Arms adorn a Grecian Foe?	
Then as a Friend, and as a Warrior, fight,	310
Defend my Corps, and conquer in my Right,	_
That taught by great Examples, All may try	
Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die	
He ceas'd, the Fates supprest his lab'ring Breath,	
And his Eyes darken'd with the Shades of Death	315
Th'insulting Victor with Disdain bestrode	
The prostrate Prince, and on his Bosom trod,	
Then drew the Weapon from his panting Heart,	
The reeking Fibres clinging to the Dart,	
From the wide Wound gush'd out a Stream of Blood,	320
And the Soul issu'd in the Purple Flood	
Then thus to Phæbus, in the Realms above,	
Spoke from his Throne the Cloud-compelling Jove	
Descend my Phæbus, on the Phrygian Plain,	
And from the Fight convey Sarpedon slain,	325
Ox Honours The foliage of the tree	

5

Then bathe his Body in the crystal Flood, With Dust dishonour'd, and deform'd with Blood O'er all his Limbs Ambrosial Odours shed. And with Celestial Robes adorn the mighty Dead Those Honours paid, his sacred Corps bequeath 330 To the soft Arms of silent Sleep and Death, They to his Friends the mournful Charge shall bear, His Friends a Tomb and Pyramid shall rear, These unavailing Rites he may receive, These, after Death, are All a God can give! 335 Apollo bows, and from Mount Ida's Height Swift to the Field precipitates his Flight. Thence, from the War, the breathless Hero bore, Veil'd in a Cloud, to silver Simois Shore There bath'd his honourable Wounds, and drest 340 His Manly Members in th'Immortal Vest. And with Perfumes of sweet Ambrosial Dews, Restores his Freshness, and his Form renews Then Sleep and Death, two Twins of winged Race, Of matchless Swiftness, but of silent Pace, 345 Receiv'd Sarpedon, at the God's Command, And in a Moment reach'd the Lycian Land, The Corps amidst his weeping Friends they laid, Where endless Honours wait the Sacred Shade

The Arrival of Ulysses in Ithaca

BEING PART OF THE XIIITH BOOK OF HOMER'S ODYSOES

[written c 1707, published Steele's Miscellanies, 1713]

The Beginning of this Book describes the Parting of Ulysses from Phæacia, with the Gifts of Alcinous to his Guest, and his taking Ship for his Native Country Ithaca

The Sun descending, the *Pheacian* Train
Spread their broad Sails, and launch into the Main
At once they bend, and strike their equal Oars,
And leave the sinking Hills, and less'ning Shores
While on the Deck the Chief in Silence lies,
And pleasing Slumbers steal upon his Eyes

1 Pope translated Homer's ll 78 to 125, and 187 to 360

As fiery Coursers in the rapid Race,	
Urg'd by fierce Drivers thro' the dusty Space,	
Toss their high Heads, and scour along the Plain,	
So mounts the bounding Vessel o'er the Main	10
Back to the Stern the parted Billows flow,	
And the black Ocean foams and roars below	
Thus with spread Sails the winged Gally flies,	
Less swift, an Eagle cuts the liquid Skies	
Divine Ulysses was her Sacred Load,	15
A Man, in Wisdom equal to a God	+3
Much Danger long, and mighty Toils he bore,	
In Storms by Sea, and Combats on the Shore	
All which soft Sleep now banish'd from his Breast,	
Wrapt in a pleasing, deep, and death-like Rest	20
But when the morning Star with early Rav	20
Flam'd in the Front of Heav'n, and promis'd Day,	
Like distant Clouds the Mariner descries	
Fair Ithaca's emerging Hills arise	
Far from the Town, a spacious Port appears,	~~
Sacred to <i>Phorcys'</i> Pow'r, whose Name it bears,	25
Two craggy Rocks, projecting to the Main,	
The roaring Winds tempestuous Rage restrain,	
Within, the Waves in softer Murmurs glide,	
And Ships secure without their Haulsers ride	
High at the Head a branching Olive grows,	30
And crowns the pointed Cliffs with shady Boughs	
Beneath, a gloomy <i>Grotto</i> 's cool Recess Delights the <i>Nereids</i> of the neighb'ring Seas,	
Where Bowls and Urns were form'd of living Stone,	
	35
And massie Beams in native Marble shone, On which the Labours of the Nymphs were roll'd,	
There Webs Describe a series of the Nympus were roll a,	
Their Webs Divine of Purple mix'd with Gold	
Within the Cave, the clustring Bees attend	
Their Waxen Works, or from the Roof depend	40
Perpetual Waters o'er the Pavement glide,	
Two Marble Doors unfold on either side,	
Sacred the South, by which the Gods descend,	
But Mortals enter at the Northern End	
Thather they bent, and haul'd their Ship to Land,	45
(The crooked Keel divides the yellow Sand)	
Ulysses sleeping, on his Couch they bore,	

³⁵ living Stone] In its native condition and site 36 Beams] The wooden rollers or cylinders in a loom, on which the warp is wound before weaving

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	71
And gently plac'd him on the Rocky Shore His Treasures next, <i>Alcinous</i> ' Gifts, they laid In the wild Olive's unfrequented Shade,	50
Secure from Theft Then launch'd the Bark again, And tugg'd their Oars, and measur'd back the Main Mean while Ulysses in his Country lay,	,0
Releas'd from Sleep, and round him might survey	
The solitary Shore, and rowling Sea	5 <i>5</i>
Yet had his Mind, thro' tedious Absence, lost The dear Remembrance of his Native Coast,	
Besides Minerva to secure her Care,	
Diffus'd around a Veil of thicken'd Air	
For so the Gods ordain'd, to keep unseen	60
Has Royal Person from his Friends and Queen,	
Till the proud Suitors, for their Crimes, afford	
An ample Vengeance to her injur'd Lord	
Now all the Land another Prospect bore,	
Another Port appear'd, another Shore,	65
And long-continu'd Ways, and winding Floods,	
And unknown Mountains, crown'd with unknown Woo	ods
Pensive and slow, with sudden Grief opprest,	
The King arose, and beat his careful Breast,	
Cast a long Look o'er all the Coast and Main,	70
And sought around his Native Realm in vain, Then with erected Eyes stood fix'd in Woe,	
And, as he spoke, the Tears began to flow	
Ye Gods (he cry'd) upon what barren Coast,	
In what new Region is Ulysses tost?	75
Possest by wild Barbarians fierce in Arms?	15
Or Men, whose Bosom tender Prty warms ?	
Where shall this Treasure now in Safety lie?	
And whither, whither its sad Owner flie?	
Ah why did I Alcinous' Grace implore?	80
Ah why forsake Phæacia's happy Shore?	
Some juster Prince perhaps had entertain'd,	
And safe restor'd me to my Native Land	
Is this the promis'd, long expected Coast,	
And this the Faith Phæacia's Rulers boast?	85
Oh righteous Gods! of all the Great, how few	
Are just to Heav'n, and to their Promise true!	
But He the Pow'r, to whose All-seeing Eyes	
The Deeds of Men appear without Disguise,	
'Tis his alone, t'avenge the Wrongs I bear,	90
67 unknown] Cf Windsor-Forest, 1 87n (p 198)	

For still th'Opprest are his peculiar Care	
To count these Presents, and from thence to prove	
Their Faith, is mine, the rest belongs to Jove	
Then on the Sands he rang'd his wealthy Store,	
The Gold, the Vests, the Tripods number'd o'er,	95
All these he found, but still, in Error lost,	,,
Disconsolate he wanders on the Coast	
Sighs for his Country, and laments again	
To the deaf Rocks, and hoarse-resounding Main	
When lo! the Guardian Goddess of the Wise,	100
Celestial Pallas, stood before his Eyes,	100
In show a youthful Swain, of Form divine,	
Who seem's descended from some Princely Line	
A graceful Robe her slender Body drest,	
Around her Shoulders flew the waving Vest	700
Her decent Hand a shiring Jav'lin bore,	105
And painted Sandals on her Feet she wore	
To whom the King Whoe'er of Human Race	
Thou art, that wander'st in this desart Place,	
With Joy to thee, as to some God, I bend,	110
To thee my Treasures and my self commend	
O tell a Wretch, in Exile doom'd to stray,	
What Air I breath, what Country I survey?	
The fruitful Continent's extreamest Bound,	
Or some fair Isle which Neptune's Arms surround?	115
From what far Clime (said she) remote from Fame,	
Arriv'st thou here, a Stranger to our Name?	
Thou seest an Island, not to those unknown,	
Whose Hills are brighten'd by the rising Sun	
Nor those, that plac'd beneath his utmost Reign,	120
Behold him sinking in the Western Main	
The rugged Soil allows no level Space	
For flying Chariots, or the rapid Race,	
Yet not ungrateful to the Peasant's Pain,	
Suffices Fulness to the swelling Grain,	125
The loaded Trees their various Fruits produce,	
And clustring Grapes afford a gen'rous Juice,	
Woods crown our Mountains, and in ev'ry Grove	
The bounding Goats and frisking Heyfers rove,	
Soft Rains and kindly Dews refresh the Field,	130
And rising Springs Eternal Verdure yield	
Ev'n to those Shores is Ithaca renown'd,	
Where Troy's Majestic Ruins strow the Ground	
At this, the Chief with Transport was possest,	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	73
His panting Heart exulted in his Breast Yet well dissembling his untimely Joys, And veiling Truth in plausible Disguise, Thus, with an Air sincere, in Fiction bold, His ready Tale th'inventive Hero told	135
Oft have I heard, in <i>Crete</i> , this Island's Name, For 'twas from <i>Crete</i> , my Native Soil, I came, Self-banish'd thence, I sail'd before the Wind, And left my Children and my Friends behind From fierce <i>Idomeneus</i> ' Revenge I flew,	140
Whose Son, the swift Orsilochus, I slew, (With Brutal Force he seiz'd my Trojan Prey, Due to the Toils of many a bloody Day) Unseen I scap'd, and favour'd by the Night, In a Phænician Vessel took my Flight,	145
For Pyle or Elis bound, but Tempests tost, And raging Billows drove us on your Coast In dead of Night an unknown Port we gain'd, Spent with Fatigue, and slept secure on Land, But ere the Rosie Morn renew'd the Day,	150
While in th'Embrace of pleasing Sleep I lay, Sudden, invited by auspicious Gales, They land my Goods, and hoist their flying Sails Abandon'd here, my Fortune I deplore, A hapless Exile on a Foreign Shore	155
Thus while he spoke, the blue-ey'd Maid began With pleasing Smiles to view the God-like Man, Then chang'd her Form, and now divinely bright Jove's heav'nly Daughter stood confess'd to Sight, Like a fair Virgin in her Beauty's Bloom,	160
Skill'd in th'illustrious Labours of the Loom O still the same <i>Ulysses'</i> she rejoin'd, In useful Craft successfully refin'd, Artful in Speech, in Action, and in Mind! Suffic'd it not, that thy long Labours past	165
Secure thou seest thy Native Shore at last? But this to me? who, like thy self, excel In Arts of Counsel, and Dissembling well To me, whose Wit exceeds the Pow'rs Divine, No less, than Mortals are surpass'd by thine	170
Know'st thou not me, who made thy Life my Care, Thro' ten Years Wand'ring, and thro' ten Years War, Who taught thee Arts, Alcinous to persuade, To raise his Wonder, and ingage his Aid?	175

And now appear, thy Treasures to protect,	
Conceal thy Person, thy Designs direct,	180
And tell what more thou must from Fate expect,	
Domestick Woes, far heavier to be born,	
The Pride of Fools, and Slaves insulting Scorn	
But thou be Silent, nor reveal thy State,	
Yield to the Force of unresisted Fate,	185
And bear unmov'd the Wrongs of base Mankind,	•
The last and hardest Conquest of the Mind	
Goddess of Wisdom! (Ithacus replies)	
He who discerns thee must be truly wise,	
So seldom view'd, and ever in Disguise	190
When the bold Argives led their warring Pow'rs	-,-
Against proud Ilion's well-defended Tow'rs,	
Ulysses was thy Care, Celestial Maid,	
Grac'd with thy Sight, and favour'd with thy Aid	
But when the Trojan Piles in Ashes lay,	195
And, bound for Greece, we plow'd the Watry way,	-//
Our Fleet dispers'd, and driv'n from Coast to Coast,	
Thy sacred Presence from that Hour I lost,	
Till I beheld thy radiant Form once more,	
And heard thy Counsels on Phæacia's Shore	200
But by th'Almighty Author of thy Race,	
Tell me, oh tell, is this my Native Place?	
For much I fear, long Tracts of Land and Sea	
Divide this Coast from distant Ithaca	
The sweet Delusion kindly you impose,	205
To sooth my Hopes and mitigate my Woes	
Thus he The blue-ey'd Goddess thus replies	
How prone to Doubt, how cautious are the Wise?	
Who vers'd in Fortune, fear the flatt'ring Show,	
And taste not half the Bliss the Gods bestow	210
The more shall Pallas and thy just Desires,	210
And guard the Wisdom which her self inspires	
Others, long absent from their Native Place,	
Strait seek their Home, and fly with eager Pace,	
To their Wives Arms, and Childrens dear Embrace	215
Not thus <i>Ulysses</i> , he decrees to prove	رىع
His Subjects Faith, and Queen's suspected Love,	
Who mourn'd her Lord twice ten revolving Years,	
And wastes the Days in Grief, the Nights in Tears	
But Pallas knew (thy Friends and Navy lost)	220
Once more 'twas giv'n thee to behold thy Coast	
Yet how cou'd I with adverse Fate engage.	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	75
And Mighty Neptune's unrelenting Rage?— Now lift thy longing Eyes, while I restore	
The pleasing Prospect of thy Native Shore!	225
Behold the Port of Phoreys fenc'd around	-
With Rocky Mountains, and with Olives crown'd!	
Behold the gloomy Grot, whose cool Recess	
Delights the Nereids of the neighb'ring Seas,	
Whose now neglected Altars, in thy Reign	230
Blush'd with the Blood of Sheep and Oven slain	-
Behold where Neritus the Clouds divides,	
And shakes the waving Forests on his Sides!	
So spake the Goddess, and the Prospect clear'd,	
The Mists dispers'd, and all the Coast appear'd	235
The King with Joy confess'd his Place of Birth,	
And, on his Knees, salutes his Mother Earth,	
Then, with his suppliant Hands upheld in Air,	
Thus to the Sea-green Sisters sends his Pray'r	
All hail! Ye Virgin Daughters of the Main,	240
Ye Streams, beyond my Hopes beheld again!	
To you once more your own Ulysses bows,	
Attend his Transports, and receive his Vows	
If Jove prolong my Days, and Pallas crown	
The growing Virtues of my youthful Son,	245
To you shall Rites Divine be ever paid,	
And grateful Off'rings on your Altars laid	

Argus

[written 1709, published, Missellanea, 1727]

When wise *Ulysses*, from his native coast
Long kept by wars, and long by tempests tost,
Arriv'd at last, poor, old, disguis'd, alone,
To all his friends, and ev'n his Queen, unknown,
Chang'd as he was, with age, and toils, and cares,
Furrow'd his rev'rend face, and white his hairs,
In his own Palace forc'd to ask his bread,
Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed
Forgot of all his own domestic crew,
The faithful Dog alone his rightful Master knew!

These lines were sent to Henry Cromwell in a letter dated 19 October 1709 No more than ll 10-12, 15-16 were used, in amended form, in Pope's translation of the *Odyssey*

Unfed, unhous'd, neglected, on the clay, Like an old servant now cashier'd, he lav. Touch'd with resentment of ungrateful Man. And longing to behold his ancient Lord again Him when he saw-he rose, and crawl'd to meet, ('Twas all he cou'd) and fawn'd, and lick'd his feet, Seiz'd with dumb joy-then falling by his side. Own'd his returning Lord, look'd up, and dy'd!

15

January and May, or, the Merchant's Tale from Chaucer

[written c 1704, published, Tonson's Miscellanies, 1700]

There liv'd in Lombardy, as Authors write, In Days of old, a wise and worthy Knight. Of gentle Manners, as of gen'rous Race, Blest with much Sense, more Riches, and some Grace Yet led astray by Venus' soft Delights. 5 He scarce cou'd rule some Idle Appetites, For long ago, let Priests say what they cou'd, Weak, sinful Laymen were but Flesh and Blood But in due Time, when Sixty Years were o'er, He vow'd to lead this Vicious Life no more 10 Whether pure Holiness inspir'd his Mind, Or Dotage turn'd his Brain, is hard to find, But his high Courage prick'd him forth to wed, And thy the Pleasures of a lawful Bed This was his nightly Dream, his daily Care, 15 And to the Heav'nly Pow'rs his constant Pray'r, Once, ere he dy'd, to taste the blissful Life Of a kind Husband, and a loving Wife These Thoughts he fortify'd with Reasons still, (For none want Reasons to confirm their Will) 20

Title] This Translation was done at sixteen or seventeen Years of Age [P] 1-18 Chaucer 1-22

3 f Pope 7 Pope

18. After this line Pope omits Chaucer 17-22 as 'redundant' 19-50 Chaucer 23-66 19 f Pope

Let not the Wise these slandrous Words regard,
But curse the Bones of ev'ry lying Bard . 50
All other Goods by Fortune's Hand are giv'n,
A Wife is the peculiar Gift of Heav'n
Vain Fortune's Favours, never at a Stay,
Like empty Shadows, pass, and glide away,
One solid Comfort, our Eternal Wife, 55
Abundantly supplies us all our Life
This Blessing lasts, (if those who try, say true)
As long as Heart can wish—and longer too
Our Grandsire Adam, ere of Eve possest,
Alone, and ev'n in Paradise, unblest, 60

31, 33-5 Pope 39 f Pope 51-8 Chaucer 67-74 59-64 Chaucer 75-92

With mournful Looks the blissful Scenes survey'd,	
And wander'd in the solitary Shade	
The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd	
Woman, the last, the best reserv'd of God	
A Wife ah gentle Deities, can he	65
That has a Wife, e'er feel Adversity?	
Wou'd Men but follow what the Sex advise,	
All things wou'd prosper, all the World grow wise	
'Twas by Rebecca's Aid that Jacob won	
His Father's Blessing from an Elder Son	70
Abusive Nabal ow'd his forfeit Life	
To the wise Conduct of a prudent Wife	
Heroick Judeth, as old Hebrews show,	
Preserv'd the Jews, and slew th' Assyrian Foe	
At Hester's Suit, the Persecuting Sword	75
Was sheath'd, and Israel liv'd to bless the Lord	
These weighty Motives January the Sage	
Maturely ponder'd in his riper Age,	
And charm'd with virtuous Joys, and sober Life,	
Wou'd try that Christian Comfort, call'd a Wife	80
His Friends were summon'd, on a Point so nice,	
To pass their Judgment, and to give Advice,	
But fix'd before, and well resolv'd was he,	
(As Men that ask Advice are wont to be)	
My Friends, he cry'd, (and cast a mournful Look	85
Around the Room, and sigh'd before he spoke)	
Beneath the Weight of threescore Years I bend,	
And worn with Cares, am hastning to my End,	
How I have hv'd, alas you know too well,	
In worldly Follies, which I blush to tell,	90
But gracious Heav'n has op'd my Eyes at last,	
With due Regret I view my Vices past,	
And as the Precept of the Church decrees,	
Will take a Wife, and live in Holy Ease	
But since by Counsel all things shou'd be done,	95
And many Heads are wiser still than one,	
Chuse you for me, who best shall be content	
When my Desire's approv'd by your Consent	

64 Pope 65-8 Chaucer 93-117 69-76 Chaucer 118-30 77-84 Chaucer 149-54 85-98 Chaucer 155-70 93 f Pope He omits Chaucer 164 f

One Caution yet is needful to be told,	
— • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	100
There goes a Saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,	
Old Fish at Table, but young Flesh in Bed	
My Soul abhors the tastless, dry Embrace,	
Of a stale Virgin with a Winter Face,	
	105
With Beanstraw, and tough Forage, at the best	
No crafty Widows shall approach my Bed,	
Those are too wise for Batchelors to wed.	
As subtle Clerks by many Schools are made,	
	IIO
But young and tender Virgins, rul'd with Ease,	
We form like Wax, and mold them as we please	
Conceive me Sirs, nor take my Sense amiss,	
'Tis what concerns my Soul's Eternal Bliss,	
Since if I found no Pleasure in my Spouse,	115
As Flesh is frail, and who (God help me) knows?	_
Then shou'd I live in lewd Adultery,	
And sink downright to Satan when I die	
Or were I curst with an unfruitful Bed,	
The righteous End were lost for which I wed,	120
To raise up Seed to bless the Pow'rs above,	
And not for Pleasure only, or for Love	
Think not I dote, 'tis Time to take a Wife,	
When vig'rous Blood forbids a chaster Life	
Those that are blest with Store of Grace Divine	125
May live like Saints, by Heav'ns Consent, and mine	
And since I speak of Wedlock, let me say,	
As, thank my Stars, in modest Truth I may,	
My Limbs are active, still I'm sound at Heart,	
And a new Vigour springs in ev'ry Part	130
Think not my Virtue lost, tho' Time has shed	
These rev'rend Honours on my Hoary Head,	
Thus Trees are crown'd with Blossoms white as Snow,	
The Vital Sap then rising from below	
Old as I am, my lusty Limbs appear	135
Like Winter Greens, that flourish all the Year	
Now Sirs you know to what I stand inclin'd,	
Let ev'ry Friend with Freedom speak his Mind	

⁹⁹⁻¹¹² Chaucer 171-86 113-26 Chaucer 187-212 127-38 Chaucer 213-24 129-36 Chaucer 214-22

He said, the rest in diff'rent Parts divide,	
The knotty Point was urg'd on either Side,	140
Marriage, the Theme on which they all declaim'd,	•
Some prais'd with Wit, and some with Reason blam'd	
'Till, what with Proofs, Objections, and Replies,	
Each wondrous positive, and wondrous wise,	
There fell between his Brothers a Debate,	145
Placebo This was call'd, and Justin That	
First to the Knight Placebo thus begun,	
(Mild were his Looks, and pleasing was his Tone)	
Such Prudence, Sir, in all your Words appears,	
As plainly proves, Experience dwells with Years	150
Yet you pursue sage Solomon's Advice,	-
To Work by Counsel when Affairs are nice .	
But, with the Wiseman's Leave, I must protest,	
So may my Soul arrive at Ease and Rest,	
As still I hold your own Advice the best	155
Sir, I have liv'd a Courtier all my Days,	
And study'd Men, their Manners, and their Ways,	
And have observ'd this useful Maxim still,	
To let my Betters always have their Will	
Nay, if my Lord affirm'd that Black was White,	160
My Word was this, Your Honour's in the right	
Th'assuming Wit, who deems himself so wise	
As his mistaken Patron to advise,	
Let him not dare to vent his dang'rous Thought,	
A Noble Fool was never in a Fault	165
This Sir affects not you, whose ev'ry Word	
Is weigh'd with Judgment, and befits a Lord	
Your Will is mine, and is (I will maintain)	
Pleasing to God, and shou'd be so to Man,	
At least, your Courage all the World must praise,	170
Who dare to wed in your declining Days	
Indulge the Vigour of your mounting Blood,	
And let grey Fools be Indolently good,	
Who past all Pleasure, damn the Joys of Sense,	
With rev'rend Dulness, and grave Impotence	175
Justin, who silent sate, and heard the Man,	
Thus, with a Philosophick Frown, began	

¹³⁹⁻⁴⁶ Chaucer 225-33 144 Pope 147-55 Chaucer 234-46 156-75 Chaucer 247-74 176-215 Chaucer 275-321

A Heathen Author, of the first Degree, (Who, tho' not <i>Faith</i> , had <i>Sense</i> as well as We) Bids us be certain our Concerns to trust To those of gen'rous Principles, and just The Venture's greater, I'll presume to say, To give your Person than your Goods away	180
And therefore, Sir, as you regard your Rest, First learn your Lady's Qualities at least Whether she's chast or rampant, proud or civil, Meek as a Saint, or haughty as the Devil,	185
Whether an easie, fond, familiar Fool, Or such a Wit as no Man e'er can rule? 'Tis true, Perfection none must hope to find In all this World, much less in Womankind, But if her Virtues prove the larger Share,	190
Bless the kind Fates, and think your Fortune rare Ah gentle Sir, take Warning of a Friend, Who knows too well the State you thus commend And, spight of all its Praises, must declare, All he can find is Bondage, Cost, and Care	
Heav'n knows, I shed full many a private Tear, And sigh in Silence, Lest the World shou'd hear While all my Friends applaud my blissful Life, And swear no Mortal's happier in a Wife, Demure and chast as any Vestal Nun,	200
The meekest Creature that beholds the Sun! But, by th' Immortal Pow'rs, I feel the Pain, And he that smarts has Reason to complain Do what you list, for me, you must be sage, And cautious sure, for Wisdom is in Age But, at these Years, to venture on the Fair!	205
By him, who made the Ocean, Earth, and Air, To please a Wife when her Occasions call, Wou'd busie the most Vig'rous of us all And trust me, Sir, the chastest you can chuse	210
Will ask Observance, and exact her Dues If what I speak my noble Lord offend, My tedious Sermon here is at an End 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well, the Knight replie	215 s,
179 Pope 186-93 Chaucer 289-99 199 Pope 202 Pope 216-21 Chaucer 322-7 Pope's January speaks ironical direct, scorn	Chaucer's

Most worthy Kinsman, faith, you're mighty wise! We, Sirs, are Fools, and must resign the Cause To heathnish Authors, Proverbs, and old Saws He spoke with Scorn, and turn'd another way— What does my Friend, my dear Placebo say? I say, quoth he, by Heav'n the Man's to blame, To slander Wives, and Wedlock's holy Name	220
At this, the Council rose, without Delay, Each, in his own Opinion, went his Way, With full Consent, that all Disputes appeas'd, The Knight should marry, when and where he pleas'd Who now but January exults with Joy?	225
The Charms of Wedlock all his Soul imploy Each Nymph by turns his wav'ring' Mind possest, And reign'd the short-liv'd Tyrant of his Breast, While Fancy pictur'd ev'ry lively Part,	230
And each bright Image wander'd o'er his Heart Thus, in some publick Forum fix'd on high, A Mirrour shows the Figures moving by, Still one by one, in swift Succession, pass The gliding Shadows o'er the polish'd Glass	235
This Lady's Charms the Nicest cou'd not blame, But vile Suspicions had aspers'd her Fame, That was with Sense, but not with Virtue blest, And one had Grace, that wanted all the rest Thus doubting long what Nymph he shou'd obey He fix'd at last upon the youthful May	240
Her Faults he knew not, Love is always blind, But ev'ry Charm revolv'd within his Mind Her tender Age, her Form divinely Fair, Her easie Motion, her attractive Air, Her sweet Behaviour, her enchanting Face,	245
Her moving Softness, and majestick Grace Much in his Prudence did our Knight rejoice, And thought no Mortal cou'd dispute his Choice Once more in haste he summon'd ev'ry Friend, And told them all, their Pains were at an End	250

222 f Chaucer 328 f 224-7 Chaucer 330-2 228-49 Chaucer 333-60 234-7 Chaucer 338-41 238-41 Chaucer 345-9 244 After this line Pope omits Chaucer 355 246-9 Chaucer 357-60 250-75 Chaucer 361-410

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	83
Heav'n that (said he) inspir'd me first to wed, Provides a Consort worthy of my Bed, Let none oppose th'Election, since on this	255
Depends my Quiet, and my future Bliss A Dame there is, the Darling of my Eyes, Young, beauteous, artless, innocent and wise, Chast tho' not rich, and tho' not nobly born, Of honest Parents, and may serve my Turn Her will I wed, if gracious Heav'n so please, To pass my Age in Sanctity and Ease	260
And thank the Pow'rs, I may possess alone The lovely Prize, and share my Bliss with none! If you, my Friends, this Virgin can procure,	265
My Joys are full, my Happiness is sure One only Doubt remains, Full oft I've heard By Casuists grave, and deep Divines averr'd, That 'tis too much for Human Race to know The Bliss of Heav'n above, and Earth below Now shou'd the Nuptial Pleasures prove so great, To match the Blessings of the future State,	270
Those endless Joys were ill exchanged for these, Then clear this Doubt, and set my Mind at ease This Justin heard, nor cou'd his Spleen controul, Touch'd to the Quick, and tickl'd at the Soul	275
Sir Knight, he cry'd, if this be all you dread, Heav'n put it past your Doubt whene'er you wed, And to my fervent Pray'rs so far consent, That ere the Rites are o'er, you may repent! Good Heav'n no doubt the nuptial State approves,	280
Since it chastises still what best it doves Then be not, Sir, abandon'd to Despair, Seek, and perhaps you'll find, among the Fair, One, that may do your Business to a Hair, Not ev'n in Wish, your Happiness delay,	285
But prove the Scourge to lash you on your Way Then to the Skies your mounting Soul shall go, Swift as an Arrow soaring from the Bow! Provided still, you moderate your Joy, Nor in your Pleasures all your Might imploy, Let Reason's Rule your strong Desires abate, Nor please too lavishly your gentle Mate	290

269 Pope 276-98 Chaucer 411-44 282 f Pope

Old Wives there are, of Judgment most acute,	
	93
Who solve these Questions beyond all Dispute,	
Consult with those, and be of better Chear,	
Marry, do Penance, and dismiss your Fear	
So said they rose, nor more the Work delay'd,	
The Match was offer'd, the Proposals made 30	C
The Parents, you may think, wou'd soon comply,	
The Old have Int'rest ever in their Eye	
Nor was it hard to move the Lady's Mind,	
When Fortune favours still the Fair are kind	
I pass each previous Settlement and Deed, 30	25
Too long for me to write, or you to read,	
Nor will with quaint Impertinence display	
The Pomp, the Pageantry, the proud Array	
The Time approach'd, to Church the Parties went,	
At once with carnal and devout Intent	IC
Forth came the Priest, and bade th'obedient Wife	
Like Sarah or Rebecca lead her Life	
Then pray'd the Pow'rs the fruitful Bed to bless,	
And made all sure enough with Holiness	
And now the Palace Gates are open'd wide, 31	IS
The Guests appear in Order, Side by Side,	
And, plac'd in State, the Bridegroom and the Bride	
The breathing Flute's soft Notes are heard around,	
And the shrill Trumpets mix their Silver Sound,	
The vaulted Roofs with ecchoing Musick ring, 32	20
These touch the vocal Stops, and those the trembling	-
String	
Not just Amphion tun'd the warbling Lyre,	
Nor Joah the sounding Clarion cou'd inspire,	
Nor fierce Theodamas, whose sprightly Strain 32	
	2.4

295 f Chaucer 440-3

But wade we fro this matter to another The wife of Bathe, if ye vnderstand Of manage, which ye now haue in hand, Declareth full well in a litle space

Pope wishes his story to be independent of its context in the Canterbury Tales

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298 Pope
299-304 Chaucer 445-51
305-14 Chaucer 452-64
306 f Pope
310 Pope
315-40 Chaucer 465-97
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	Bacchus himself, the Nuptial Feast to grace,	
	o Poets sing) was present on the Place,	
	nd lovely Venus, Goddess of Delight,	
	nook high her flaming Torch, in open Sight,	
Ar	nd danc'd around, and smil'd on ev'ry Knight	330
	eas'd her best Servant wou'd his Courage try,	-
	o less in Wedlock than in Liberty	
	ıll many an Age old <i>Hymen</i> had not spy'd	
	kınd a Bridegroom, or so bright a Bride	
Υe	70 11 11 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1	335
	or gentle Lays, and joyous Nuptial Song,	555
	hink not your softest Numbers can display	
	he matchless Glories of this blissful Day,	
	he Joys are such as far transcend your Rage,	
	hen tender Youth has wedded stooping Age	340
	The beauteous Dame sate smiling at the Board,	J+-
	nd darted am'rous Glances at her Lord,	
	ot Hester's self, whose Charms the Hebrews sing,	
	re look'd so lovely on her <i>Persian</i> King	
	right as the rising Sun, in Summer's Day,	345
	nd fresh and blooming as the Month of May	343
	he joyful Knight survey'd her by his Side,	
	or envy'd <i>Paris</i> with the <i>Spartan</i> Bride	
	all as his Mind revolv'd with vast Delight	
	h'entrancing Raptures of th'approaching Night,	350
	estless he sate, invoking ev'ry Pow'r	٠٠٠
	o speed his Bliss, and haste the happy Hour	
	lean time the vig'rous Dancers beat the Ground,	
	nd Songs were sung, and flowing Bowls went round,	
	ith od'rous Spices they perfum'd the Place,	355
	nd Mirth and Pleasure shone in ev'ry Face	J., J
	Damian alone, of all the Menial Train,	
	ad in the midst of Triumphs, sigh'd for Pain,	
	amian alone, the Knight's obsequious Squire,	
	onsum'd at Heart, and fed a secret Fire	360
	is lovely Mistress all his Soul possest,	_
	e look'd, he languish'd, and cou'd take no Rest	
	is Task perform'd, he sadly went his Way,	
	ell on his Bed, and loath'd the Light of Day	
	aucer 494	
After this	line Pope omits Chaucer 495-7	
341-56	Chaucer 498-527	
348 Af	ter this line Pope omits Chaucer 511-17	
357-00 362 Ch	Chaucer 528-38 naucer 533 f	
J		

	• • • •	
	There let him lye, 'till his relenting Dame Weep in her turn, and waste in equal Flame The weary Sun, as Learned Poets write,	365
	Forsook th' Honzon, and roll'd down the Light, While glitt'ring Stars his absent Beams supply, And Night's dark Mantle overspread the Sky Then rose the Guests, and as the time requir'd, Each paid his Thanks, and decently retir'd	370
	The Foe once gone, our Knight prepar'd t'undress,	
	So keen he was, and eager to possess	
	But first thought fit th'Assistance to receive, Which grave Physicians scruple not to give,	375
	Satyrion near, with hot Eringo's stood,	
	Cantharides, to fire the lazy Blood,	
	Whose Use old Bards describe in luscious Rhymes,	
	And Criticks learn'd explain to Modern Times	380
	By this the Sheets were spread, the Bride undrest,	J
•	The Room was sprinkled, and the Bed was blest	
	What next ensu'd beseems not me to say,	
	Tis sung, he labour'd 'till the dawning Day,	
	Then briskly sprung from Bed, with Heart so light,	385
	As all were nothing he had done by Night,	
	And sipt his Cordial as he sate upright	
	He kıss'd hıs balmy Spouse, with wanton Play, And feebly sung a lusty Roundelay	
	Then on the Couch his weary Limbs he cast,	200
	For ev'ry Labour must have Rest at last	390
•	But anxious Cares the pensive Squire opprest,	
, J	After this line Pope omits Chaucer 539-50, an invocation of	f the
<u>-</u> 7	2 Chaucer 551-60	

366 'auctor

367-367 as write Pope

369 Pope

373-80 Chaucer 561-8

377 f Chaucer 563 f Satyrion (a kind of orchis), eringo (sea holly), and cantharides (a particular kind of dried beetle) were all held to have aphrodisiac properties

379 f Pope may refer principally to the Paris edition (1660) of Ovid's

Ars Amandi 'Cum notis & interpretatione Gallica'

380 After this line Pope omits Chaucer 569-73 in which the house is eared of 'priuse friends Men drinken, and the trauers drew anon' cleared of 'prime friends 381-91 Chaucer 574-621

385 Pope adds the briskness

386 Pope

392-9 Chaucer 631-40 Pope omits Chaucer 622-30, a transitional passage

O	_
v	7

Yet hoping Time th'Occasion might betray, Compos'd a Sonnet to the lovely <i>May</i> , Which writ and folded, with the nicest Art,	39 <i>5</i>
He wrapt in Silk, and laid upon his Heart When now the fourth revolving Day was run, ('Twas June, and Cancer had receiv'd the Sun) Forth from her Chamber came the beauteous Bride, The good old Knight mov'd slowly by her Side	400
High Mass was sung, they feasted in the Hall, The Servants round stood ready at their Call The Squire alone was absent from the Board, And much his Sickness griev'd his worthy Lord, Who pray'd his Spouse, attended by her Train,	405
They left the Hall, and to his Lodging went, The Female Tribe surround him as he lay,	410
And close beside him sate the gentle May Where, as she try'd his Pulse, he softly drew A speaking Sigh, and cast a mournful View, Then gave his Bill, and brib'd the Powr's Divine With secret Vows, to favour his Design Who studies now but discontented May?	415
On her soft Couch uneasily she lay The lumpish Husband snor'd away the Night, 'Till Coughs awak'd him near the Morning Light What then he did, I'll not presunte to tell, , Nor if she thought her self in Heav'n or Hell	420
Honest and dull, in Nuptial Bed they lay, 'Till the Bell toll'd, and All arose to Pray Were it by forceful Destiny decreed,	425
395 Pope 397 Sonnet] Chaucer 637 'a complaint or a lay' 400-17 Chaucer 641-710 Pope cuts out the direct speech 400 f Chaucer 641-3 403 Pope, stating what Chaucer implies 414 as Pulse] Chaucer 691 Comforting him as goodly as she r 416 Bill] So Chaucer 693 416 f and brib'd Design] Pope After this line Pope omits Cha 697-710 418-25 Chaucer 711-22 425 Chaucer 722 'Till evensong ring' 426-39 Chaucer 723-50 Pope preserves some of Chaucer's irony	ucer

Or did from Chance, or Nature's Pow'r proceed, Or that some Star, with Aspect kind to Love, Shed its selectest Influence from above, Whatever was the Cause, the tender Dame Felt the first Motions of an infant Flame, Receiv'd th'Impressions of the Love-sick Squire, And wasted in the soft, infectious Fire	430
Ye Fair draw near, let May's Example move Your gentle Minds to pity those who love! Had some fierce Tyrant in her stead been found, The poor Adorer sure had hang'd, or drown'd	435
But she, your Sexe's Mirrour, free from Pride, Was much too meek to prove a Homicide But to my Tale Some Sages have defin'd Pleasure the Sov'reign Bliss of Humankind Our Knight (who study'd much, we may suppose)	440
Deriv'd his high Philosophy from Those, For, like a Prince, he bore the vast Expence Of lavish Pomp, and proud Magnificence His House was stately, his Retinue gay, Large was his Train, and gorgeous his Array	445
His spacious Garden, made to yield to none, Was compass'd round with Walls of solid Stone, Priapus cou'd not half describe the Grace (Tho' God of Gardens) of this charming Place A Place to tire the rambling Wits of France	450
In long Descriptions, and exceed Romance, Enough to shame the gentlest Bard that sings Of painted Meadows, and of purling Springs Full in the Center of the flow'ry Ground, A Crystal Fountain spread its Streams around, The fruitful Banks with verdant Lawrels crown'd	455
About this Spring (if ancient Fame say true) The dapper Elves their Moonlight Sports pursue, Their Pigmy King, and little Fairy Queen, In circling Dances gambol'd on the Green, While tuneful Sprights a merry Consort made,	460
Impressions Chancer's word [724]	

432 Impressions] Chaucer's word [734]

⁴³⁵ Chaucer 742 Lo pittie renneth sone in gentle hert 439 After this line Pope omits Chaucer 751-7

⁴⁴⁰⁻⁶⁴ Chaucer 777-07
450-3 Pope generalizes Chaucer's reference to the author of the Romant of the Rose [788] and by so doing hits at the seventeenth-century French romances

⁴⁶³ f Chaucer 796 Disporten hem and maken melodie

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	89
And Airy Musick warbled thro' the Shade	
Hither the Noble Knight wou'd oft repair	465
(His Scene of Pleasure, and peculiar Care)	400
For this, he held it dear, and always bore	
The Silver Key that lock'd the Garden Door	
To this Sweet Place, in Summer's sultry Heat,	
He us'd from Noise and Business to retreat,	470
And here in Dalliance spend the livelong Day,	4,0
Solus cum Sola, with his sprightly May	
For whate'er Work was undischarg'd a-bed,	
The duteous Knight in this fair Garden sped	
But ah! what Mortal lives of Bliss secure,	475
How short a Space our Worldly Joys endure?	4/3
O Fortune fair, like all thy treach'rous Kind,	
But faithless still, and wav'ring as the Wind!	
O painted Monster form'd Mankind to cheat	
With pleasing Poison, and with soft Deceit	480
This rich, this am'rous, venerable Knight,	400
Amidst his Ease, his Solace and Delight,	
Struck blind by thee, resigns his Days to Grief,	
And calls on Death, the Wretch's last Rehef	
The Rage of Jealousie then seiz'd his Mind,	485
For much he fear'd the Faith of Womankind	400
His Wife, not suffer'd from his Side to Stray,	
Was Captive kept, he watch'd her Night and Day,	
Abridg'd her Pleasures, and confin'd her Sway	
Full oft in Tears did hapless May complain,	490
And sigh'd full oft, but sigh'd and wept in vain,	770
She look'd on Daman with a Lover's Eye,	
For oh, 'twas fix'd, she must possess or die !	
Nor less Impatience vex'd her Am'rous Squire,	
Wild with Delay, and burning with Desire	495
Watch'd as she was, yet cou'd He not refiain	7//
By secret Writing to disclose his Pain,	
The Dame by Signs reveal'd her kind Intent,	
'Till both were conscious what each other meant	
Ah gentle Knight, what wou'd thy Eyes avail,	500
	_
-74 Chaucer 798–812 Chaucer 806 And Maie his wife. & no wight but they two	
CHARGE GOO THIS MALE HIS WILL, WILL WIGHT DUCKING TWO	

465-472 Chaucer 806 And M 475-84 Chaucer 813-28 475-80 Chaucer 813-20 485-99 Chaucer 829-62 493 Chaucer 850-2 495 Pope 500-3 Chaucer 863-6

Tho' they cou'd see as far as Ships can sail? 'Tis better sure, when Blind, deceiv'd to be, Than be deluded when a Man can see! Argus himself, so cautious and so wise,	
Was overwatch'd, for all his hundred Eyes So many an honest Husband may, 'tis known, Who, wisely, never thinks the Case his own The Dame at last, by Diligence and Care, Procur'd the Key her Knight was wont to bear,	505
She took the Wards in Wax before the Fire, And gave th'Impression to the trusty Squire By means of this, some Wonder shall appear, Which in due Place and Season, you may hear Well sung sweet Ovid, in the Days of yore,	510
What Sleight is that, which Love will not explore? And <i>Pyramus</i> and <i>Thisbe</i> plainly show The Feats, true Lovers when they list, can do Tho' watch'd, and captive, yet in spight of all, They found the Art of Kissing thro' a Wall	515
But now no longer from our Tale to stray, It happ'd, that once upon a Summer's Day, Our rev'rend Knight was urg'd to Am'rous Play He rais'd his Spouse ere Matin Bell was rung, And thus his Morning Canticle he sung	520
Awake my Love, disclose thy radiant Eyes, Arise my Wife, my beauteous Lady rise! Hear how the Doves with pensive Notes complain, And in soft Murmurs tell the Trees their Pain, The Winter's past, the Clouds and Tempests fly,	525
The Sun adorns the Fields, and brightens all the Sky Fair without Spot, whose ev'ry charming Part My Bosome wounds, and captivates my Heart, Come, and in mutual Pleasures let's engage, Joy of my Life, and Comfort of my Age!	530
This heard, to Daman strait a Sign she made To haste before, the gentle Squire obey'd Secret, and undescry'd, he took his Way, And ambush'd close behind an Arbour lay It was not long ere January came,	535
And Hand in Hand, with him, his lovely Dame, Blind as he was, not doubting All was sure,	540

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	91
He turn'd the Key, and made the Gate secure Here let us walk, he said, observ'd by none, Conscious of Pleasures to the World unknown	
So may my Soul have Joy, as thou, my Wife, Art far the dearest Solace of my Life,	545
And rather wou'd I chuse, by Heav'n above, To die this Instant, than to lose thy Love Reflect what Truth was in my Passion shown,	
When Un-endow'd, I took thee for my own, And sought no Treasure but thy Heart alone	550
Old as I am, and now depriv'd of Sight, While thou art faithful to thy own true Knight,	
Nor Age, nor Blindness, rob me of Delight Each other Loss with Patience I can bear,	555
The Loss of thee is what I only fear Consider then, my Lady and my Wife, The solid Comforts of a virtuous Life	
As first, the Love of Christ himself you gain, Next, your own Honour undefil'd maintain,	560
And lastly that which sure your Mind must move, My whole Estate shall gratifie your Love	_
Make your own Terms, and ere to-morrow's Sun Displays his Light, by Heav'n it shall be done	6
I seal the Contract with a holy Kiss, And will perform, by this—my Dear, and this— Have Comfort, Spouse, nor think thy Lord unkind	565
'Tis Love, not Jealousie, that fires my Mind For when thy Charms my sober Thoughts engage,	,
And join'd to them, my own unequal Age, From thy dear Side I have no Pow'r to part,	570
Such secret Transports warm my melting Heart For who that once possest those Heav'nly Charms, Cou'd live one Moment, absent from thy Arms?	
He ceas'd, and May with modest Grace reply'd, Weak was her Voice, as while she spoke she cry'd	575
Heav'n knows, (with that a tender Sigh she drew) I have a Soul to save as well as You,	
And, what no less you to my Charge commend, My dearest Honour, will to Death defend	580

542 Chaucer 915 And clapt to the wicket suddainly 548 die] Chaucer 919 'dien on a knife' 553-6 Pope 568 In Chaucer January admits his jealousy [933] 575-608 Chaucer 941-74

To you in holy Church I gave my Hand, And join'd my Heart, in Wedlock's sacred Band Yet after this, if you distrust my Care, Then hear, my Lord, and witness what I swear	
First may the yawning Earth her Bosome rend, And let me hence to Hell alive descend, Or die the Death I dread no less than Hell, Sow'd in a Sack, and plung'd into a Well, Ere I my Fame by one lewd Act disgrace,	585
Or once renounce the Honour of my Race For know, Sir Knight, of gentle Blood I came, I loath a Whore, and startle at the Name But jealous Men on their own Crimes reflect,	590
And learn from thence their Ladies to suspect Else why these needless Cautions, Sir, to me? These Doubts and Fears of Female Constancy? This Chime still rings in ev'ry Lady's Ear, The only Strain a Wife must hope to hear	595
Thus while she spoke, a sidelong Glance she cast, Where Daman kneeling, worshipp'd as she past She saw him watch the Motions of her Eye, And singled out a Pear-Tree planted nigh 'Twas charg'd with Fruit that made a goodly Show,	600
And hung with dangling Pears was ev'ry Bough Thither th'obsequious Squire address'd his Pace, And climbing, in the Summit took his Place The Knight and Lady walk'd beneath in View, Where let us leave them, and our Tale pursue 'Twas now the Season when the glorious Sun	605
His Heay'nly Progress thro' the Twins had run, And Jove, Exalted, his mild Influence yields, To glad the Glebe, and paint the flow'ry Fields Clear was the Day, and Phabus rising bright, Had streak'd the Azure Firmament with Light,	610
He pierc'd the glitt'ring Clouds with golden Streams, And warm'd the Womb of Earth with Genial Beams It so befel, in that fair Morning-tide, The Fairies sported on the Garden's Side, And, in the midst, their Monarch and his Bride	615
585 f Pope 592 Chaucer 958 I am a gentlewoman, and no wench 597 f Chaucer 960 And women haue reproofe of you, aye new 599-601 Chaucer 963-5 609-16 Chaucer 975-80 617-25 Chaucer 981-92	619

	So featly tripp'd the light-foot Ladies round, The Knights so nimbly o'er the Greensword bound, That scarce they bent the Flow'rs, or touch'd the Ground The Dances ended, all the Fairy Train	a }
	For Pinks and Daisies search'd the flow'ry Plain, While on a Bank reclin'd of rising Green, Thus, with a Frown, the King bespoke his Queen 'Tis too apparent, argue what you can,	625
	The Treachery you Women use to Man A thousand Authors have this Truth made out, And sad Experience leaves no room for Doubt Heav'n rest thy Spirit, noble Solomon, A wiser Monarch never saw the Sun	630
	All Wealth, all Honours, the supreme Degree Of Earthly Bliss, was well bestow'd on thee! For sagely hast thou said, Of all Mankind, One only just, and righteous, hope to find But shoud'st thou search the spacious World around,	635
	Yet one good Woman is not to be found Thus says the King who knew your Wickedness, The Son of Sirach testifies no less So may some Wildfire on your Bodies fall, Or some devouring Plague consume you all,	640
	As well you view the Leacher in the Tree, And well this Honourable Knight you see, But since he's blind and old, (a helpless Case) His Squire shall cuckold him before your Face Now, by my own dread Majesty I swear,	645
	And by this awful Scepter which I bear, No impious Wretch shall 'scape unbunish'd long, That in my Presence offers such a Wrong I will this Instant undeceive the Knight, And, in the very Act, restore his Sight	650
	And set the Strumpet here in open View, A Warning to these Ladies, and to You, And all the faithless Sex, for ever to be true And will you so, reply'd the Queen, indeed? Now, by my Mother's Soul, it is decreed, She shall not want an Answer at her Need	655
_	2 Pope 55 Chaucer 993-1019 4 Chaucer 998-1000	

620-627-

637-4 Chaucer 998-1000
641 some Wildfire] Chaucer 1008 'A wild fire' 'In imprecations [=]
A name for erysipelas and various inflammatory eruptive diseases' (OED)
648 f Pope 656-99 Chaucer 1020-66 656 Chaucer 1020

For her, and for her Daughters I'll ingage, And all the Sex in each succeeding Age, Art shall be theirs to varnish an Offence, And fortify their Crimes with Confidence	660
Nay, were they taken in a strict Embrace, Seen with both Eyes, and pinion'd on the Place, All they shall need is to protest, and swear, Breathe a soft Sigh, and drop a tender Tear, 'Till their wise Husbands, gull'd by Arts like these, Grow gentle, tractable, and tame as Geese	665
What tho' this sland'rous Jew, this Solomon, Call'd Women Fools, and knew full many a one? The wiser Wits of later Times declare How constant, chast, and virtuous, Women are	670
Witness the Martyrs, who resign'd their Breath, Serene in Torments, unconcern'd in Death, And witness next what <i>Roman</i> Authors tell, How Arria, Portia, and Lucretia fell But since the Sacred Leaves to All are free,	675
And Men interpret <i>Texts</i> , why shou'd not We? By this no more was meant, than to have shown, That Sovereign Goodness dwells in <i>Him</i> alone Who only <i>Is</i> , and is but only <i>One</i> But grant the worst, shall Women then be weigh'd	680
By ev'ry Word that Solomon has said? What tho' this King (as ancient Story boasts) Built a fair Temple to the Lord of Hosts, He ceas'd at last his Maker to adore, And did as much for Idol-Gods, or more	685
Beware what lavish Praises you confer On a rank Leacher, and Idolater, Whose Reign Indulgent God, says Holy Writ, Did but for <i>David</i> 's Righteous Sake permit, David, the Monarch after Heav'ns' own Mind,	690
Who lov'd our Sex, and honour'd all our Kind Well, I'm a Woman, and as such must speak, Silence wou'd swell me, and my Heart wou'd break Know then, I scorn your dull Authorities, Your idle Wits, and all their Learned Lies	695
661-8 Chaucer 1024-31 669 f Chaucer 1033 f 674 Pope 676 Pope gives instances of what Chaucer [1040] leaves as 'Rijests' [1 e gesta] 677 f Pope	omain

By Heav'n, those Authors are our Sexe's Foes, Whom, in our Right, I must, and will oppose Nay, (quoth the King) dear Madam be not wroth, I yield it up, but since I gave my Oath, That this much-injur'd Knight again shou'd see,	700
It must be done—I am a King, said he, And one, whose Faith has ever sacred been And so has mine, (she said)—I am a Queen! Her Answer she shall have, I undertake, And thus an End of all Dispute I make Try when you list, and you shall find, my Lord,	705
It is not in our Sex to break our Word We leave them here in this Heroick Strain, And to the Knight our Story turns again, Who in the Garden, with his lovely May	710
Sung merrier than the Cuckow or the Jay This was his Song, Oh kind and constant be, Constant and kind I'll ever prove to thee Thus singing as he went, at last he drew By easie Steps, to where the Pear-Tree grew	715
The longing Dame look'd up, and spy'd her Love Full fairly perch'd among the Boughs above She stopp'd, and sighing, Oh good Gods, she cry'd, What Pangs, what sudden Shoots distend my Side? O for that tempting Fruit, so fresh, so green,	720
Help, for the Love of Heav'ns' immortal Queen! Help dearest Lord, and save at once the Life Of thy poor Infant, and thy longing Wife! Sore sigh'd the Knight, to hear his Lady's Cry, But cou'd not climb, and had no Servant nigh,	725
Old as he was, and void of Eye-sight too, What cou'd, alas, the helpless Husband do? And must I languish then (she said) and die, Yet view the lovely Fruit before my Eye?	730

698 By Heav'n] Chaucer 1064 As euer mote I hole broke my tresses 700-9 Chaucer 1067-75
703-5 Chaucer 1070-2
706 Chaucer 1073 Her answere she shall haue I vndertake 707 Chaucer 1075 Forsooth I will no longer you contrary 710-39 Chaucer 1076-1105
713 Cuckow or the Jay] Chaucer 1078 'the Popingay'
714 f Chaucer 1079 You loue I best, and shall, and other non 718 Pope
724 f Chaucer 1091-3

730 f Pope

With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again, I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain With that, his Back against the Trunk he bent, She seiz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all, You let on me your heavy Anger fall 'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd, Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do, I pass, as Gambols never known to you But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore, Than in her Life she ever felt before In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent, As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent, But when he saw his Bosome-Wife so drest, His Rage was such, as cannot be exprest Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die, With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Skie He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his Hair, Death! Hell! and Furies! what dost Thou do there? What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd, I thought your Patience had been better try'd Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind, This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind? Why was I taught to make my Husband see, By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree? Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove? Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love! If this be Strugling, by this holy Light, 732-5 Chaucer 1104 f 748-57 Chaucer 1106 ff 748-57 Chaucer 1110-23 748 f After this line Pope omits Chaucer 1113 f 753 In Chaucer 1120 f 756 f Chaucer 1122 f	At least, kind Sir, for Charity's sweet sake, Vouchsafe the Trunk between your Arms to take, Then from your Back I might ascend the Tree, Do you but stoop, and leave the rest to me	725
She senz'd a Twig, and up the Tree she went Now prove your Patience, gentle Ladies all, Nor let on me your heavy Anger fall 'Tis Truth I tell, tho' not in Phrase refin'd, Tho' blunt my Tale, yet honest is my Mind What Feats the Lady in the Tree might do, I pass, as Gambols never known to you But sure it was a merrier Fit, she swore, Than in her Life she ever felt before In that nice Moment, lo! the wondring Knight Look'd out, and stood restor'd to sudden Sight Strait on the Tree his eager Eyes he bent, As one whose Thoughts were on his Spouse intent, But when he saw his Bosome-Wife so drest, His Rage was such, as cannot be exprest Not frantick Mothers when their Infants die, With louder Clamours rend the vaulted Skie He cry'd, he roar'd, he storm'd, he tore his Hair, Death' Hell! and Furies! what dost Thou do there? What ails my Lord? the trembling Dame reply'd, I thought your Patience had been better try'd Is this your Love, ungrateful and unkind, This my Reward, for having cur'd the Blind? Why was I taught to make my Husband see, By Strugling with a Man upon a Tree? Did I for this the Pow'r of Magick prove? Unhappy Wife, whose Crime was too much Love! If this be Strugling, by this holy Light, 732-5 Chaucer 110-23 748 f After this line Pope omits Chaucer 1113 f 753 In Chaucer 1110-23 748 f After this line Pope omits Chaucer 1113 f 754 f Chaucer 1120 f	With all my Soul, he thus reply'd again, I'd spend my dearest Blood to ease thy Pain	735
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754 f Chaucer 1120 f	753 In Chaucer it is the sight that 'may not be expressed' [1118]	
756 f Chaucer 1122-4	754 f Chaucer 1120 f	
758-816 Chaucer 1124-71 764 f Pope		
766 f Chaucer 1132 Strogle (qd he) ye algate in it went	766 f Chaucer 1132 Strogle (qd he) ye algate in it went	

'Tis Strugling with a Vengeance, (quoth the Knight)	
So Heav'n preserve the Sight it has restor'd,	
As with these Eyes I plainly saw thee whor'd,	
Whor'd by my Slave—Perfidious Wretch! may Hell	770
As surely seize thee, as I saw too well	, ,
Guard me, good Angels! cry'd the gentle May,	
Pray Heav'n, this Magick work the proper Way	
Alas, my Love, 'tis certain, cou'd you see,	
You ne'er had us'd these killing Words to me	775
So help me Fates, as 'tis no perfect Sight,	, , ,
But some faint Glimm'ring of a doubtful Light	
What I have said, quoth he, I must maintain,	
For, by th'Immortal Pow'rs, it seem'd too plain-	
By all those Pow'rs, some Frenzy seiz'd your Mind,	780
(Reply'd the Dame) Are these the Thanks I find?	•
Wretch that I am, that e'er I was so Kind!	
She said, a rising Sigh express'd her Woe,	
The ready Tears apace began to flow,	
And as they fell, she wip'd from either Eye	785
The Drops, (for Women when they list, can cry)	
The Knight was touch'd, and in his Looks appear'd	
Signs of Remorse, while thus his Spouse he chear'd	
Madam, 'tis past, and my short Anger o'er,	
Come down, and vex your tender Heart no more	790
Excuse me, Dear, if ought amiss was said,	•
For, on my Soul, amends shall soon be made	
Let my Repentance your Forgiveness draw,	
By Heav'n, I swore but what I thought I saw	
Ah my lov'd Lord! 'twas much unkind (she cry'd)	795
On bare Suspicion thus to treat your Bride,	
But 'till your Sight's establish'd, for a while,	
Imperfect Objects may your Sense begule	
Thus when from Sleep we first our Eyes display,	
The Balls are wounded with the piercing Ray,	800
And dusky Vapors rise, and intercept the Day	
So just recov'ring from the Shades of Night,	
Your swimming Eyes are drunk with sudden Light,	
Strange Phantoms dance around, and skim before	
your Sight	

768 Pope 777 Chaucer 1139 Ye haue some glimsing, and no perfit sight 780 Chaucer 1143 Ye mase ye mase, good sir (quoth she) 783-6 Pope 797-806 Chaucer 1153-66

And use the copious Talent it has giv'n, Let my good Spouse pay Tribute, do me Right, And keep an equal Reck'ning ev'ry Night, His proper Body is not his, but mine,	
For so said Paul, and Paul's a sound Divine Know then, of those five Husbands I have had, Three were just tolerable, two were bad	55
The three were Old, but rich and fond beside, And toil'd most piteously to please their Bride	
But since their Wealth (the best they had) was mine,	60
The rest, without much Loss, I cou'd resign	
Sure to be lov'd, I took no Pains to please,	
Yet had more Pleasure far then they had Ease	
Presents flow'd in apace With Show'rs of Gold,	
They made their Court, like Jupiter of old	65
If I but smil'd, a sudden Youth they found, And a new Palsie seiz'd them when I frown'd	
Ye Sov'reign Wives! give Ear, and understand,	
Thus shall ye speak, and exercise Command	
For never was it giv'n to Mortal Man,	70
To lye so boldly as we Women can	/
Forswear the Fact, tho' seen with both his Eyes,	
And call your Maids to Witness how he lies	
Hark old Sir Paul ('twas thus I us'd to say)	
Whence is our Neighbour's Wife so rich and gay?	75
Treated, caress'd, where-e'er she's pleas'd to roam—	
I sit in Tatters, and immur'd at home!	
Why to her House do'st thou so oft repair?	
Art thou so Am'rous? and is she so fair?	_
If I but see a Cousin or a Friend,	80
Lord! how you swell, and rage like any Fiend! But you reel home, a drunken beastly Bear,	
Then preach till Midnight in your easie Chair,	
Cry Wives are false, and ev'ry Woman evil,	
55 and Divine] Pope 56-63 Pope tones down Chaucer 193-216 57 Cf Chaucer 196 Three of hem were good, and two were bad	
59 piteously] Chaucer 202 63 After this line Chaucer refers to the Dunmow flitch 64-7 Cf Chaucer 219-23	
68-73 Chaucer 224-34	
74-85 Chaucer 225-47	
77 Cf Chaucer 238 I sit at home, and haue no thriftie cloth 79 Cf Chaucer 240 Is she so faire? art thou so amorous?	
After this line Pope omits Chaucer 241 f	
82 Chaucer 246 'as drunken as Mouse'	

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	IOI
And give up all that's Female to the Devil If poor (you say) she drains her Husband's Purse, If rich, she keeps her Priest, or something worse, If highly born, intolerably vain, Vapours and Pride by turns possess her Brain	85
Now gayly Mad, now sow'rly Splenatick, Freakish when well, and fretful when she's Sick If fair, then Chast she cannot long abide, By pressing Youth attack'd on ev'ry side If foul, her Wealth the lusty Lover lures,	90
Or else her Wit some Fool-Gallant procures, Or else she Dances with becoming Grace, Or Shape excuses the Defects of Face There swims no Goose so gray, but, soon or late, She finds some honest Gander for her Mate	95
Horses (thou say'st) and Asses, Men may try, And ring suspected Vessels ere they buy, But Wives, a random Choice, untry'd they take, They dream in Courtship, but in Wedlock wake Then, nor 'till then, the Veil's remov'd away,	100
And all the Woman glares in open Day You tell me, to preserve your Wife's good Grace, Your Eyes must always languish on my Face, Your Tongue with constant Flatt'ries feed my Ear, And tag each Sentence with, My Life ' my Dear '	105
If, by strange Chance, a modest Blush be rais'd, Be sure my fine Complexion must be prais'd My Garments always must be new and gay, And Feasts still kept upon my Wedding-Day Then must my Nurse be pleas'd, and Fav'rite Maid,	IIO
And endless Treats, and endless Visits paid, To a long Train of Kindred, Friends, Allies, All this thou say'st, and all thou say'st are Leis On Jenkin too you cast a squinting Eye, What? can your Prentice raise your Jealousie?	115
Fresh are his ruddy Cheeks, his Forehead fair, And like the burnish'd Gold his curling Hair	120

86-99 Chaucer 248-70
99 After this line Pope omits Chaucer 271-84 as 'redundant'
100-2 Chaucer 285-91
103-5 Chaucer 292
106-17 Chaucer 293-302
110-12 Pope
115 Pope
117 Chaucer 302 Thus saiest thou old barell full of lies
118-23 Chaucer 303-7

But clear thy wrinkled Brow, and quit thy Sorrow,	
I'd scorn your Prentice, shou'd you die to-morrow	
Why are thy Chests all lockt? On what Design?	
Are not thy Worldly Goods and Treasure mine?	125
Sir, I'm no Fool Nor shall you, by St John,	
Have Goods and Body to your self alone	
One you shall quit—in spight of both your Eyes—	
I heed not, I, the Bolts, the Locks, the Spies	
If you had Wit, you'd say, 'Go where you will,	130
Dear Spouse, I credit not the Tales they tell	130
Take all the Freedoms of a married Life,	
I know thee for a virtuous, faithful Wife'	
Lord When you have enough, what need you care	
How merrily soever others fare?	
Tho' all the Day I give and take Delight,	135
Doubt not, sufficient will be left at Night	
'Tis but a just and rational Desire,	
To light a Taper at a Neighbour's Fire	
There's Danger too, you think, in rich Array,	140
And none can long be modest that are gay	
The Cat, if you but singe her Tabby Skin,	
The Chimney keeps, and sits content within,	
But once grown sleek, will from her Corner run,	
Sport with her Tail, and wanton in the Sun,	145
She licks her fair round Face, and frisks abroad	
To show her Furr, and to be Catterwaw'd	
Lo thus, my Friends, I wrought to my Desires	
These three right Ancient Venerable Sires	
I told 'em, Thus you say, and thus you do—	150
And told 'em false, but Jenkin swore 'twas true	
I, like a Dog, cou'd bite as well as whine,	
And first complain'd, whene'er the Guilt was mine	
I tax'd them oft with Wenching and Amours,	
*24-22 Charger 208-20	
124-33 Chaucer 308-20 126 by St John] Chaucer 312 132 Pope	
133 After this line Pope omits Chaucer 321 f as 'redundant'	
134-9 Chaucer 323-34	
138 f Chaucer 333 f	
140-7 Chaucer 337-54 140 f Chaucer 337-47	
142-7 Chaucer 348-54	
Pope omits 355 f, and 357-78	
148-51 Chaucer 379-83	
151 After this line Pope omits an exclamatory couplet [384 f] 152 f Chaucer 386-92	
1521 Chaucer 300-92 154-65 Chaucer 393-408 154 f Chaucer 393 f	
21 2 130 4 134 Citteroot 332 t	

When their weak Legs scarce dragg'd 'em out of Door	rs,
And swore the Rambles that I took by Night,	156
Were all to spy what Damsels they bedight	•
That Colour brought me many Hours of Mirth,	
For all this Wit is giv'n us from our Birth	
Heav'n gave to woman the peculiar Grace	160
To spin, to weep, and cully Human Race	
By this nice Conduct and this prudent Course,	
By Murmuring, Wheedling, Stratagem and Force,	
I still prevail'd, and wou'd be in the right,	
Or Curtain-Lectures made a restless Night	165
If once my Husband's Arm was o'er my Side,	-
What? so familiar with your Spouse? I cry'd	
I levied first a Tax upon his Need,	
Then let him—'twas a Nicety indeed!	
Let all Mankind this certain Maxim hold,	170
Marry who will, our Sex is to be Sold!	•
With empty Hands no Tassels you can lure,	
But fulsom Love for Gain we can endure	
For Gold we love the Impotent and Old,	
And heave, and pant, and kiss, and cling, for Gold	175
Yet with Embraces, Curses oft I mixt,	-
Then kist again, and chid and rail'd betwixt	
Well, I may make my Will in Peace, and die,	
For not one Word in Man's Arrears am I	
To drop a dear Dispute I was unable,	180
Ev'n tho' the Pope himself had sate at Table	
But when my Point was gain'd, then thus I spoke,	
'Billy, my dear! how sheepishly you look!	
Approach my Spouse, and let me kiss thy Cheek,	
Thou should'st be always thus, resign'd and meek!	185
Of Job's great Patience since so oft you preach,	
Well shou'd you practise, who so well can teach	
'Tis difficult to do, I must allow,	
But I, my dearest, will instruct you how	
Great is the Blessing of a prindent Wife.	190

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161 cully] = to make a fool of
165 Pope
166-82 Chaucer 409-31
168 f Chaucer 411 f
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¹⁷² Tassels] = tercels, peregrine falcons

¹⁷⁴ f Chaucer 417 f

¹⁸³⁻²⁰⁴ Chaucer 431-50
183 Chaucer 432 How meekly looketh wilken our sheep
190 f Pope

Who puts a Period to Domestick Strife! One of us two must rule, and one obey, And since in Man right Reason bears the Sway, Let that frail Thing, weak Woman, have her way The Wives of all my Family have rul'd 195 Their tender Husbands, and their Passions cool'd Fye, 'tis unmanly thus to sigh and groan, What? wou'd you have me to your self alone? Why take me Love! take all and ev'ry part! Here's your Revenge! you love it at your Heart 200 Wou'd I vouchsafe to sell what Nature gave, You little think what Custom I cou'd have! But see! I'm all your own—nay hold—for Shame! What means my Dear—indeed—vou are to blame? Thus with my first three Lords I past my Life, 205 A very Woman, and a very Wife! What Sums from these old Spouses I cou'd raise, Procur'd young Husbands in my riper Days Tho' past my Bloom, not yet decay'd was I, Wanton and wild, and chatter'd like a Pye 210 In Country Dances still I bore the Bell, And sung as sweet as Evening Philomel To clear my Quail-pipe, and refresh my Soul, Full oft I drain'd the Spicy Nut-brown Bowl, Rich luscious Wines, that youthful Blood improve, 215 And warm the swelling Veins to Feats of Love For 'tis as sure as Cold ingenders Hail, A Liqu'rish Mouth must have a Lech'rous Tail, Wine lets no Lover unrewarded go As all true Gamesters by Experience know 220 But oh good Gods! whene'er a Thought I cast On all the Joys of Youth and Beauty past, To find in Pleasures I have had my Part,

192-4 Chaucer 440-2
195 f Pope
201-4 Chaucer 447-50
205-20 Chaucer 451-68
205 f Pope
207-30 Chaucer 453-82
207 f Pope, authorized by Chaucer's general meaning
213 Quail-pipe] = 'a pipe or whistle on which the note of a quail can be imitated, in order to lure the birds into a net' (OED)
215 f Pope
218 Chaucer 466 A licorus mouth must have a lecherous taile
219 f Chaucer 467 f
221-8 A poor equivalent for Chaucer 469-79

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	105
Still warms me to the Bottom of my Heart This wicked World was once my dear Delight, Now all my Conquests, all my Charms good night! The Flour consum'd, the best that now I can	225
Is e'en to make my Market of the Bran My fourth dear Spouse was not exceeding true, He kept, 'twas thought, a private Miss or two, But all that Score I paid—As how? you'll say, Not with my Body, in a filthy way— But I so drest, and danc'd, and drank, and din'd,	230
And view'd a Friend, with Eyes so very kind, As stung his Heart, and made his Marrow fry With burning Rage, and frantic Jealousie His Soul, I hope, enjoys eternal Glory,	235
For here on Earth I was his Purgatory Oft, when his Shoe the most severely wrung, He put on careless Airs, and sat and sung How sore I gall'd him, only Heav'n cou'd know, And he that felt, and I that caus'd the Woe	240
He dy'd when last from Pilgrimage I came, With other Gossips, from Jerusalem, And now lies buried underneath a Rood, Fair to be seen, and rear'd of honest Wood A Tomb, indeed, with fewer Sculptures grac'd,	245
Than that Mausolus' Pious Widow plac'd, Or where inshrin'd the great Darius lay, But Cost on Graves is meerly thrown away The Pit fill'd up, with Turf we cover'd o'er, So bless the good Man's Soul, I say no more	250
Now for my fifth lov'd Lord, the last and best, (Kind Heav'n afford him everlasting Rest) Full hearty was his Love, and I can shew The Tokens on my Ribs, in Black and Blue	255

231-52 Chaucer 484-502

²³⁵ f Chaucer 487 f 237 f Chaucer 489 f 241 f Chaucer 493 f

²⁴⁸ f Artemisia, the widow of the Carian prince Mausolus, was inconsolable, to perpetuate his memory she built at Halicarnassus the celebrated monument, Mausoleum, which was regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world Darius I, of Persia, caused his sepulchre to be built during his life

²⁵³⁻⁶² Chaucer 503-23
255 hearty] Pope misunderstood Chaucer's 'dangerous' [514] which means 'holding off', 'stand-offish', and so gives a different slant to the whole passage

Yet, with a Knack, my Heart he cou'd have won, While yet the Smart was shooting in the Bone How quaint an Appetite in Women reigns!	
Free Gifts we scorn, and love what costs us Pains	260
Let Men avoid us, and on them we leap,	200
A glutted Market makes Provision cheap	
In pure good Will I took this jovial Spark,	
Of Oxford he, a most egregious Clerk	
He boarded with a Widow in the Town.	265
A trusty Gossip, one dame Alison	,
Full well the Secrets of my Soul she knew,	
Better than e'er our Parish Priest cou'd do	
To her I told whatever cou'd befal,	
Had but my Husband Pist against a Wall,	270
Or done a thing that might have cost his Life,	2,0
She—and my Neice—and one more worthy Wife	
Had known it all What most he wou'd conceal,	
To these I made no Scruple to reveal	
Oft has he blush'd from Ear to Ear for Shame,	275
That e'er he told a Secret to his Dame	275
It so befell, in Holy Time of Lent,	
That oft a Day I to this Gossip went,	
(My Husband, thank my Stars, was out of Town)	
From House to House we rambled up and down,	280
This Clerk, my self, and my good Neighbour Alee,	200
To see, be seen, to tell, and gather Tales,	
Visits to ev'ry Church we daily paid,	
And march'd in ev'ry holy Masquerade,	
The Stations duly, and the Vigils kept,	285
Not much we fasted, but scarce ever slept	205
At Sermons too I shone in Scarlet gay,	
The wasting Moth ne'er spoil'd my best Array,	
The Cause was this, I wore it ev'ry Day	
'Twas when fresh May her early Blossoms yields,	290
This Clerk and I were walking in the Fields	250
TIME CHAIR WING T ALONG ALGINING THE FLICTING	

263-76 A straightforward version of Chaucer 525-42
277-89 Chaucer 543-62
278 After this line Chaucer has a 'redundant' couplet [545 f] naming March, April, and May, Pope reinstates May at 1 290 below 279 Chaucer 550 'thank my Stars' is Pope's inadequate version of

Chaucer 553 f

283 f Pope translates Chaucer's 'visitations' [555] by 'visits' and so points the contemporary satire

285 Stations] Pope Here used in the sense of a bi-weekly fast 290-9 Chaucer 563-74

We grew so intimate, I can't tell how, I pawn'd my Honour and ingag'd my Vow, If e'er I laid my Husband in his Urn, That he, and only he, shou'd serve my Turn 295 We strait struck Hands, the Bargain was agreed. I still have shifts against a Time of Need The Mouse that always trusts to one poor Hole, Can never be a Mouse of any Soul I vow'd, I scarce cou'd sleep since first I knew him, 300 And durst be sworn he had Bewitch'd me to him If e'er I slept, I dream'd of him alone, And Dreams foretel, as Learned Men have shown All this I said, but Dreams, Sirs, I had none I followed but my crafty Crony's Lore, 305 Who bid me tell this Lve—and twenty more Thus Day by Day, and Month by Month we past, It pleas'd the Lord to take my Spouse at last! I tore my Gown, I soil'd my Locks with Dust, And beat my Breasts, as wretched Widows—must 310 Before my Face my Handkerchief I spread, To hide the Flood of Tears I did not shed The good Man's Coffin to the Church was born. Around, the Neighbours, and my Clerk too, mourn But as he march'd, good Gods! he show'd a Pair 315 Of Legs and Feet, so clean, so strong, so fair! Of twenty Winters' Age he seem'd to be, I (to say truth) was twenty more than he But vig'rous still, a lively buxom Dame, And had a wond'rous Gift to guench a Flame 320 A Conjurer once that deeply cou'd divine, Assur'd me, Mars in Taurus was my Sign As the Stars order'd, such my Life has been Alas, alas, that ever Love was Sin! Fair Venus gave me Fire and sprightly Grace, 325 And Mars Assurance, and a dauntless Face By Vertue of this pow'rful Constellation, I follow'd always my own Inclination

299 Soul] Intellectual or spiritual power 300-6 Chaucer 575-84 308-28 Chaucer 587-623 309-12 Chaucer 588-92 320 Chaucer 600-8 321 Pope 324 Chaucer 614 verbatim 325 f Chaucer 611 f and 619 327 f Chaucer 615 f

	But to my Tale A Month scarce past away, With Dance and Song we kept the Nuptial Day	330
	All I possess'd I gave to his Command,	
	My Goods and Chattels, Mony, House, and Land	
	But oft repented, and repent it still,	
	He prov'd a Rebel to my Sov'reign Will	
	Nay once by Heav'n he struck me on the Face	335
	Hear but the Fact, and judge your selves the Case	
	Stubborn as any Lionness was I	
	And knew full well to raise my Voice on high,	
	As true a Rambler as I was before,	
	And wou'd be so, in spight of all he swore	340
	He, against this, right sagely wou'd advise,	
	And old Examples set before my Eyes,	
	Tell how the Roman Matrons led their Life,	
	Of Gracchus' Mother, and Durhus' Wife,	
	And close the Sermon, as beseem'd his Wit,	345
	With some grave Sentence out of Holy Writ	
	Oft wou'd he say, Who builds his House on Sands,	
	Pricks his blind Horse across the Fallow Lands,	
	Or lets his Wife abroad with Pilgrims roam,	
	Deserves a Fool's-Cap and long Ears at home	350
	All this avail'd not, for whoe'er he be	
	That tells my Faults, I hate him mortally	
	And so do Numbers more, I'll boldly say,	
	Men, Women, Clergy, Regular and Lay	
	My Spouse (who was, you know, to Learning bred)	355
	A certain Treatise oft at Evening read,	
	Where divers Authors (whom the Dev'l confound	
	For all their Lies) were in one Volume bound	
	Valerius, whole, and of St Jerome, Part,	
	Chrysippus and Tertullian, Ovid's Art,	360
	Solomon's Proverbs, Elossa's Loves,	•
	And many more than sure the Church approves	
	More Legends were there here, of wicked Wives,	
	Than good, in all the Bible and Saints'-Lives	
	Who drew the Lion Vanquish'd? 'Twas a Man	365
	But cou'd we Women write as Scholars can,	
	Men shou'd stand mark'd with far more Wickedness,	
3	6 Chaucer 627-36	
5	4 Chaucer 637-63	

³²⁹⁻³⁶

³³⁷⁻⁵⁴ Chaucer 637-63 347-50 Chaucer 655-8 351 Chaucer 659 f 355-76 Chaucer 669-712 363 f Chaucer 686-91

Than all the Sons of Adam cou'd redress Love seldom haunts the Breast where Learning lies, And Venus sets ere Mercury can rise Those play the Scholars who can't play the Men, And use that Weapon which they have, their Pen, When old, and past the Relish of Delight, Then down they sit, and in their Dotage write, That not one Woman keeps her Marriage Vow (This by the Way, but to my Purpose now) It chanc'd my Husband on a Winter's Night Read in this Book, aloud, with strange Delight, How the first Female (as the Scriptures show) Brought her own Spouse and all his Race to Woe, How Samson fell, and he whom Dejamre Wrapt in th' envenom'd Shirt, and set on Fire How curst Eryphile her Lord betray'd, And the dire Ambush Clytemmestra laid But what most pleas'd him was the Cretan Dame, And Husband-Bull—Oh monstrous' fie, for Shame! He had by Heart the whole Detail of Woe Xantippe made her good Man undergo, How oft she scolded in a Day, he knew, How many Pisspots on the Sage she threw, How many Pisspots on the Sage she threw, How many Pisspots on the Sage she threw, How many Fisspots on the Sage she threw, And He read how Arius to his Friend complain'd A fatal Tree was growing in his Land, On which three Wives successively had twin'd A fatal Tree was growing in his Land, On which three Wives successively had twin'd A sliding Noose, and waver'd in the Wind Where grows this Plant (reply'd the Friend),oh where? For better Fruit did never Orchard bear Give me some Slip of this most blissful Tree, And in my Garden planted shall it be! 400 Then how two Wives their Lord's Destruction prove, Thro' Hatred one, and one thro' too much Love, That for her Husband mix'd a Poys'nous Draught, And this for Lust an am'rous Philtre bought, The nimble Juice soon seiz'd his giddy Head, Frantic at Night, and in the Morning dead		
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And in my Garden planted shall it be! Then how two Wives their Lord's Destruction prove, Thro' Hatred one, and one thro' too much Love, That for her Husband mix'd a Poys'nous Draught, And this for Lust an am'rous Philtre bought, The nimble Juice soon seiz'd his giddy Head, Frantic at Night, and in the Morning dead	For better Fruit did never Orchard bear	e ?
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	The numble Juice soon seiz'd his giddy Head,	

369 f Chaucer 697-705 377-410 Chaucer 713-85 385 f Chaucer 733-6 407-10 Chaucer 765-85

And some have hammer'd Nails into their Brain, And some have drench'd them with a deadly Potion, All this he read, and read with great Devotion Long time I heard, and swell'd, and blush'd, and frown'd.	410
But when no End of these vile Tales I found,	
When still he read, and laugh'd, and read again,	
And half the Night was thus consum'd in vain,	
Provok'd to Vengeance, three large Leaves I tore,	415
And with one Buffet fell'd him on the Floor	-75
With that my Husband in a Fury rose,	
And down he settled me with hearty Blows	
I groan'd, and lay extended on my Side,	
Oh thou hast slain me for my Wealth (I cry'd)	420
Yet I forgive thee—Take my last Embrace	•
He wept, kind Soul! and stoop'd to kiss my Face,	
I took him such a Box as turn'd him blue,	
Then sigh'd and cry'd, Adieu my Dear, adieu!	
But after many a hearty Struggle past,	425
I condescended to be pleas'd at last	
Soon as he said, My Mistress and my Wife,	
Do what you list the Term of all your Life	
I took to Heart the Merits of the Cause,	
And stood content to rule by wholsome Laws,	430
Receiv'd the Reins of Absolute Command,	
With all the Government of House and Land,	
And Empire o'er his Tongue, and o'er his Hand	
As for the Volume that revil'd the Dames,	
'Twas torn to Fragments, and condemn'd to Flames	435
Now Heav'n on all my Husbands gone, bestow	
Pleasures above, for Tortures felt below	
That Rest they wish'd for, grant them in the Grave,	
And bless those Souls my Conduct help'd to save!	

411-24 Chaucer 786-810 411 Chaucer 486 f 412-14 Chaucer 788 f 423 f Chaucer 808-10 425-35 Chaucer 811-22

5

10

5

TO

Rondeau

[written 1710, published, Mist's Weekly Journal, 1726]

You know where you did despise (T'other day) my little eyes, Little legs, and little thighs, And some things of little size, You know where

You, 'tis true, have fine black eyes, Taper legs, and tempting thighs, Yet what more than all we prize Is a thing of little size.

You know where

A paraphrase of Voiture's 'Ou vous scavez tromper bien finement'

On the Statue of Cleopatra, made into a Fountain by Leo the Tenth

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN OF COUNT CASTIGLIONE

[written c 1710, published, PSO, 1717]

CLEOPATRA SPEAKS

Whoe're thou art whom this fair statue charms, These curling aspicks, and these wounded arms, Who view'st these eves for ever fixt in death, Think not unwilling I resign'd my breath What, shou'd a Queen, so long the boast of fame, Have stoop'd to serve an haughty Roman dame? Shou'd I have liv'd, in Cæsar's triumph born, To grace his conquests and his pomp adorn? I, whom the blest Ægypnan climate bore To the soft 10vs of Nile's delightful shore Whom prostrate Kings beheld unrival'd shine, And the wide East ador'd with rites divine! Denv'd to reign, I stood resolv'd to die, Such charms has death when 101n'd with liberty

Title] Baldessare Castiglione (1478-1529), Italian diplomat His Libro del Cortegiano (1528) translated by Sir Thomas Hoby (1561)

Let future times of Gleopatra tell,	15
Howe're she liv'd none ever dy'd so well	-
No chains I felt, but went a glorious ghost,	
Free, and a Princess, to the Stygian coast	
Th' eluded victor, envious of my fate,	
Vex'd with vain rage, and impotently great,	20
To Jove's high Capitol ignobly led	
The mournful image of a Princess dead	
Yet not content with this to feast his eyes,	
Lest kinder time shou'd hide our miseries,	
Lest the last age our fortunes shou'd not know,	25
This breathing stone immortaliz'd my woe	_
This with the noblest force of sculpture grac'd,	
In Rome's proud Forum young Octavius plac'd,	
And in the midst of that majestic band	
Of Gods and heroes, made a Woman stand,	30
But in the rock my flowing tears supprest,	
Those tears, which only cou'd have have eas'd my breas	t
Not that I'd ask a single drop to mourn	
A fate so glorious, and so nobly born,	
(Not death it self from me cou'd force a tear,	35
Or teach the soul of Cleopatra fear)	
But for my Antony—to whom these eyes	
Give all his rites, and all his obsequies!	
To his dear ashes and his honour'd shade,	
My tears eternal tribute shou'd be paid	40
My tears the want of off'rings had supply'd,	•
But these, ev'n these, remorseless Rome deny'd!	
But thou great Leo ' in whose golden days	
Revive the honours of Rome's ancient praise,	
If Heav'n, to pity human woes inclin'd,	45
Has sent thee down in mercy to mankind,	
And boundless pow'r with boundless virtue join'd,	
If all the Gods entrust thee to bestow	
With bounteous hands their blessings here below,	
Let not a suppliant Queen entreat in vain,	50
The only wretch beneath thy happy reign!	-
Sure just and modest this request appears,	
Nor is it much to give me back my tears,	
Release my eyes, and let them freely flow,	
'Tis all the comfort fate has left me now!	55
The haughty Niobe whose impious pride	
Scorn'd Heaven it self, and durst the Gods deride,	
Still, tho' a rock, can thus relieve her woe.	

And tears eternal from the marble flow No guilt of mine the rage of Heav'n cou'd move, 60 I knew no crime, if 'tis no crime to love Then as a lover give me leave to weep, Lull'd by these fountains the distress may sleep, And while the Dogstar burns the thirsty field, These to the birds refreshing streams may yield, 65 The birds shall sport amidst the bending sprays, And fill the shade with never ceasing lays, New greens shall spring, new flow'rs around me grow, And on each tree the golden apples glow, Here, where the fragrant Orange groves arise, 70 Whose shining scene with rich Hesperia vies

Psalm XCI

[written c 1710, published, PSO, 1717]

He who beneath thy shelt'ring wing resides, Whom thy hand leads, and whom thy glory guides To Heav'n familiar his bold vows shall send, And fearless say to God—Thou art my friend! 'Tis Thou shalt save him from insidious wrongs, 5 And the sharp arrows of censorious tongues When gath'ring tempests swell the raging main, When thunder roars, and lightning blasts the plain, Amidst the wrack of nature undismay'd, Safe shall he lye, and hope beneath thy shade 10 By day no perils shall the just affright, No dismal dreams or groaning ghosts by night His God shall guard him in the fighting field, And o'er his breast extend his saving shield The whistling darts shall turn their points away, 15 And fires around him innocently play Thousands on ev'ry side shall yield their breath, And twice ten thousand bite the ground in death, While he, serene in thought, shall calm survey The sinners fall, and bless the vengeful day! 20 Heav'n is thy hope thy refuge fix'd above, No harms can reach thee, and no force shall move I see protecting Myriads round thee fly, And all the bright Militia of the sky These in thy dangers timely aid shall bring, 25 Raise in their arms, and waft thee on their wing,

These shall perform th' almighty orders given, Direct each step, and smooth the path to Heaven Thou on the fiery Basılısk shalt tread, And fearless crush the swelling Aspick's head, 30 Rouze the huge Dragon, with a spurn, from rest, And fix thy foot upon the Lion's crest Lo I, his God ' in all his toils am near I see him ever, and will ever hear When he the rage of sinners shall sustain, 35 I share his griefs, and feel my self his pain When foes conspiring rise against his rest, I'll stretch my arm, and snatch him to my breast Him will I heap with honours, and with praise, And glutt with full satiety of days, 40 Him with my glories crown, and when he dies, To him reveal my joys, and open all my skies

Stanza's From the french of Malherbe [written c 1710, published, PSO, 1717]

At length, my soul! thy fruitiess hopes give o'er, Believe, believe the treach'rous world no more Shallow, yet swift, the stream of fortune flows, Which some rude mind will always discompose, As children birds, so men their bliss pursue, Still out of reach, tho' ever in their view

In vain, for all that empty greatness brings,
We lose our lives amidst the courts of kings,
And suffer scorn, and bend the supple knee,
The monarch dies—one moment's turn destroys
Long future prospects, and short present joys
Oh unperforming, false mortality!

5

All is but dust, when once their breath is fled,
The fierce, the pompous majesty lyes dead!
The world no longer trembles at their pow'r!
Ev'n in those tombs where their proud names survive,
Where still in breathing brass they seem to live,
Th' impartial worms that very dust devour

Title Malherbe François de Malherbe (1555-1628), French poet This is a translation of his 'Paraphrase du Psaume CXLV' (1627)

20

The lofty styles of happy, glorious great,
The Lords of fortune, Arbiters of fate,
And Gods of war, lye lost within the grave!
Their mighty minions then come tumbling down,
They lose their flatt'rers as they lose their crown,
Forgot of ev'ry friend, and ev'ry slave!

From Boetius, de cons Philos

O qui perpetua mundum ratione gubernas [written c 1710, published, PSO, 1717]

O thou, whose all-creating hands sustain The radiant Heav'ns, and Earth, and ambient main! Eternal Reason! whose presiding soul Informs great nature and directs the whole! Who wert, e're time his rapid race begun, 5 And bad'st the years in long procession run Who fix't thy self amidst the rowling frame. Gav'st all things to be chang'd, yet ever art the same! Oh teach the mind t' ætherial heights to rise, And view familiar, in its native skies, 10 The source of good, thy splendor to descry, And on thy self, undazled, fix her eve Oh quicken this dull mass of mortal clay, Shine through the soul, and drive its clouds away! For thou art Light In thee the righteous find 15 Calm rest, and soft serenity of mind, Thee they regard alone, to thee they tend, At once our great original and end, At once our means, our end, our guide, our way, Our utmost bound, and our eternal stay! 20

Title] A translation of *De Consolatione Philosophiæ*, lib 3, metrum, I, the work of a sixth-century Roman philosopher

Hymn of St Francis Xavier

[written c 1711, published 1791]

Thou art my God, sole object of my love, Not for the hope of endless joys above,

Title St Francis Xavier] Jesuit missionary (1506-52), whose labours in the East and sanctity of life procured him the title of 'Apostle of the Indies' A translation of his 'O Deus' ego amo te'

Not for the fear of endless pains below, Which they who love thee not must undergo

For me, and such as me, thou deign'st to bear An ignominious cross, the nails, the spear A thorny crown transpierc'd thy sacred brow, While bloody sweats from ev'ry member flow

For me in tortures thou resign'd'st thy breath,
Embrac'd me on the cross, and sav'd me by thy death
And can these suff'rings fail my heart to move?
What but thyself can now deserve my love?

5

15

5

Such as then was, and is, thy love to me,
Such is, and shall be still, my love to thee—
To thee, Redeemer! mercy's sacred spring!
My God, my Father, Maker, and my King!

Adaptations of the Emperor Hadrian

[written 1712, published Lewis's Miscellany, 1730]

I ADRIANI MORIENTIS AD ANIMAM, OR, THE HEATHEN TO HIS DEPARTING SOUL

Ah fleeting Spirit! wand'ring Fire,
That long hast warm'd my tender Breast,
Must thou no more this Frame inspire?
No more a pleasing, chearful Guest?

Whither, ah whither art thou flying!
To what dark, undiscover'd Shore?
Thou seem'st all trembling, shivr'ing, dying,
And Wit and Humour are no more!

II THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL, ODE

Vital spark of heav'nly flame! Quit, oh quit this mortal frame Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!

Title] Attributed to Hadrian by Aelius Spartianus in his De Vita Hadrian, § XXV

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES	117
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish into life	5
Hark! they whisper, Angels say, Sister Spirit, come away What is this absorbs me quite? Steals my senses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spirits, draws my breath? Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?	10
The world recedes, it disappears! Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears With sounds seraphic ring Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly! O Grave! where is thy Victory? O Death! where is thy Sting?	15

Imitation of Tibullus (Lib I Eleg w)

Here stopt by hasty Death, Alexis lies, Who crost half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes!

Found in a letter (10 November 1716) written to Lady Mary W Montagu when she was travelling across Europe to Constantinople

Imitation of Martial, Book 10, Epig 23 [written c 1716, published, PSO, 1717]

Jam numerat placido felix Antonius ævo, &c

At length my Friend (while Time, with still career, Wafts on his gentle wing his eightieth year)
Sees his past days safe out of fortune's pow'r,
Nor dreads approaching fate's uncertain hour,
Reviews his life, and in the strict survey
Finds not one moment he cou'd wish away,
Pleas'd with the series of each happy day
Such, such a man extends his life's short space,
And from the goal again renews the race,
For he lives twice, who can at once employ
The present well, and ev'n the past enjoy

Written over a Study, out of Maynard

IN ENGLISH FOR SIR W TRUMBULL [written c 1716, published, PSO, 1717]

Tir'd with vain hopes, and with complaints as vain, Of anxious love's alternate joy and pain, Inconstant fortune's favour and her hate, And unperforming friendships of the great, Here both contented and resign'd, I lye, Here learn to live, nor wish, nor fear to die

5

5

Title Maynard François Maynard (1582-1646), French poet A translation of his 'Las d'esperer, et de me plaindre

The Prayer of Brutus

[written 1717, published 1718]

Goddess of Woods, tremendous in the chace, To Mountain-wolves and all the Savage race, Wide o'er th' aerial Vault extends thy sway, And o'er th' infernal Regions void of day, On thy third Reign look down, disclose our Fate, In what new Nation shall we fix our Seat? When shall we next thy hallow'd Altars raise, And Quires of Virgins celebrate thy praise?

A translation of Brutus' prayer made for Aaron Thompson's translation of Geoffrey of Monmouth's *British History*, 1718, Diva potens nemorum, terror silvestribus apris'

Pastorals

WITH A DISCOURSE ON PASTORAL

Written in the Year 1704
[published, Tonson's Miscellanies, 1709]

Rura mihi & rigui placeant in vallibus amnes, Flumina amem, fylvafque, inglorius!

VIRG

A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry¹

There are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals, nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Criticks have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks which I think have escaped their observation

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that age which succeeded the creation of the world. And as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably pastoral ² 'Tis natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing, and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improv'd to a perfect image of that happy time, which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it receiv'd the name of Pastoral

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is

¹ Written at sixteen years of age [P]

² pastoral] Fontenelle's Disc on Pastorals [P]

dramatic, or narrative, or mix'd of both¹, the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic. The thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing. The expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford, neat, but not florid, easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions, are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this 'poem consists in simplicity,' brevity, and delicacy, the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that pastoral is an image of what they call the Golden age So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceiv'd then to have been, when the best of men follow'd the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an Air of piety to the Gods should shine thro' the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity. And it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing, the connections should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discover'd ⁵ This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shown by inference, lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful, and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries ⁶ Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way, but a regard must be had to the subject, that it contain some particular beauty in itself,

¹ mix'd of both] Heinsius in Theocr [P]
² simplicity] Rapin de Carm Past p 2 [P]

³ descriptions short] Rapin, Reflex sur l'Art Poet d'Arist p 2 Reflexvii [P]

^{*} composures | Compositions

b discover'd Pref to Virg Past in Dryd Virg [P] tits miseries] Fontenelle's Disc of Pastorals [P]

and that it be different in every Eclogue Besides, in each of them a design'd scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety 1 This Variety is obtain'd in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country, by interrogations to things manimate, by beautiful digressions, but those short, sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances, and lastly by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, tho' they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral And since the instructions given for any art are to be deliver'd as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be deriv'd from those in whom it is acknowledg'd so to be 'Tis therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil, (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Criticks have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it

Theocritus excells all others in nature and simplicity The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral, but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced Reapers² and fishermen as well as shepherds He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity, for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idvlha But 'tis enough that all others learn'd their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it which no other could ever attain

Virgil who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original and in all points where Judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master Tho' some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such, they have a wonderful variety in them which the Greek was a stranger to 3 He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style, the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavour'd to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser Tasso in his Aminta has as far excell'd all the Pastoral writers, as in his Gierusalemme he has outdone the Epic Poets of his country But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem,

¹ its variety] See the forementioned Preface [P]
² Reapers] ©EPIETAI Idyl x and AAIEIE Idyl xx1 [P]
³ a stranger to] Rapin Refl on Arist part 11 refl xxv11—Pref to the Ecl in Dryden's Virg [P]

the Pastoral Comedy, in *Italy*, it cannot so well be consider'd as a copy of the ancients *Spenser*'s *Calender*, in *Mr Dryden*'s opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any Nation has produc'd ever since the time of *Virgil* 1 Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His Eclogues are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style as *Mantuan*² had done before him. He has employ'd the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough for the Tetrastic has oblig'd him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which would have been more closely confin'd in the Couplet

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself, tho' notwithstanding all the care he has taken. he is certainly inferior in his Dialect For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the time of Theocritus, it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons. whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition As there is a difference between simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues is very beautiful since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself, he compares human Life to the several Seasons. and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has oblig'd him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together, or when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it whence it comes to pass that some of his Ecloques (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon *Theocritus* and *Virgil* will allow to be fit for pastoral That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as *Spenser's* That in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are

¹ Virgil] Dedication to Virg Ecl [P]

² Mantuan] Baptista Mantuanus (1448-1516), the 'Christian Virgil', whose Latin eclogues enjoyed great popularity during the Renaissance

observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments, not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate

Spring The First Pastoral, or Damon

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBULL

First in these Fields I try the Sylvan Strains, Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful Plains

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then past thro' the hands of Mr Walsh, Mr Wycherley, G Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, Sir William Trumbal, Dr Garth, Lord Halifax, Lord Somers, Mr Mainwaring, and others All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and particularly Mr Walsh, (whom Mr Dryden, in his Postscript to Virgil, calls the best critic of his age) 'The Author (says he) seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very freely from the Ancients But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age His Preface is very judicious and learned 'Letter to Mr Wycherley, Ap 1705 The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr Wycherley) 'that if he goes on as he has begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poetry vie with the Roman,' etc. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteem'd these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse, whereas that of most other kinds consists in the Strength and fulness of both In a Letter of his to Mr Walsh about this time, we find an enumeration of several Niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observ'd in any English poem, except in these Pastorals They were not printed till 1709 [P]

Sir William Trumbal] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years, he was under sixteen, but Sir William above sixty, and had lately resign'd his employment of Secretary of State

to King William [P]

Prima Syracosio dignata est ludere versu, Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia

This is the general Exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the 6th of Virgil, which some have therefore not improbably thought

Fair Thames flow gently from thy sacred Spring, While on thy Banks Sicilian Muses sing. Let Vernal Airs thro' trembling Osiers play, 5 And Albion's Cliffs resound the Rural Lav You, that too Wise for Pride, too Good for Pow'r, Enjoy the Glory to be Great no more, And carrying with you all the World can boast, To all the World Illustriously are lost! 10 O let my Muse her slender Reed inspire, 'Till in your Native Shades You tune the Lyre So when the Nightingale to Rest removes, The Thrush may chant to the forsaken Groves, But, charm'd to Silence, listens while She sings, 15 And all th' Aerial Audience clap their Wings Soon as the Flocks shook off the nightly Dews, Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse, Pour'd o'er the whitening Vale their fleecy Care, Fresh as the Morn, and as the Season fair 20 The Dawn now blushing on the Mountain's Side, Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd

to have been the first originally In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those which now stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind, Spenser, Virgil, Theocritus,

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)— Beneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,— Thyrsis, the Music of that murm'ring Spring,—

are manifestly imitations of

A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)— Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi — 'Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθυρισμα και α πίτυς αιπολε, τήνα — [P]

Cf respectively Spenser, Januarye, 1, Virgil, Ecl 1 1, Theocritus, Idyll 1, 1

4 Sicilian Muses] The pastoral Muses, so called because, Theocritus the first writer of pastoral, was Sicilian

II inspire Breathe into

12 in your Native Shades] Sir W Trumbal (1639-1716) was born in Windsor-Forest, to which he retreated after he had resign'd the post of Secretary of State to King William III [P]

17 ff The Scene of this Pastoral a Vally, the Time the Morning It

stood originally thus, (Pope here quotes the 1709-17 variant)

19 whitening] happily describes a progressive effect

21 Mountain] Often applied at this time to elevations of moderate altitude

28 Purple] Here used in the Latin sense of the most vivid colouring in general, not of a peculiar tint

30

DAPHNIS

Hear how the Birds, on ev'ry bloomy Spray,
With joyous Musick wake the dawning Day!
Why sit we mute, when early Linnets sing,
When warbling *Philomel* salutes the Spring?
Why sit we sad, when *Phosphor* shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the Purple Year?

STREPHON

Sing then, and *Damon* shall attend the Strain, While you slow Oxen turn the furrow'd Plain Here the bright Crocus and blue Vi'let glow, Here Western Winds on breathing Roses blow I'll stake you' Lamb that near the Fountain plays, And from the Brink his dancing Shade surveys

DAPHNIS

And I this Bowl, where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines
Four Figures rising from the Work appear,
The various Seasons of the rowling Year,
And what is That, which binds the Radiant Sky,
Where twelve fair Signs in beauteous Order lye?

40

DAMON

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing, Now Hawthorns blossom, now the Daisies spring, Now Leaves the Trees, and Flow'rs adorn the Ground, Begin, the Vales shall ev'ry Note rebound

32 breathing Emitting fragrance Cf Messiah, 24 (p 190), Rape of the Lock, I 134 (p 222)

34 The first reading was, And his own Image from the bank surveys [P] 35 f Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,

Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis, Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos

Virg $\langle Ecl$ III 38–9 \rangle [P]

36 And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines [P]

Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem [P]
41 Then sing by turns] Literally from Virgil (Ecl. 111 59, 56-7),
Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camænæ
Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus [P]

STREPHON

Inspire me Phæbus, in my Delia's Praise,	45
With Waller's Strains, or Granville's moving Lays!	
A Milk-white Bull shall at your Altars stand,	
That threats a Fight, and spurns the rising Sand	

DAPHNIS

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the Prize,	
And make my Tongue victorious as her Eyes,	50
No Lambs or Sheep for Victims I'll impart,	_
Thy Victim, Love, shall be the Shepherd's Heart	

STREPHON

Me gentle <i>Delia</i> beckons from the Plain,
Then hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain,
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found

DAPHNIS

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the Green, She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen, While a kind Glance at her Pursuer flies, How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

STREPHON

O'er Golden Sands let rich *Pactolus* flow, And Trees weep Amber on the Banks of *Po*, Blest *Thames*'s Shores the brightest Beauties yield, Feed here my Lambs, I'll seek no distant Field

46 Granviller—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model [P]

47 A Milk-white Bull Virg (Ecl III 86-7)

---Pascite taurum,

55

60

Qui cornu petat, & pedibus jam spargat arenam [P] 58 She runs, but hopes] Imitation of Virgil (Ecl III 64-5), Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,

Et fugit ad saluces, sed se cupit ante videri [P]

61 It stood thus at first,

Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast, Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast, Blest Thames's shores, &c [P]

Pactolus] A river in Lydia, in Asia Minor, famous for the gold dust once carried in its waters

62 In Ovid, *Met*, II, Phaethon, having been hurled down from the sky, fell on to the banks of the Po (Eridanus), his sisters, the Heliades, were transformed into poplars weeping tears of amber (Il 364-5)

DAPHNIS

Celestial Venus haunts Idaha's Groves,
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves,
If Windsor-Shades delight the matchless Maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-Shade

65

STREPHON

All Nature mourns, the Skies relent in Show'rs, Hush'd are the Birds, and clos'd the drooping Flow'rs, If *Delia* smile, the Flow'rs begin to spring, 71 The Skies to brighten, and the Birds to sing

DAPHNIS

All Nature laughs, the Groves are fresh and fair, The Sun's mild Lustre warms the vital Air, If *Sylvia* smiles, new Glories gild the Shore, And vanquish'd Nature seems to charm no more

75

STREPHON

In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love, At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove, But *Delia* always, absent from her Sight, Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight

80

DAPHNIS

Sylva's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May, More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day, Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here, But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year

65 Celestial Venus] Aphrodite Urania, the 'heavenly' Aphrodite, to distinguish her from Aphrodite Pandemos, the common, or sensual, Aphrodite

Idalia] A town in Cyprus consecrated to Aphrodite 66 Cynthus] Diana was said to have been born on Mt Cynthus, in Delos

Hybla] A mountain in Sicily, famous for its thyme and honey 69 All nature mourns] Virg <VII 57, 59>

Aret ager, vitio moriens sitit aëris herba, &c Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit—[P]

relent] To 'assume a liquid form, to dissolve into water' (OED) 69 ff These verses were thus at first,

All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny, Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply, If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing [P]

STREPHON

Say, Daphnus, say, in what glad Soil appears A wondrous Tree that Sacred Monarchs bears? Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the Prize, And give the Conquest to thy Sylvia's Eyes

85

DAPHNIS

Nay tell me first, in what more happy Fields The *Thistle* springs, to which the *Lilly* yields? And then a nobler Prize I will resign, For *Sylvia*, charming *Sylvia* shall be thine

90

DAMON

Cease to contend, for (Daphns) I decree
The Bowl to Strephon, and the Lamb to thee
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry Grace excell, 95
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those Graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder Woodbine Bow'rs,
A soft Retreat from sudden vernal Show'rs,
The Turf with rural Dainties shall be Crown'd,
While opening Blooms diffuse their Sweets around 100
For see! the gath'ring Flocks to Shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful Show'rs descend

86 A wondrous Tree that Sacred Monarchs bears] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles the second had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester [P]

90 The Instle springs, to which the Lilly yields] alludes to the Device of the Scots Monarchs the Instle worn by Queen Anne, and to the Arms of France, the Fleur de Lys The two Riddles are in imitation of those in Virg Lel 3 (106-7)

Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum Nascantur Flores, & Phyllida solus habebis 99 Was originally,

[P]

The turf with country dainties shall be spread, And trees with twining branches shade your head [P]

102 from the Pleiads] The Pleiades were the mythical daughters of Atlas Because of their sorrow at the burden imposed on their father they were changed into a small group of stars in the constellation Taurus and rose with the sun in April They were associated with the vernal equinox and the westerly rains of spring

Summer The Second Pastoral, or Alexis

TO DR GARTH

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better Name) Let forth his Flocks along the silver Thame, Where dancing Sun-beams on the Waters play'd, And verdant Alders form'd a quiv'ring Shade Soft as he mourn'd, the Streams forgot to flow, 5 The Flocks around a dumb Compassion show, The Naiads wept in ev'ry Watry Bow'r, And Jove consented in a silent Show'r Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early Lays, That adds this Wreath of Ivy to thy Bays, 10 Hear what from Love unpractis'd Hearts endure. From Love, the sole Disease thou canst not cure! Ye shady Beeches, and ye cooling Streams, Defence from Phæbus', not from Cupid's Beams, To you I mourn, nor to the Deaf I sing, 15 The Woods shall answer, and their Echo ring The Hills and Rocks attend my doleful Lay, Why art thou prouder and more hard than they? The bleating Sheep with my Complaints agree, They parch'd with Heat, and I inflam'd by thee 20 The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty Plains, While in thy Heart Eternal Winter reigns Where stray ye Muses, in what Lawn or Grove,

Ver 1, 2, 3, 4 were thus printed in the first edition, (Pope here cites the 1709-17 variant >

3 The Scene of this Pastoral by the River's side, suitable to the heat of the season, the Time, Noon [P]

8 And Jove consented Virg (Ecl VII 60)

Jupiter & læto descendet plurimus imbri [P]

9 Dr Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen Their friendship continu'd from the year 1703, to 1718, which was that of his death [P]

10 Ivy to thy Bays] For discussion of this image, see Ess on Crit,

706n (p. 167)

15 nor to the Deaf I sing] Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ Virg $\langle Ecl \lambda 8 \rangle$ [P]

16 The woods shall answer, and their Echo ring, is a line out of Spenser's

Epithalamion [P]

21 The Dog-star was regarded as the source of the sultry heat of summer and of the maladies which prevailed at that time

23 Where stray ye Muses, &c]

Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ

While your Alexis pines in hopeless Love?	
In those fair Fields where Sacred Isis glides,	25
Or else where Cam his winding Vales divides?	•
As in the Crystal Spring I view my Face,	
Fresh rising Blushes paint the watry Glass,	
But since those Graces please thy Eyes no more,	
I shun the Fountains which I sought before	30
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry Herb that grew,	
And ev'ry Plant that drinks the Morning Dew,	
Ah wretched Shepherd, what avails thy Art,	
To cure thy Lambs, but not to heal thy Heart!	
Let other Swains attend the Rural Care,	35
Feed fairer Flocks, or richer Fleeces share,	
But nigh yon' Mountain let me tune my Lays,	
Embrace my Love, and bind my Brows with Bays	
That Flute is mine which Colin's tuneful Breath	
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in Death,	40
He said, Alexis, take this Pipe, the same	
That taught the Groves my Rosalinda's Name—	
But now the Reeds shall hang on yonder Tree,	
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee	
O were I made by some transforming Pow'r,	45
The Captive Bird that sings within thy Bow'r'	

Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore perviet? Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Agamppe

Virg (Ecl x 9-12) out of Theoc (Idyll 1 65-7) [P]

25 Isis] Name given to the Thames about Oxford

27 Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,
I shun. &c

Virgil (Ecl II 25-7) again from the Cyclops (Idyll XI) of Theocritus,

Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnim, Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallit imago [P]

39 Colin] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda [P]

Note that Pope claims here to be the successor of Spenser Aleas suggests Pope's Christian name, Alexander

40 Virg Ecl 2 (36-8)

Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis Fistula, Damætas dono mihi quam dedit olim Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum [P]

Then might my Voice thy list'ning Ears employ, And I those Kisses he receives, enjoy And yet my Numbers please the rural Throng, Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the Song 50 The Nymphs forsaking ev'ry Cave and Spring, Their early Fruit, and milk-white Turtles bring, Each am'rous Nymph prefers her Gifts in vain, On you their Gifts are all bestow'd again! For you the Swains the fairest Flow'rs design, 55 And in one Garland all their Beauties join, Accept the Wreath which You deserve alone, In whom all Beauties are compriz'd in One See what Delights in Sylvan Scenes appear! Descending Gods have found Elysum here 60 In Woods bright Venus with Adoms stray'd, And chast Diana haunts the Forest Shade Come lovely Nymph, and bless the silent Hours, When Swains from Sheering seek their nightly Bow'rs, When weary Reapers quit the sultry Field, 65 And crown'd with Corn, their Thanks to Ceres yield This harmless Grove no lurking Viper hides, But in my Breast the Serpent Love abides Here Bees from Blossoms sip the rosie Dew, But your Alexis knows no Sweets but you 70 Oh deign to visit our forsaken Seats, The mossie Fountains, and the Green Retreats! Where-e'er you walk, cool Gales shall fan the Glade, Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a Shade, Where-e'er you tread, the blushing Flow'rs shall rise, 75 And all things flourish where you turn your Eyes Oh! how I long with you to pass my Days, Invoke the Muses, and resound your Praise, Your Praise the Birds shall chant in ev'ry Grove,

60 Descending Gods have found Elysium here] ——Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas—Virg <Ecl II 60> Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis Idem <x 18> [P]

79 ff Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,
And list'ning volves grow milder as they hear

So the verses were originally written But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing Wolves into England [P]

But see Spenser's September, 151-3 Wolves are said to have disappeared from England in the reign of Henry VII

And Winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above	80
But wou'd you sing, and rival Orpheus' Strain,	
The wondring Forests soon shou'd dance again,	
The moving Mountains hear the pow'rful Call,	
And headlong Streams hang list'ning in their Fall!	
But see, the Shepherds shun the Noon-day Heat,	85
The lowing Herds to murm'ring Brooks retreat,	_
To closer Shades the panting Flocks remove,	
Ye Gods! and is there no Relief for Love?	
But soon the Sun with milder Rays descends	
To the cool Ocean, where his Journey ends,	90
On me Love's fiercer Flames for ever prey,	-
By Night he scorches, as he burns by Day	

80 And Winds shall waft] Partem aliquam, venti, dwum referatis ad aures! Virg (Ecl. III 73) [P]

88 Me tamen unt amor, quis enim modus adsit amori? Id «Virgil, Ecl ii 68» [P]

91 Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay [P]

Autumn The Third Pastoral, or Hylas and Ægon

TO MR WYCHERLEY

Beneath the Shade a spreading Beech displays,

Hylas and Ægon sung their Rural Lays,

This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,
And Delia's Name and Doris fill'd the Grove

Ye Mantuan Nymphs, your sacred Succour bring,

Hylas and Ægon's Rural Lays I sing

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' Wit inspire,

The Art of Terence, and Menander's Fire,

Whose Sense instructs us, and whose Humour charms,

Whose Judgment sways us, and whose Spirit warms!

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the 8th of Virgil The Scene, a Hill, the Time, at Sun-set [P]

7 Thou, whom the Nine,] Mr Wycherley, a famous Author of Comedies, of which the most celebrated were the Plain-Dealer and Country-Wife He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit The only objection made to him was that he had too much However he was followed in the same way by Mr Congreve, tho' with a little more correctness [P]

Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the Hearts of Swains, Their artless Passions, and their tender Pains Now setting <i>Phæbus</i> shone serenely bright, And fleecy Clouds were streak'd with Purple Light, When tuneful <i>Hylas</i> with melodious Moan Taught Rocks to weep, and made the <i>Mountains</i> groan Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away! To <i>Deha</i> 's Ear the tender Notes convey!	15
As some sad Turtle his lost Love deplores, And with deep Murmurs fills the sounding Shores, Thus, far from <i>Deha</i> , to the Winds I mourn, Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn	20
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along! For her, the feather'd Quires neglect their Song, For her, the Lymes their pleasing Shades deny, For her, the Lillies hang their heads and dye Ye Flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the Spring,	25
Ye Birds, that left by Summer, cease to sing, Ye Trees that fade when Autumn-Heats remove, Say, is not Absence Death to those who love? Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away! Curs'd be the Fields that cause my Delua's Stay Fade ev'ry Blossom, wither ev'ry Tree,	30
Dye ev'ry Flow'r, and perish, All but She What have I said?—where-e'er my Delia flies, Let Spring attend, and sudden Flow'rs arise, Let opening Roses knotted Oaks adorn, And liquid Amber drop from ev'ry Thorn	35
Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs along! The Birds shall cease to tune their Ev'ning Song, The Winds to breathe, the waving Woods to move, And Streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love Not bubling Fountains to the thirsty Swain, Not balmy Sleep to Lab'rers faint with Pain, Not Show'rs to Larks, or Sunshine to the Bee,	40
Not Show'rs to Larks, or Sunshine to the Bee, 11 skill'd in Nature] I e Wycherley knew human nature, hence interest he could take in the passions and pains of Pope's shepherds 37 Mala ferant quercus, narcisso floreat almis, Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ Virg Ecl 8 <52-4> [P]	45 the

Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo

⟨Vırgıl⟩ Ecl 5 ⟨46–7⟩ [P]

43 ff

44 Pain] Labour, toil

POEMS 1/00 1/1/	
Are half so charming as thy Sight to me Go gentle Gales, and bear my Sighs away! Come, Deha, come, ah why this long Delay? Thro' Rocks and Caves the Name of Deha sounds, Deha, each Cave and ecchoing Rock rebounds	50
Ye Pow'rs, what pleasing Frensie sooths my Mind! Do Lovers dream, or is my Delia kind? She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my Lay, And cease ye Gales to bear my Sighs away!	-
Next Ægon sung, while Windsor Groves admir'd, Rehearse, ye Muses, what your selves inspir'd Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain! Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain	55
Here where the Mountains less'ning as they rise,	
Lose the low Vales, and steal into the Skies While lab'ring Oxen, spent with Toil and Heat, In their loose Traces from the Field retreat, While curling Smokes from Village-Tops are seen, And the fleet Shades glide o'er the dusky Green	60
Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay! Beneath yon Poplar oft we past the Day Oft on the Rind I carv'd her Am'rous Vows, While She with Garlands hung the bending Boughs The Garlands fade, the Vows are worn away,	65
So dies her Love, and so my Hopes decay Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Strain! Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming Grain, Now Golden Fruits on loaded Branches shine, And grateful Clusters swell with floods of Wine,	70
Now blashing Berries paint the yellow Grove, Just Gods! shall all things yield Returns but Love? Resound ye Hills, resound my mournful Lay! The Shepherds cry, 'Thy Flocks are left a Prey—' Ah! what avails it me, the Flocks to keep,	75
Who lost my Heart while I preserv'd my Sheep	80

⁵² An qui amant, ipsi sibi somma fingunt? Ecl. 8 (108) [P] 64 And the fleet shades fly gliding o'er the green [P]

⁷² According to the ancients, the weather was stormy for a few days when Arcturus rose with the sun, which took place in September, and Pope apparently means that rain at this crisis was beneficial to the standing corn

⁷⁴ grateful Clusters] Grapes were successfully cultivated in England Pope planted a vineyard in his garden at Twickenham, and Sir William Temple in his essay Of Gardening had described his own success with various kinds of grapes

Pan came, and ask'd, what Magick caus'd my Smart, Or what Ill Eves malignant Glances dart? What Eyes but hers, alas, have Pow'r to move! And is there Magick but what dwells in Love? Resound ve Hills, resound my mournful Strains! 85 I'll fly from Shepherds, Flocks, and flow'ry Plains -From Shepherds, Flocks, and Plains, I may remove, Forsake Mankind, and all the World—but Love! I know thee Love! on foreign Mountains bred. Wolves gave thee suck, and savage Tygers fed 90 Thou wert from Ætna's burning Entrails torn, Got by fierce Whirlwinds, and in Thunder born! Resound ve Hills, resound my mournful Lay! Farewell ve Woods! adieu the Light of Day! One Leap from yonder Cliff shall end my Pains 95 No more ve Hills, no more resound my Strains! Thus sung the Shepherds till th' Approach of Night, The Skies yet blushing with departing Light, When falling Dews with Spangles deck'd the Glade, And the low Sun had lengthen'd ev'ry Shade 100

82 Or what Ill Eyes] Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos (Virgil, Ecl III 103) [P]

What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r on me! Oh mighty Love ' what magic is like thee ' [P]

89 Nunc scio quid sit amor, duris in cotibus illum, &c (Virgil, Ecl. VIII 43> [P]

Winter The Fourth Pastoral, or Daphne

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS TEMPEST LYCIDAS

Thyrsis, the Musick of that murm'ring Spring Is not so mournful as the Strains you sing,

Mrs Tempest] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr Walsh, who having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept 9, 1706 'Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady ' Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this ecloque, which in its general turn alludes to it The Scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the Time at midnight [P]

POEMS 1700-1717 Nor Rivers winding thro' the Vales below, So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow Now sleeping Flocks on their soft Fleeces lye, 5 The Moon, serene in Glory, mounts the Sky. While silent Birds forget their tuneful Lavs. Oh sing of Daphne's Fate, and Daphne's Praise! THYRSIS Behold the Groves that shine with silver Frost, Their Beauty wither'd, and their Verdure lost 10 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' Strain. That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the Plain? Thames heard the Numbers as he flow'd along, And bade his Willows learn the moving Song LYCIDAS So may kind Rains their vital Moisture yield, 15 And swell the future Harvest of the Field! Begin, this Charge the dying Daphne gave, And said, 'Ye Shepherds, sing around my Grave!' Sing, while beside the shaded Tomb I mourn, And with fresh Bays her Rural Shrine adorn 20 THYRSIS Ye gentle Muses leave your Crystal Spring. Let Nymphs and Sylvans Cypress Garlands bring, Ye weeping Loves, the Stream with Myrtles hide, And break your Bows, as when Adonis dy'd, And with your Golden Darts, now useless grown, 25

Ye gentle Muses leave your Crystal Spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans Cypress Garlands bring,
Ye weeping Loves, the Stream with Myrtles hide,
And break your Bows, as when Adonts dy'd,
And with your Golden Darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a Verse on this relenting Stone
'Let Nature change, let Heav'n and Earth deplore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more!'
'Tis done, and Nature's various Charms decay,
See gloomy Clouds obscure the chearful Day!
Now hung with Pearls the dropping Trees appear,

5 f In the warm folds the tender flocks remain,
The cattle slumber on the silent plain,
While silent birds neglect their tuneful lays,
Let us, dear Thyrsis, sing of Daphne's praise [P]

13 Thames heard] Audut Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros Virg (Ecl vi 83) [P]

Pope used the willows of England (the symbol of grief) instead of the laurels of the Greek Eurotas

23 ff ——Inducte fontibus umbras——
Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen

(Virgil, Ecl. v 40, 42) [P]

Their faded Honours scatter'd on her Bier	
See, where on Earth the flow'ry Glories lye,	
With her they flourish'd, and with her they dye	
Ah what avail the Beauties Nature wore?	35
Fair Daphne's dead, and Beauty is no more!	
For her, the Flocks refuse their verdant Food,	
The thirsty Heifers shun the gliding Flood	
The silver Swans her hapless Fate bemoan,	
In Notes more sad than when they sing their own	40
In hollow Caves sweet Echo silent lies,	
Silent, or only to her Name replies,	
Her Name with Pleasure once she taught the Shore,	
Now Daphne's dead, and Pleasure is no more!	
No grateful Dews descend from Ev'ning Skies,	45
Nor Morning Odours from the Flow'rs arise	
No rich Perfumes refresh the fruitful Field,	
Nor fragrant Herbs their native Incense yield	
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her Death,	
Lament the Ceasing of a sweeter Breath	50
Th' industrious Bees neglect their Golden Store,	
Fair Daphne's dead, and Sweetness is no more!	
No more the mounting Larks, while Daphne sings,	
Shall list'ning in mid Air suspend their Wings,	
No more the Birds shall imitate her Lays,	55
Or hush'd with Wonder, hearken from the Sprays	
No more the Streams then Murmurs shall forbear,	
A sweeter Musick than their own to hear,	
But tell the Reeds, and tell the vocal Shore,	_
Fair Daphne's dead, and Musick is no more!	60
Her Fate is whisper'd by the gentle Breeze	
And told in Sighs to all the trembling Trees,	
The trembling Trees, in ev'ry Plain and Wood,	
Her Fate remurmur to the silver Flood,	_
The silver Flood, so lately calm, appears	65
Swell'd with new Passion, and o'erflows with Tears,	
The Winds and Trees and Floods her Death deplore,	
Daphne, our Grief! our Glory now no more!	
But see! where Daphne wondring mounts on high,	
Above the Clouds, above the Starry Sky	70

38 69 ff For her the flocks the dewy herbs disdain,
Nor hungry heifers graze the tender plain [P]

—mratur limen Olympi,
Sub pedibusque vidit nubes & sydera Daphms
Virg & Ecl. v 56-7> [P]

Eternal Beauties grace the shining Scene, Fields ever fresh, and Groves for ever green! There, while You rest in Amaranthine Bow'rs, Or from those Meads select unfading Flow'rs. Behold us kindly who your Name implore. Daphne, our Goddess, and our Grief no more!

75

LYCIDAS

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains! Such Silence waits on Philomela's Strains, In some still Ev'ning, when the whisp'ring Breeze Pants on the Leaves, and dies upon the Trees 80 To thee, bright Goddess, oft a Lamb shall bleed, If teeming Ewes encrease my fleecy Breed While Plants their Shade, or Flow'rs their Odours give, Thy Name, thy Honour, and thy Praise shall live!

THYRSIS

But see, Orion sheds unwholsome Dews, 85 Arise, the Pines a noxious Shade diffuse. Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels Decay, Time conquers All, and We must Time obev Adieu ye Vales, ye Mountains, Streams and Groves, Adieu ve Shepherd's rural Lays and Loves. Adieu my Flocks, farewell ve Sylvan Crew, Daphne farewell, and all the World adjeu!

90

73 f The amaranth flower was reputed never to fade -ıllıus aram

> Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus Virg (Ecl 1 7-8) [P]

85 The rising and setting of the constellation Orion was thought to bring storm and rain 86

-solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra, Jumperi gravis umbra-

Virg ⟨Ecl x 75-6⟩ [P] 89 ff These four last lines allude to the several Subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several Scenes of them, particularized before in each [P]

Ode for Musick, on St Cecilia's Day

[written c 1708, published 1713]

Descend ye Nine! descend and sing, The breathing Instruments inspire, Wake into Voice each silent String, And sweep the sounding Lyre!	
In a sadly-pleasing Strain	5
Let the warbling Lute complain	,
Let the loud Trumpet sound,	
Till the Roofs all around	
The shrill Ecchos rebound	
While in more lengthen'd Notes and slow,	IO
The deep, majestick, solemn Organs blow	
Hark! the Numbers, soft and clear,	
Gently steal upon the Ear,	
Now louder, and yet louder rise,	
And fill with spreading Sounds the Skies,	15
Exulting in Triumph now swell the bold Notes,	
In broken Air, trembling, the wild Musick floats,	
Till, by degrees, remote and small,	
The Strains decay,	
And melt away	20
In a dying, dying Fall	
By Musick, Minds an equal Temper know,	
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low	
If in the Breast tumultuous Joys arise,	
Music her soft, assuasive Voice applies,	25
Or when the Soul is press'd with Cares	
Exalts her in enlivening Airs	
Warriors she fires with animated Sounds,	
Pours Balm into the bleeding Lover's Wounds	
Melancholy lifts her Head,	30
Martheus rowzes from his Bed.	

St Cecilia's Day (22 November) had been observed as an annual festival by musicians in London since 1683, and many poets, including Oldham, Dryden (twice), Addison (twice), and Congreve, were called on to provide the odes, songs, or hymns which were set to music for performance on that day The custom was falling into disuse by about 1708, though sporadic attempts were later made to revive it Pope's Ode was probably never set to music, nor performed on St Cecilia's Day In 1730 he rewrote it for Dr Greene whose musical setting was performed at 'Publick Commencement' at Cambridge on 6 July of that year

Sloath unfolds her Arms and wakes,	
List'ning Envy drops her Snakes,	
Intestine War no more our Passions wage,	
And giddy Factions hear away their Rage	35
But when our Country's Cause provokes to Arms,	
How martial Musick every Bosom warms!	
So when the first bold Vessel dar'd the Seas,	
High on the Stern the Thracian rais'd his Strain,	
While Argo saw her kindred Trees	40
Descend from Pelion to the Main	-
Transported Demi-Gods stood round,	
And Men grew Heroes at the Sound,	
Enflam'd with Glory's Charms	
Each Chief his sevenfold Shield display'd,	45
And half unsheath'd the shining Blade,	75
And Seas, and Rocks, and Skies rebound	
To Arms, to Arms, to Arms!	
But when thro' all th' Infernal Bounds	
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,	50
Love, strong as Death, the Poet led	٠,
To the pale Nations of the Dead,	
What Sounds were heard,	
What Scenes appear'd,	
O'er all the dreary Coasts!	55
Dreadful Gleams,	رر
Dismal screams,	
Fires that glow,	
Shrieks of Woe,	
Sullen Moans,	60
Hollow Groans,	•
And Cries of tortur'd Ghosts	
But hark! he strikes the golden Lyre,	
And see! the tortur'd Ghosts respire,	
See shady Forms advance!	65
Thy stone, O Symphus, stands still,	• •
Ixion rests upon his Wheel,	
And the pale Spectres dance!	
The Furies sink upon their Iron Beds,	
And Snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their Heads	70
By the Streams that ever flow,	
By the fragrant Winds that blow	

ODE FOR MUSICK, ON ST CECILIA'S DAY	141
O'er th' Elysian Flowers, By those happy Souls who dwell	
In Yellow Meads of Asphodel,	75
Or Amaranthine Bowers	15
By the Heroe's armed Shades,	
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy Glades,	
By the Youths that dy'd for Love,	_
Wandring in the Myrtle Grove,	80
Restore, restore Eurydice to Life,	
Oh take the Husband, or return the Wife!	
He sung, and Hell consented	
To hear the Poet's Pray'r,	•
Stern Proserpine relented,	85
And gave him back the Fair	
Thus Song could prevail O'er Death and o'er Hell,	
A Conquest how hard and how glorious?	
Tho' Fate had fast bound her	90
With $Styx$ nine times round her,	90
Yet Musick and Love were Victorious	
But soon, too soon, the Lover turns his Eyes	
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!	
How wilt thou now the fatal Sisters move?	95
No Crime was thine, if 'tis no Crime to love	
Now under hanging Mountains,	
Beside the Falls of Fountains, Or where <i>Hebrus</i> wanders,	
Rolling in Mæanders,	100
All alone,	100
Unheard, unknown,	
He makes his Moan.	
And calls her Ghost	
For ever, ever, ever lost	105
Now with Furies surrounded,	-
Despairing, confounded,	
He trembles, he glows,	
Amıdst Rhodope's Snows	
See, wild as the Winds, o'er the Desart he flies,	110
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' Cries-	-
—Ah see, he dies!	
Yet ev'n in Death Eurydice he sung,	
Eurydice still trembled on his Tongue,	

Eurydice the Woods,	115
Eurydice the Floods,	•
Eurydice the Rocks, and hollow Mountains rung	
Musick the fiercest Grief can charm,	
And Fate's severest Rage disarm	
Musick can soften Pain to Ease,	120
And make Despair and Madness please	120
Our Joys below it can improve,	
And antedate the Bliss above	
This the divine Cecilia found,	
And to her Maker's Praise confin'd the Sound	125
When the full Organ joins the tuneful Ouire,	123
Th' Immortal Pow'rs incline their Ear,	
Born on the swelling Notes our Souls aspire,	
While solemn Airs improve the sacred Fire,	
And Angels lean from Heav'n to hear'	T20
Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,	130
To bright Cecilia greater Pow'r is giv'n,	
His Numbers rais'd a Shade from Hell,	
Hers lift the Soul to Heav'n	

An Essay on Criticism

[written c 1709, published 1711]

Si quid novisti rectius istis, Candidus imperti, si non, his utere mecum

HORAT

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An Essay on Criticism

'Tis hard to say, if greater Want of Skill Appear in Writing or in Judging ill, But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' Offence, To tire our Patience, than mis-lead our Sense Some few in that, but Numbers err in this, 5 Ten Censure wrong for one who Writes amiss, A Fool might once himself alone expose, Now One in Verse makes many more in Prose 'Tis with our fudgments as our Watches, none Go just alike, yet each believes his own 10 In Poets as true Genius is but rare. True Taste as seldom is the Critick's Share, Both must alike from Heav'n derive their Light, These born to Judge, as well as those to Write Let such teach others who themselves excell, 15 And censure freely who have written well Authors are partial to their Wit, 'tis true, But are not Criticks to their Judgment too? Yet if we look more closely, we shall find Most have the Seeds of Judgment in their Mind. 20 Nature affords at least a glimm'ring Light, The Lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right But as the slightest Sketch, if justly trac'd, Is by ill Colouring but the more disgrac'd, So by false Learning is good Sense defac'd. 25

15 Qui scribit artificiosè ab alus commodè scripta facile intelligere poterit Cic ad Herenn lib 4 (cap 4) [P]

De Pictore, Sculptore, Fictore, nisi Artifex judicare non potest Pliny

 $\langle E_{p} \mid 1 \mid 10 \rangle [P]$

20 Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta ac prava dijudicant Cic de Orat lib 3 (50)
[P]

25 Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina Quint (Inst Orat, VI v II) [P]

25 Between Verse 25 and 26 were these lines,

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng, Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong

Some are bewilder'd in the Maze of Schools, And some made <i>Coxcombs</i> Nature meant but <i>Fools</i> In search of <i>Wit</i> these lose their <i>common Sense</i> , And then turn Criticks in their own Defence	
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,	30
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite	
All Fools have still an Itching to deride,	
And fain wou'd be upon the Laughing Side	
If Mævius Scribble in Apollo's spight,	
There are, who judge still worse than he can write	35
Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,	
Turn'd Criticks next, and prov'd plain Fools at last,	
Some neither can for Wits nor Criticks pass,	
As heavy Mules are neither Horse nor Ass	
Those half-learn'd Witlings, num'rous in our Isle,	40
As half-form'd Insects on the Banks of Nile,	
Unfinish'd Things, one knows now what to call,	
Their Generation's so equivocal	
To tell 'em, wou'd a hundred Tongues require,	
Or one vain Wit's, that might a hundred tire	45
But you who seek to give and merit Fame,	
And justly bear a Critick's noble Name,	
Be sure your self and your own Reach to know,	
How far your Gemus, Taste, and Learning go,	
Launch not beyond your Depth, but be discreet,	50
And mark that Point where Sense and Dulness meet	
Nature to all things fix'd the Limits fit,	
And wisely curb'd proud Man's pretending Wit	
As on the Land while here the Ocean gains,	
In other Parts it leaves wide sandy Plains,	55
Thus in the Soul while Memory prevails,	
The solid Pow'r of Understanding fails,	
1110 00114 1 011 01 011407 01417 115 14110 9	

Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd
By strange transfusion to improve the mind,
Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new,
Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do

³⁴ Maevius] See p 8,1 19n

³⁶ f Perhaps a hit at Dennis
39 heavy Mules] The simile has a double import the 'witlings' are
neither one thing nor the other, and besides, like mules, they are barren

⁴¹ Insects] The word was applied to earth-worms, snails, and even frogs, and also to insignificant and despicable persons

⁴³ equivocal The (supposed) production of plants and animals without parents, spontaneous generation

Where Beams of warm Imagination play,	
The Memory's soft Figures melt away	_
One Science only will one Genius fit,	60
So vast is Art, so narrow Human Wit,	
Not only bounded to peculiar Arts,	
But oft in those, confin'd to single Parts	
Like Kings we lose the Conquests gain'd before,	
By vain Ambition still to make them more	65
Each might his sev'ral Province well command,	
Wou'd all but stoop to what they understand	
First follow NATURE, and your Judgment frame	
By her just Standard, which is still the same	
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,	70
One clear, unchang'd, and Universal Light,	,
Life, Force, and Beauty, must to all impart,	
At once the Source, and End, and Test of Art	
Art from that Fund each just Supply provides,	
Works without Show, and without Pomp presides	75
In some fair Body thus th' informing Soul	15
With Spirits feeds, with Vigour fills the whole,	
Each Motion guides, and ev'ry Nerve sustains,	
It self unseen, but in th' Effects, remains	
Some, to whom Heav'n in Wit has been profuse,	80
Want as much more, to turn it to its use,	80
For Wit and Judgment often are at strife,	
Tho' meant each other's Aid, like Man and Wife	
'Tis more to guide than spur the Muse's Steed,	0
Restrain his Fury, than provoke his Speed,	85
The winged Courser, like a gen'rous Horse,	
Shows most true Mettle when you check his Course	
Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,	
Are Nature still, but Nature Methodiz'd,	
Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd	90
By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd	
Hear how learn'd Greece her useful Rules indites,	
When to repress, and when indulge our Flights	

59 soft] The metaphor seems to be taken from waxen figures melting in the sunshine

61 Art] Scholarship, learning, science

76 informing] Endowing with a form, or essential character

86 gen'rous] Applied to animals means spirited

⁶⁸ NATURE] The cosmos, which in its order, regularity, and harmony, reflects the order and harmony in the Divine Mind of its Creator

⁸⁰⁻⁴ An assertion of the complementary relationship of wit and judgment against those who set them apart as opposed faculties

High on Parnassus' Top her Sons she show'd,	
And pointed out those arduous Paths they trod,	95
Held from afar, aloft, th' Immortal Prize,	,
And urg'd the rest by equal Steps to rise,	
Just Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,	
She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n	
The gen'rous Critick fann'd the Poet's Fire,	IOC
And taught the World, with Reason to Admire	
Then Criticism the Muse's Handmaid prov'd,	
To dress her Charms, and make her more belov'd,	
But following Wits from that Intention stray'd,	
Who cou'd not win the Mistress, woo'd the Maid,	105
Against the Poets their own Arms they turn'd,	
Sure to hate most the Men from whom they learn'd	
So modern Pothecaries, taught the Art	
By Doctor's Bills to play the Doctor's Part,	
Bold in the Practice of mistaken Rules,	IIC
Prescribe, apply, and call their Masters Fools	
Some on the Leaves of ancient Authors prey,	
Nor Time nor Moths e'er spoil'd so much as they	
Some dryly plain, without Invention's Aid,	
Write dull Receits how Poems may be made	115
These leave the Sense, their Learning to display,	
And those explain the Meaning quite away	
You then whose Judgment the right Course wou'd	steer.
Know well each ANCIENT's proper Character,	
His Fable, Subject, Scope in ev'ry Page,	120
Religion, Country, Genius of his Age	
Without all these at once before your Eyes,	
Cand you may, but never Criticize	

98 Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam præciperentur, mox ea scriptores observata & collecta ediderunt Quintil (Inst Orat v x 120) [P]

108-II A reference to the controversy between the apothecary and the physician Though they lacked formal medical training, the apothecaries had learned enough to usurp, especially among the poor, the doctor's role Bicause of high fees charged for drugs, many apothecaries prospered exceedingly The College of Physicians proposed a plan for giving free medical advice to the poor, and opened a dispensary in 1696, where drugs were sold at cost The apothecaries charged that this was a mere device to get the profits of the drug trade into the physicians' hands

109 Bills Medical prescriptions or recipes

119 proper Character] Pope here reflects the increasing interest in the historical method in criticism

123 Cavil you may but never criticise] The author after this verse

Be Homer's Works your Study, and Delight, Read them by Day, and meditate by Night, Thence form your Judgment, thence your Maxims And trace the Muses upward to their Spring,	125 bring,
Still with It self compar'd, his Text peruse,	
And let your Comment be the Mantuan Muse	
When first young Maro in his boundless Mind	130
A Work t' outlast Immortal Rome design'd,	
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critick's Law,	
And but from Nature's Fountains scorn'd to draw	
But when t'examine ev'ry Part he came,	
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same	135
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold Design,	
And Rules as strict his labour'd Work confine, }	
As if the Stagyrite o'erlook'd each Line	
Learn hence for Ancient Rules a just Esteem,	
To copy Nature is to copy Them	140
Some Beauties yet, no Precepts can declare,	•
For there's a Happiness as well as Care	

originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name Had dy'd, and Perault ne'er been dann'd to fame, The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd, And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind To modern Customs, modern Rules confin'd, Who for all Ages writ and all Mankind

[P]

An allusion to the Parallèle des Anciens et des Modernes, in which Perrault put the modern writers above the ancient and criticized Homer severely

129 Mantuan Muse] Virgil, born near Mantu i

130 f Virgil, Eclog, 6 Cum canerem Reges & Prælia, Cynthius aurem Vellit-

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs, which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theographics on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry [P]

138 Stagyrite] Aristotle, born at Stagira in 384 B C

14x-80 The influence of Longinus and the School of Taste is apparent throughout. The belief that irregular genius is preferable to a cold and flat correctness, that there is a criticism by taste as well as by rules, that the success of a work of art may depend upon a quality difficult to define, a see ne sais quos, that a criticism of beauties is preferable to a criticism of faults, that departures from poetic rules are like irregular but pleasing objects in the natural world, is emphatic in the lines, and declares the lack of rigour with which Pope adhered to the 'Rules'

Musick resembles Poetry, in each	
Are nameless Graces which no Methods teach,	
And which a Master-Hand alone can reach	145
If, where the Rules not far enough extend,	
(Since Rules were made but to promote their End)	
Some Lucky LICENCE answers to the full	
Th' Intent propos'd, that Licence is a Rule	
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,	150
May boldly deviate from the common Track	-
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,	
And rise to Faults true Criticks dare not mend,	
From vulgar Bounds with brave Disorder part,	
And snatch a Grace beyond the Reach of Art,	155
Which, without passing thro' the fudgment, gains	
The Heart, and all its End at once attains	
In Prospects, thus, some Objects please our Eyes,)	
Which out of Nature's common Order rise,	
The shapeless Rock, or hanging Precipice	160
But the 'the Ancients thus their Rules invade,	
(As Kings dispense with Laws Themselves have made)	
Moderns, beware! Or if you must offend	
Against the Precept, ne'er transgress its End,	
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by Need,	165
And have, at least, Their Precedent to plead	
The Critick else proceeds without Remorse,	
Seizes your Fame, and puts his Laws in force	
I know there are, to whose presumptuous Thoughts	
Those Freer Beauties, ev'n in Them, seem Faults	170
Some Figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,	
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,	
Which, but proportion'd to their Light, or Place,	
Due Distance reconciles to Form and Grace	
A prudent Chief not always must display	175
His Pow'rs in equal Ranks, and fair Array,	
But with th' Occasion and the Place comply,	
Conceal his Force, nay seem sometimes to Fly	

146 If, where the rules, &c] Neque enim rogationibus plebisue scitis sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit, Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque, verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit utilitas, hanc, relictis magistrorum autoritatibus [sic], sequemur Quintil lib 11 cap 13 (6-7) [P]
158-60 The approval of the wilder and more irregular aspects of

nature suggests the influence of Longinus

168 Seizes] Here used probably in the legal sense 'to take possession in pursuance of a judicial order' (OED)

Those oft are Stratagems which Errors seem,	
Nor is it Homer Nods, but We that Dream	180
Still green with Bays each ancient Altar stands,	
Above the reach of Sacrilegious Hands,	
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer Rage,	
Destructive War, and all-involving Age	
See, from each Clime the Learn'd their Incense bring,	185
Hear, in all Tongues consenting Pæans ring!	-
In Praise so just, let ev'ry Voice be join'd,	
And fill the Gen'ral Chorus of Mankind!	
Hail Bards Triumphant! born in happier Days,	
Immortal Heirs of Universal Praise	190
Whose Honours with Increase of Ages grow,	-
As Streams roll down, enlarging as they flow!	
Nations unborn your mighty Names shall sound,	
And Worlds applaud that must not yet be found!	
Oh may some Spark of your Cœlestial Fire	195
The last, the meanest of your Sons inspire,	
(That on weak Wings, from far, pursues your Flights,	
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)	
To teach vain Wits a Science httle known,	
T' admire Superior Sense, and doubt their own!	200

Of all the Causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring Judgment, and misguide the Mind,
What the weak Head with strongest Byass rules,
Is Pride, the never-failing Vice of Fools
Whatever Nature has in Worth deny'd,
She gives in large Recruits of needful Pride,
For as in Bodies, thus in Souls, we find
What wants in Blood and Spirits, swell'd with Wind,
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our Defence,
And fills up all the mighty Void of Sense!

180 Modeste, & circumspecto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim. Quintil. (lib. x 1 26) [P]

184 all-involving Age] The four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient writings are here alluded to The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by fire, the fiercer rage of Zoilus and Mævius and their followers against Wit, the irruption of the Barbarians into the empire, and the long reign of Ignorance and Superstition in the cloisters

186 consenting] In harmony, in concord, unanimous

203 Byass] A term in bowls the construction of a bowl which imparts an oblique motion

206 Recruits Additional supplies

If once right Reason drives that Cloud away, Truth breaks upon us with resistless Day, Trust not your self, but your Defects to know,	
Make use of ev'ry Friend—and ev'ry Foe	
A little Learning is a dang'rous Thing,	215
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring	
There shallow Draughts intoxicate the Brain,	
And drinking largely sobers us again	
Fir'd at first Sight with what the Muse imparts,	
In fearless Youth we tempt the Heights of Arts, While from the bounded Level of our Mind,	220
Short Views we take, nor see the Lengths behind,	
But more advanc'd, behold with strange Surprize	
New, distant Scenes of endless Science rise!	
So pleas'd at first, the towring Alps we try,	225
Mount o'er the Vales, and seem to tread the Sky,	
Th' Eternal Snows appear already past,	
And the first Clouds and Mountains seem the last	
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey	
The growing Labours of the lengthen'd Way,	230
Th' increasing Prospect tires our wandring Eyes,	
Hills peep o'er Hills, and Alps on Alps arise!	
A perfect Judge will read each Work of Wit	
With the same Spirit that its Author writ,	
Survey the Whole, nor seek slight Faults to find,	235
Where Nature moves, and Rapture warms the Mind, Nor lose, for that malignant dull Delight,	
The gen'rous Pleasure to be charm'd with Wit	
But in such Lays as neither ebb, nor flow,	
Correctly cold, and regularly low,	240
That shunning Faults, one quiet Tenour keep,	1
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep	
In Wit, as Nature, what affects our Hearts	
Is not th' Exactness of peculiar Parts,	
'Tis not a Lip, or Eye, we Beauty call,	245
But the joint Force and full Result of all	
Thus when we view some well-pioportion'd Dome,	
(The World's just Wonder, and ev'n thine O Rome!)	

²¹⁶ Pierian Spring A spring sacred to the Pierides, a surname of the Muses

²²⁰ tempt] Attempt
233 ff Diligenter legendum est, ac pæne ad scribendi sollicitudinem Nec
per partes modo scrutanda sunt omma, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus Quintilian (Inst Orat, X 1 20) [P]

No single Parts unequally surprize,	
All comes united to th' admiring Eyes,	250
No monstrous Height, or Breadth, or Length appear,	
The Whole at once is Bold, and Regular	
Whoever thinks a faultless Piece to see,	
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be	
In ev'ry Work regard the Witter's End,	255
Since none can compass more than they Intend,	
And if the Means be just, the Conduct true,	
Applause, in spite of trivial Faults, is due	
As Men of Breeding, sometimes Men of Wit,	
T' avoid great Errors, must the less commit,	260
Neglect the Rules each Verbal Critick lays,	
For not to know some Trifles, is a Praise	
Most Criticks, fond of some subservient Art,	
Still make the Whole depend upon a Part,	
They talk of Principles, but Notions prize,	265
And All to one lov'd Folly Sacrifice	ر ب
Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,	
A certain Bard encountring on the Way,	
Discours'd in Terms as just, with Looks as Sage,	
As e'er cou'd Dennis, of the Grecian Stage,	270
Concluding all were desp'rate Sots and Fools,	270
Who durst depart from Aristotle's Rules	
Our Author, happy in a Judge so nice,	
Produc'd his Play, and beg'd the Knight's Advice,	
Made him observe the Subject and the Plot,	275
The Manners, Passions, Unities, what not?	
All which, exact to Rule were brought about,	
Were but a Combate in the Lists left out	
What ' Leave the Combate out ' Exclaims the Knight,	
Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrite	280
Not so by Heav'n (he answers in a Rage)	
Knights, Squires, and Steeds, must enter on the Stage	
So vast a Throng the Stage can ne'er contain	
Then build a New, or act it in a Plain	_
Thus Criticks, of less Judgment than Caprice,	285
Curious, not Knowing, not exact, but nice,	
Form short Ideas, and offend in Arts	

²⁶¹ Verbal Critick] One who pays too much attention to detail, and sacrifices the spirit to the letter of the rules
267 Pope found the episode in A Continuation of the Comical History
Of the most Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote De la Mancha, chap x, bk III (1705)

(As most in Manners) by a Love to Parts Some to Concert alone their Taste confine, And glitt'ring Thoughts struck out at ev'ry Line, Pleas'd with a Work where nothing's just or fit, One glaring Chaos and wild Heap of Wit Poets like Painters, thus, unskill'd to trace	290
The naked Nature and the living Grace, With Gold and Jewels cover ev'ry Part, And hide with Ornaments their Want of Art True Wit is Nature to Advantage drest,	295
What oft was <i>Thought</i> , but ne'er so well <i>Exprest</i> , <i>Something</i> , whose Truth convinc'd at Sight we find, That gives us back the Image of our Mind As Shades more sweetly recommend the Light, So modest Plainness sets off sprightly Wit For <i>Works</i> may have more <i>Wit</i> than does 'em good,	300
As Bodies perish through Excess of Blood Others for Language all their Care express, And value Books, as Women Men, for Dress Their Praise is still—The Stile is excellent The Sense, they humbly take upon Content	305
Words are like Leaves, and where they most abound, Much Fruit of Sense beneath is rarely found False Eloquence, like the Prismatic Glass, Its gawdy Colours spreads on ev'ry place, The Face of Nature we no more Survey,	310
All glares alike, without Distinction gay But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun, Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon, It gilds all Objects, but it alters none Expression is the Dress of Thought, and still Appears more decent as more suitable,	315
A vile Conceit in pompous Words expiest, Is like a Clown in regal Purple drest, For diff'rent Styles with diff'rent Subjects sort, As several Garbs with Country, Town, and Court Some by Old Words to Fame have made Pretence,	320

297 ff True Wit] Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur id facillime accipiunt anim quod agnoscunt Quintil lib viii c 3 (71) [P]

308 take upon Content] To accept without question or examination 322 f The subjects appropriate to 'Country, Town, and Court' are perhaps, respectively, pastoral, satire or comedy, and epic

324 Abolita & abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, & frivolæ in parvis jactantiæ Quintil lib i c 6 (20)

Opus est ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta,

Ancients in <i>Phrase</i> , meer Moderns in their <i>Sense!</i> Such <i>labour'd Nothings</i> , in so <i>strange</i> a Style, <i>Amaze</i> th'unlearn'd, and make the Learned <i>Smile</i> Unlucky, as <i>Fungoso</i> in the Play, These Sparks with aukward Vanity display	325
What the Fine Gentleman wore Yesterday!	330
And but so mimick ancient Wits at best,	
As Apes our Grandsires in their Doublets drest	
In Words, as Fashions, the same Rule will hold,	
Alike Fantastick, if too New, or Old, Be not the first by whom the New are try'd,	
Nor yet the <i>last</i> to lay the <i>Old</i> aside	335
But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song,	
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong,	
In the bright Muse tho' thousand Charms conspire,	
Her Voice is all these tuneful Fools admire,	340
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their Ear,	٠.
Not mend their Minds, as some to Church repair,	
Not for the <i>Doctrine</i> , but the <i>Musick</i> there	
These Equal Syllables alone require,	
Tho' oft the Ear the open Vowels tire,	345
While Expletives their feeble Aid do join,	
And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,	
While they ring round the same unvary'd Chimes,	
With sure Returns of still expected Rhymes	
Where-e'er you find the cooling Western Breeze,	350
In the next Line, it whispers thro' the Tiees,	
If Chrystal Streams with pleasing Murmurs creep,	
The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with Sleep	
Then, at the last, and only Couplet fraught	

quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspiciutas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova Idem (39-41) [P]

328—unlucky as Fungoso] See Ben Johnson's Every Man in his Humour [P]

The allusion is to Every Man out of his Humour

Outs populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmina molli
Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per læve severos
Effundat junctura ungues scit tendere versum,
Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno
Persius, Sat 1 <63-6> [P]

345 Fuguemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam aique hiantem orationem reddunt Cic ad Heren lib iv (12) Vide etiam Quintil lib ix c 4 (33) [P]

With some unmeaning Thing they call a Thought, 355 A needless Alexandrine ends the Song. That like a wounded Snake, drags its slow length along Leave such to tune their own dull Rhimes, and know What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow. And praise the Easie Vigor of a Line. 360 Where Denham's Strength, and Waller's Sweetness join True Ease in Writing comes from Art, not Chance, As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance 'Tis not enough no Harshness gives Offence, The Sound must seem an Eccho to the Sense 365 Soft is the Strain when Zephyr gently blows. And the smooth Stream in smoother Numbers flows, But when loud Surges lash the sounding Shore. The hoarse, rough Verse shou'd like the Torrent roar When Agar strives, some Rocks' vast Weight to throw, The Line too labours, and the Words move slow, 37I Not so, when swift Camilla scours the Plain, Flies o'er th'unbending Corn, and skims along the Main Hear how Timotheus' vary'd Lavs surprize, And bid Alternate Passions fall and rise! 375 While, at each Change, the Son of Lybian Jove Now burns with Glory, and then melts with Love, Now his fierce Eyes with sparkling Fury glow, Now Sighs steal out, and Tears begin to flow Persians and Greeks like Turns of Nature found, 380 And the World's Victor stood subdu'd by Sound! The Pow'rs of Musick all our Hearts allow, And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now

361 Denham's Strength] Cf Dryden, Epistle Deducatory of the Rival Ladies (Essays, 17) 'This sweetness of Mr Waller's lyric poesy was afterwards followed in the epic by Sir John Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, a poem which your Lordship knows for the majesty of the style'

Waller's Sweetness] Pope told Spence, p 24 'In versification there is a sensible difference between softness and sweetness that I could distinguish from a boy Thus on the same points, Dryden will be found to be softer, and Waller sweeter'

374 See Alexander's Feast, or the Power of Music, an Ode by Mr Dryden [P]

Dryden introduces into his ode the Theban musician Timotheus, who to his breathing Flute,

And sounding Lyre,

Cou'd swell the Soul to rage, or kindle soft Desire 367 Libyan Jove] When Alexander visited the oracle of Zeus Ammon in the oasis of Siwah in Libya, he was proclaimed son of the god

Avoid Extreams, and shun the Fault of Who still are pleas'd too little, or too much At ev'ry Trifle scorn to take Offence, That always shows Great Pride, or Little	385
Those Heads as Stomachs are not sure the Which nauseate all, and nothing can dige: Yet let not each gay Turn thy Rapture me For Fools Admire, but Men of Sense App As things seem large which we thro' Mist Dulness is ever apt to Magnify	st ove, 390 orove,
Some foreign Writers, some our own de The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize (Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is ap To one small Sect, and All are damn'd best	395 ply'd ade)
Meanly they seek the Blessing to confine, And force that Sun but on a Part to Shin Which not alone the Southern Wit sublim But ripens Spirits in cold Northern Climes Which from the first has shone on Ages p Enlights the present, and shall warm the l	e, es, 400 s, ast,
(Tho' each may feel Increases and Decays, And see now clearer and now darker Days. Regard not then if Wit be Old or New, But blame the False, and value still the T	s) 405 rue
Some ne'er advance a Judgment of the But catch the spreading Notion of the Tov They reason and conclude by Precedent, And own stale Nonsense which they ne'er Some judge of Authors' Names, not Work	vn, 410 invent ès, and then
Nor praise nor blame the Writings, but the Of all this Servile Herd the worst is He That in proud Dulness joins with Quality, A constant Critick at the Great-man's Bo To fetch and carry Nonsense for my Lord	415 ard,
What woful stuff this Madrigal wou'd be, In some starv'd Hackny Sonneteer, or me But let a Lord once own the happy Lines, How the Wit brightens! How the Style rej	420

390 Turn] An iterative or echoing pattern of words
400 sublimes] To exalt, but also perhaps, in the context of 'ripens' in
the next line, to 'cause (the juices of a plant) to rise, and thereby rarefy
and purify them' (OED)
419 Hackny] 'Doing or ready to do work for hire' (OED)
Someteer] Not a writer of sonnets, but a 'minor or indifferent poet'

(OED)

Before his sacred Name flies ev'ry Fault, And each exalted Stanza teems with Thought! The Vulgar thus through Imitation err. As oft the *Learn'd* by being Singular. 425 So much they scorn the Crowd, that if the Throng By Chance go right, they purposely go wrong, So Schismatics the plain Believers quit, And are but damn'd for having too much Wit Some praise at Morning what they blame at Night, 430 But always think the last Opinion right A Muse by these is like a Mistress us'd, This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd, While their weak Heads, like Towns unfortify'd, 'Twixt Sense and Nonsense daily change their Side 435 Ask them the Cause, They're wiser still, they say, And still to Morrow's wiser than to Day We think our Fathers Fools, so wise we grow, Our wiser Sons, no doubt, will think us so Once School-Divines this zealous Isle o'erspread, 440 Who knew most Sentences was deepest read, Faith, Gospel, All, seem'd made to be disputed, And none had Sense enough to be Confuted Scotists and Thomists, now, in Peace remain, Amidst their kindred Cobwebs in Duck-Lane 445 If Faith it self has diff'rent Dresses worn, What wonder Modes in Wit shou'd take their Turn?

441 Sentences] An allusion to such works as Peter Lombard's Libra quattuor sententiarum, designed 'to place before the student, in as strictly logical a form as practicable, the views (sententiae) of the fathers and all the great doctors of the church upon the chief and most difficult points in the Christian belief Conceived with the purpose of allaying and preventing, it really stimulated, controversy'

444 Scotists and Thomists Conflicts between followers of the Franciscan Duns Scotus (1265 or 1275-1308), Doctor Subtilis, and the Dominican Thomas Aquinas (c 1227-1274), Doctor Angelicus, dominated the intellectual life of the 14th century In the Renaissance Duns Scotus became for humanists the symbol of an utter misuse of the human

reason From his name derives the word dunce

445 Cobwebs in Duck-Lane] A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield [P]

447 Between Verse 449 and 450 (447 and 448),

The rhyming Clowns that gladded Shakespear's age, No more with crambo entertain the stage Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise, Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays? Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore, Now all are bamsh'd to the Hibernian shore!

Oft, leaving what is Natural and fit, The current Folly proves the ready Wit, And Authors think their Reputation safe, 450 Which lives as long as Fools are pleas'd to Laugh Some valuing those of their own Side, or Mind. Still make themselves the measure of Manking, Fondly we think we honour Merit then, When we but praise Our selves in Other Men 455 Parties in Wit attend on those of State, And publick Faction doubles private Hate Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose, In various Shapes of Parsons, Criticks, Beaus, But Sense surviv'd, when merry Jests were past, 460 For rising Merit will buoy up at last Might he return, and bless once more our Eyes, New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise, Nay shou'd great Homer lift his awful Head, Zoilus again would start up from the Dead 465 Envy will Merit as its Shade pursue, But like a Shadow, proves the Substance true, For envy'd Wit, like Sol Eclips'd, makes known Th' opposing Body's Grossness, not its own When first that Sun too powerful Beams displays, 470 It draws up Vapours which obscure its Rays,

Thus leaving what was natural and fit,
The current folly prov'd their ready wit,
And authors thought their reputation safe,
Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh [P]

'Crambo' is a game in which one player gives a word or line of verse to which each of the others has to find a rime'

459 Parsons, Criticks, Beaus] The parsons were the Rev Jeremy Coller who, in his A Short View of the Profanenss and Immorality of the English Stage (1698), accused Dryden of profanity, lewdness, and blasphemy, and the Rev Luke Milbourne, whose Notes on Dryden's Virgil (1698) was full of tedious and carping criticisms against Dryden's trot Virgil's Eclogues and Georgics Among the more important contemporary 'critics' were Thomas Shadwell, who engaged in a bitter feud with Dryden in the 1680's, Elkanah Settle, who initiated an attack on Dryden in 1674, Sir Richard Blackmore, who attacked Dryden in his A Satyr Against Wit and in Prince Arthur, bk vi, Gerard Langbaine, who was hostile to Dryden in his An Account of the English Dramatic Poets The 'beaus' included George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, one of the authors of The Rehearsal (1671), and John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, who satirized Dryden in his An Allusion to Horace The 10th Satyr of the 1st Book

465 Zoilus, a Greek grammarian of the third or fourth century BC, known for his severe and captious criticisms of Homer

But ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its Way, Reflect new Glories, and augment the Day Be thou the first true Merit to befriend, His Praise is lost, who stays till All commend, Short is the Date, alas, of Modern Rhymes, And 'tis but just to let 'em live betimes No longer now that Golden Age appears,	475
When Patnarch-Wits surviv'd a thousand Years, Now Length of Fame (our second Life) is lost, And bare Threescore is all ev'n That can boast Our Sons their Fathers' failing Language see,	480
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be So when the faithful Pencil has design'd Some bright Idea of the Master's Mind, Where a new World leaps out at his command, And ready Nature waits upon his Hand,	485
When the ripe Colours soften and unite, And sweetly melt into just Shade and Light, When mellowing Years their full Perfection give, And each Bold Figure just begins to Live, The treach'rous Colours the fair Art betray,	490
And all the bright Creation fades away! Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken Things, Attones not for that Envy which it brings In Youth alone its empty Praise we boast, But soon the Short-liv'd Vanity is lost!	495
Like some fair Flow'r the early Spring supplies, That gaily Blooms, but ev'n in blooming Dies What is this Wit which must our Cares employ? The Owner's Wife, that other Men enjoy, Then most our Trouble still when most admr'd,	500
And still the more we give, the more requir'd, Whose Fame with Pains we guard, but lose with Ease Sure some to vex, but never all to please, 'Tis what the Vicious fear, the Virtuous shun, By Fools' its hated, and by Knaves undone!	, 505
If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo, Ah let not Learning too commence its Foe! Of old, those met Rewards who cou'd excel, And such were Prais'd who but endeavour'd well	510

480 f The impermanent nature of the English language was a common complaint in Pope's time
509 In his Satyr against Wit Sir R Blackmore tried to set learning in opposition to wit

Tho' Triumphs were to Gen'rals only due,	
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the Soldiers too	
Now, they who reached Parnassus' lofty Crown,	
Employ their Pains to spurn some others down,	515
And while Self-Love each jealous Writer rules,	, ,
Contending Wits becomes the Sport of Fools	
But still the Worst with most Regret commend,	
For each Ill Author is as bad a Friend	
To what base Ends, and by what abject Ways,	520
Are Mortals urg'd thro' Sacred Lust of Praise!	•
Ah ne'er so dire a Thirst of Glory boast,	
Nor in the Cittick let the Man be lost!	
Good-Nature and Good-Sense must ever join,	
To Err is Humane, to Forgive, Divine	525
But if in Noble Minds some Dregs remain,	
Not yet purg'd off, of Spleen and sow'r Disdain,	
Discharge that Rage on more Provoking Crimes,	
Nor fear a Dearth in these Flagitious Times	
No Pardon vile Obscenity should find,	530
Tho' Wit and Art conspire to move your Mind,	
But Dulness with Obscenty must prove	
As Shameful sure as Impotence in Love	
In the fat Age of Pleasure, Wealth, and Ease,	
Sprung the rank Weed, and thriv'd with large Increas	e,
When Love was all an easie Monarch's Care,	536
Seldom at Council, never in a War	
Jults rul'd the State, and Statesmen Farces writ,	
Nay Wits had Pensions, and young Lords had Wit	

513-15 Crowns] Crowns of various kinds were awarded, at the time of a general's triumph, to soldiers who had distinguished themselves in the field the corona civica to one who had saved a fellow-soldier's life, the golden corona muralis to the first man to storm an enemy wall Pope seems to apply the ideas of both the corona civica and the corona muralis to poets in an almost literal (and highly ironic) way in ll 514 f those poets who scale the heights of Parnassus gain its 'crown', but then, instead of saving or aiding (like soldiers in an assault) those behind them, they rather kick them down the heights

521 Sacred The latinism sacred means accursed

525 Humane] A common earlier spelling of 'human'

536 easte Monarch's] Charles II

537 never in a War] Charles commanded an army which was defeated at the Battle of Worcester, Sept 3, 1651

538 Jilts rul'd the State] A 'jılt' here means a 'kept mistress' (OED) Alluding to Lady Castlemaine, and the Duchess of Portsmouth

Statesmen Farces writ] The allusion is to the Duke of Buckingham's part in the writing of The Rehearsal (1671)

539 Wits had Pensions] The contrary was nearer the truth

The Fair sate panting at a Courtier's Play, 540 And not a Mask went un-improv'd away The modest Fan was lifted up no more, And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before— The following Licence of a Foreign Reign Did all the Dregs of bold Socinus drain, 545 Then Unbelieving Priests reform'd the Nation. And taught more *Pleasant* Methods of Salvation, Where Heav'ns Free Subjects might their Rights dispute, Lest God himself shou'd seem too Absolute Pulvits their Sacred Sature learn'd to spare, 550 And Vice admir'd to find a Flatt'rer there," Encourag'd thus, Witt's Titans brav'd the Skies, And the Press groan'd with Licenc'd Blasphemies— These Monsters, Criticks! with your Darts engage, Here point your Thunder, and exhaust your Rage! 555 Yet shun their Fault, who, Scandalously nice, Will needs mistake an Author into Vice, All seems Infected that th' Infected spy, As all looks yellow to the Jaundic'd Eye LEARN then what MORALS Criticks ought to show, For 'tis but half a Judge's Task, to Know

540 a Courtier's Play] A reference to such courtiers as Sir Charles

Sedley, the undoubted author of at least three plays

541 While the mask was worn by ladies of quality immediately after the Restoration, a few years later it apparently was given over, owing to its convenience for intrigue, to women of the town. The use of masks by theatre-audiences was forbidden in 1704

544 Possibly a reference to the policy of increased toleration, especially toward the Nonconformists, which characterized William III's reign, and to the lapsing of the Licensing Act of 1663, thereby permitting the publication of books Pope and others would regard as heretical and blasphemous

545 bold Socinus Laelius Socinus (Lelio Sozzini, 1525-62) rejected the doctrines of the divinity of Christ and of the atonement or satisfaction for sin by Christ Socinianism developed in England into

Unitarianism

545 The Author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a National Reflection, which in his stricter judgment he could not but dis-

approve, on any People whatever [P]

546 f Bishops Burnet, Kennett, and other 'unbelieving priests', usually Whigs in their politics, taught that the government of God, like that of the king, was a limited, not an absolute monarchy, and that men were free to yield or to withhold their allegiance. The passage thus bears directly on contemporary disputes over the doctrines of divine right and of non-resistance and passive obedience to the 'Supreme Power'

552 Witt's Titans] The deistic writers

'Tis not enough, Taste, Judgment, Learning, join, In all you speak, let Truth and Candor shine That not alone what to your Sense is due, All may allow, but seek your Friendship too Be silent always when you doubt your Sense, And speak, tho' sure, with seeming Diffidence Some positive persisting Fops we know,	565
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so, But you, with Pleasure own your Errors past, And make each Day a Critick on the last 'Tis not enough your Counsel still be true,	570
Blunt Truths more Mischief than mice Falshoods do, Men must be taught as if you taught them not, And Things unknown propos'd as Things forgot Without Good Breeding, Truth is disapprov'd, That only makes Superior Sense belov'd Be Niggards of Advice on no Pretence,	575
For the worst Avarice is that of Sense With mean Complacence ne'er betray your Trust, Nor be so Civil as to prove Unjust,	580
Fear not the Anger of the Wise to raise, Those best can bear Reproof, who ment Praise 'Twere well, might Criticks still this Freedom take, But Appius reddens at each Word you speak, And stares, Tremendous! with a threatming Eye, Like some fierce Tyrant in Old Tapestiy! Fear most to tax an Honourable Fool,	585
Whose Right it is, uncensur'd to be dull, Such without Wit are Poets when they please, As without Learning they can take Degrees	590

563 Candor] Sweetness of temper, openness or kindness of mind

571 a Critick on the last] That is, a criticism

586 This picture was taken to himself by John Dennis, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic For, as to the mention made of him in ver 270, he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this Abuse of his Person [P]

Pope applied to Dennis the name of one of the characters in his tragedy Applus and Virginia (Drury Lane, Feb 5, 1709), who was as sensitive to criticism as his creator The play was withdrawn after a run of four nights, a failure which made Pope's allusion to Applus all the more stinging

586 stares, Tremendous] The stare was one of Dennis's characteristics,

and 'tremendous' a favourite epithet

588-91 Honourable Degrees] Degrees could be conferred upon privy councillors and others without requiring them to fulfil any of the conditions imposed upon other candidates

Leave dang'rous Truths to unsuccessful Saturs, And Flattery to fulsome Dedicators. Whom, when they Praise, the World believes no more, Than when they promise to give Scribling o'er 595 'Tis best sometimes your Censure to restrain, And charitably let the Dull be vain Your Silence there is better than your Spite, For who can rail so long as they can write? Still humming on, their drowzy Course they keep, 600 And lash'd so long, like Tops, are lash'd asleep False Steps but help them to renew the Race, As after Stumbling, Jades will mend their Pace What Crouds of these, impenitently bold, In Sounds and jingling Syllables grown old, 605 Still run on Poets in a raging Vein, Ev'n to the Dregs and Squeezings of the Brain, Strain out the last, dull droppings of their Sense, And Rhyme with all the Rage of Impotence! Such shameless Bards we have, and yet 'tis true, 610 There are as mad, abandon'd Criticks too The Bookful Blockhead, ignorantly read, With Loads of Learned Lumber in his Head, With his own Tongue still edifies his Ears, 615 And always List'ning to Himself appears All Books he reads, and all he reads assails, From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales With him, most Authors steal their Works, or buy, Garth did not write his own Dispensary Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's Friend, 620 Nay show'd his Faults-but when wou'd Poets mend? No Place so Sacred from such Fops is barr'd, Nor is Paul's Church more safe than Paul's Church-yard Nay, fly to Altars, there they'll talk you dead, For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread

612 The Bookful Blockhead] Nihil pejus est us, qui paullum aliquid ultra primas litteras progressi, falsam sihi scientiæ persuasionem induerunt. Nam & cedere præcipiendi peritis indignantur, & velut jure quodam potestatis, quo ferè hoc hominum genus intumescit, imperiosi, atque interim sævientes, Stultitiam suam perdocent. Quintil lib 1 ch 1 (8) [P]

619 A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author Our poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevail'd, and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten

[b]

623 Between Verse 625 and 626 (623 and 624), In vain you shrug, and sweat, and strive to fly, These know no Manners, but in Poetry Distrustful Sense with modest Caution speaks, It still looks home, and short Excursions makes, But rathing Nonsense in full Volhes breaks, And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside, Bursts out, resistless, with a thundring Tyde! 630 But where's the Man, who Counsel can bestow, Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know? Unbiass'd, or by Favour or by Spite, Not dully prepossest, nor blindly right, Tho' Learn'd, well-bred, and tho' well-bred, sincere, 635 Modestly bold, and Humanly severe? Who to a Friend his Faults can freely show, And gladly praise the Merit of a Foe? Blest with a *Taste* exact, yet unconfin'd, A Knowledge both of Books and Humankind, 640 Gen'rous Converse, a Soul exempt from Pride, And Love to Praise, with Reason on his Side? Such once were Criticks, such the Happy Few, Athens and Rome in better Ages knew The mighty Stagyrite first left the Shore, 645 Spread all his Sails, and durst the Deeps explore, He steer'd securely, and discover'd far, Led by the Light of the Mæoman Star Poets, a Race long unconfin'd and free, Still fond and proud of Savage Liberty, 650 Receiv'd his Laws, and stood convinc'd 'twas fit Who conquer'd Nature, shou'd preside o'er Wit

They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his Grace, To treat of Unities of Time and Place [P]

623 Pope's statement is literally true, for in the seventeenth century St Paul's Cathedral was used regularly as a meeting-place to transact business. The aisles were the recognized haunts of loiteiers, needy adventurers, and broken-down gallants.

640 and Humankind] Pope's conception of the ideal critic is closely related to that of the 'poète honnête homme' in Boileau, L'Art Poét, iv 121-4

64i Gen'rous Converse] Well-bred intercourse 648 Between Verse 650 and 651 (648 and 649),

He when all Nature was subdu'd before, Like his great pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay, A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway Poets, &c [P]

Mæoman Star] Homer Maeonia was the name often given to Lydia, where Homer was supposed to have been born

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM	165
Horace still charms with graceful Negligence, And without Method talks us into Sense, Will like a Friend familiarly convey The truest Notions in the easiest way	655
He, who Supream in Judgment, as in Wit,	
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,	
Yet judg'd with Coolness tho' he sung with Fire,	
His Precepts teach but what his Works inspire	660
Our Criticks take a contrary Extream,	
They judge with Fury, but they write with Fle'me	
Nor suffers <i>Horace</i> more in wrong <i>Translations</i> By <i>Wits</i> , than <i>Criticks</i> in as wrong <i>Ouotations</i>	
See Dionysius Homer's Thoughts refine,	665
And call new Beauties forth from ev'ry Line!	005
Fancy and Art in gay Petronius please,	
The Scholar's Learning, with the Courtier's Ease	
In grave Quintilian's copious Work we find	
The justest Rules, and clearest Method join'd,	670
Thus useful Arms in Magazines we place,	
All rang'd in Order, and dispos'd with Grace,	
But less to please the Eye, than arm the Hand,	
Still fit for Use, and ready at Command	
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,	675
And bless their Critick with a Poet's Fire	
An ardent Judge, who Zealous in his Trust,	
With Warmth gives Sentence, yet is always fust,	
Whose own Example strengthens all his Laws,	680
And Is himself that great Sublime he draws Thus long succeeding Criticks justly reign'd,	600
Lucence repress'd, and useful Laws ordain'd,	
Learning and Rome alike in Empire grew,	
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew,	

656 eassest] In the smoothest and most flowing style

664 than Criticks Than by critics 665 Dionysius of Halicarnassus [P]

671 ff Here Pope applies to Quintilian one of that writer's own favourite comparisons See Inst Orat, II 1 12, VII x 14

From the same Foes, at last, both felt their Doom,

And the same Age saw Learning fall, and Rome With Tyranny, then Superstition 101n'd,

685

684 Eagles flew] The Eagles carried as standards by the Roman armies 686 Rome] Pope here uses an older pronunciation. The modern pronunciation of the word derives from the French, but it had been used by Dryden and Cowley, and elsewhere in the Essay by Pope himself (see 1 248)

As that the Body, this enslav'd the Mind, Much was Believ'd, but little understood, And to be dull was constru'd to be good. 690 A second Deluge Learning thus o'er-run, And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun At length, Erasmus, that great, injur'd Name, (The Glory of the Priesthood, and the Shame!) Stemm'd the wild Torrent of a barb'rous Age. 695 And drove those Holy Vandals off the Stage But see! each Muse, in Leo's Golden Days, Starts from her Trance, and trims her wither'd Bays! Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its Ruins spread, Shakes off the Dust, and rears his rev'rend Head! 700 Then Sculpture and her Sister-Arts revive, Stones leap'd to Form, and Rocks began to live, With sweeter Notes each rising Temple rung, A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung! Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd Brow 705

690 Between Verse 690 and 691 the author omitted these two Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd, When none but Saints had Licence to be proud [P]

693 Erasmus (1466-1576) traditionally has occupied an ambiguous position in the history of religious controversy. Although ordained a priest, he attacked the abuses of the clergy and influenced in important respects the course of the Reformation. Congenial as he was to the Protestant and humanist spirit of his time, he yet remained loyal to the Roman Catholic Church.

694 Erasmus was the 'glory' of the priesthood because of his learning, and its 'shame' because of the treatment he recuived at its hands

697 Leo's Golden Days] Saecla Leoms, Saecla Aurea The election of Leo X to the Papal throne (1513) was hailed by humanists on all sides as the end of an iron age and as a return to a Golden Age of art and learning He was patron to such scholars, poets, and artists as Lascaris, Bembo, Raphael, Michelangelo, Bramante The humanist tradition in which Pope wrote exaggerated heavily the very real praise due to Leo X's patronage of art Much that his predecessors initiated and accomplished was credited to Leo's reign

698 trims] Perhaps here means restores

702 ff This whole paragraph recalls the myth of Amphion, who moved the stones of Thebes into place by the music of his lyre Pope is imitating the passage in Ovid (Met., xv 418-35) which recalls Amphion and also describes the transfer of glory from ancient city to ancient city, and finally suggests that Rome is to be the capital of the world

704 Raphael For many in Pope's age Raphael Santi (1483-1520) was

pre-emmently 'sublime' in his genius

705 Immortal Vida] M Hieronymus Vida, an excellent Latin Poet, who writ an Art of Poetry in Verse He flourish'd in the time of Leo the Tenth [P]

Vida (1490?-1566) wrote didactic poems in Latin, and Pope had care-

The Poet's Bays and Critick's Ivy grow Cremona now shall ever boast thy Name. As next in Place to Mantua, next in Fame! But soon by Impious Arms from Latium chas'd, Their ancient Bounds the banish'd Muses past, 710 Thence Arts o'er all the Northern World advance. But Critic Learning flourish'd most in France The Rules, a Nation born to serve, obeys, And Boileau still in Right of Horace sways But we, brave Britons, Foreign Laws despis'd, 715 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd, Fierce for the Liberties of Wit, and bold, We still defv'd the Romans, as of old Yet some there were, among the sounder Few Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 720 Who durst assert the juster Ancient Cause, And here restor'd Wit's Fundamental Laws Such was the Muse, whose Rules and Practice tell. Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well

fully studied his Poetica 'The game of Ombre in The Rape of the Lock had a measure of debt to Vida's Game of Chess

706 Critick's Ivy] Pope seems to have been the first to crown a critic with ivy, normally associated not only with poets but with learned men 709 Impious Arms] The reference is to the Sack of Rome in 1527 by the troops of the Emperor Charles V under the leadership of the Duke of Bourbon

713 A reflexion on the servility of the French, who submitted to the despotic government of Louis XIV, as contrasted with the independence of the 'brave Britons', who had within the limits of half-a-century cut off

the head of one king and expelled another

724 Essay on Poetry, by the Duke of Buckingham Our Poet is not the only one of his time who complimented this Essay, and its noble Author Mr Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the Æneid, and Dr Garth in the first Edition of his Dispensary says,

The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees.

But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England-Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II On which account after having strongly patronized Mr Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of This Nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr Dryden before,

the Muse's friend, Himself a Muse In Sanadrin's debate True to his prince, but not a slave of state Abs and Achit (1877–9)

Such was Roscomon—not more learn'd than good. 725 With Manners gen'rous as his Noble Blood, To him the Wit of Greece and Rome was known, And ev'ry Author's Merit, but his own Such late was Walsh,—the Muse's Judge and Friend, Who justly knew to blame or to commend. 730 To Failings mild, but zealous for Desert, The clearest Head, and the sincerest Heart This humble Praise, lamented Shade! receive, This Praise at least a grateful Muse may give! The Muse, whose early Voice you taught to Sing, 735 Prescrib'd her Heights, and prun'd her tender Wing. (Her Guide now lost) no more attempts to rise. But in low Numbers short Excursions tries Content, if hence th' Unlearn'd their Wants may view, The Learn'd reflect on what before they knew 740 Careless of Censure, nor too fond of Fame, Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame, Averse alike to Flatter, or Offend, Not free from Faults, nor vet too vain to mend

Our Author was more happy, he was honour d very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem [P]

725 Roscomon Wentworth Dillon, fourth Earl of Roscommon (1633?—1685), translated Horace's Art of Poetry (1680) and wrote An Essay on Translated Verse (1684), in the second edn (1685) of which he was one of the first publicly to pruse Milton's Par Lost

734 f Muse Pope himself prun'd To trim or dress the feathers with the beak

Epistle to Miss Blount, With the Works of Voiture

[written c 1710, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1712]

In these gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces shine, And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line, His easie Art may happy Nature seem. Trifles themselves are Elegant in him Sure to charm all was his peculiar Fate, 5 Who without Flatt'ry pleas'd the Fair and Great, Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read. With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred, His Heart, his Mistress and his Friend did share, His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair 10 Thus wisely careless, innocently gay, Chearful, he play'd the Trifle, Life, away, 'Til Fate scarce felt his gentle Breath supprest, As smiling Infants sport themselves to Rest Ev'n Rival Wits did Voiture's Death deplore, 15 And the Gay mourn'd who never mourn'd before, The truest Hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with Sighs, Voiture was wept by all the brightest Eves. The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in Voiture's Death, But that for ever in his Lines they breath 20 Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be A long, exact, and serious Comedy, In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach, And, if it can, at once both Please and Preach Let mine, an innocent gay Farce appear, 25 And more Diverting still than Regular, Have Humour, Wit, a native Ease and Grace, Tho' not too strictly bound to Time and Place Criticks in Wit, or Life, are hard to please, Few write to those, and none can live to these 30 Too much your Sex is by their Forms confin'd, Severe to all, but most to Womankind, Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your Guide Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride,

Title Voiture] Vincent de Voiture (1598-1648), French poet and letter-writer

By nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame, Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chace, But sets up One, a greater, in their Place, Well might you wish for Change, by those accurst,	35
But the last Tyrant ever proves the worst	40
Still in Constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,	40
Or bound in formal, or in real Chains,	
Whole Years neglected for some Months ador'd,	
The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord,	
Ah quit not the free Innocence of Life!	45
For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife!	-13
Nor let false Shows, or empty Titles please	
Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease	
The Gods, to curse Pamela with her Pray'rs,	
Gave the gilt Coach and dappled Flanders Mares,	50
The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,	_
And to compleat her Bliss, a Fool for Mate	
She glares in Balls, Front-boxes, and the Ring,	
A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!	
Pride, Pomp, and State but reach her outward Part,	55
She sighs, and is no Dutchess at her Heart	
But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you	
Are destin'd Hymen's willing Victim too,	
Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,	
Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms,	60
Good Humour only teaches Charms to last,	
Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past	
Love, rais'd on Beauty, will like That decay,	
Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a Day,	
As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn,	65
A Morning's Pleasure, and at Evening torn	
This binds in Ties more easie, yet more strong,	
The willing Heart, and only holds it long	
Thus Voiture's early Care still shone the same,	
And Monthausier was only chang'd in Name	70
By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm.	

53 The Ring] Where the carriages of fashionable society drove in Hyde Park

⁶¹ cf p 238, l 30, p 569, l 292
69 Voiture's early care] Madamoiselle Paulet [P] Daughter of Charles
Paulet, Secretary of the King's Bed-Chamber
70 Monthauser] Julie Lucine d'Angennes, duchesse de Monthauser (1607-71), eldest daughter of the Marquise de Rambouillet, one of Voiture's principal correspondents

Their Wit still sparkling and their Flames still warm	
Now crown'd with Myrtle, on th' Elysian Coast,	
Amid those Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost,	
Pleas'd while with Smiles his happy Lines you view,	75
And finds a fairer Rambouillet in you	
The brightest Eyes of France inspir'd his Muse,	
The brightest Eyes of Britain now peruse,	
And dead as living, 'tis our Author's Pride,	
Still to charm those who charm the World beside	80

The Temple of Fame

Written in the Year 1711 [published 1715]

ADVERTISEMENT

The Hint of the following Piece was taken from Chaucer's House of Fame The Design is in a manner entirely alter'd, the Descriptions and most of the particular Thoughts¹ my own Yet I could not suffer it to be printed without this Acknowledgement, or think a Concealment of this Nature the less unfair for being common The Reader who would compare this with Chaucer, may begin with his Third Book of Fame, there being nothing in the Two first Books that answers to their Title ²

[NOTE]

Some modern Criticks, from a pretended Refinement of Taste, have declar'd themselves unable to relish allegorical Poems 'Tis not easy to penetrate into the meaning of this Criticism, for if Fable be allow'd one of the chief Beauties, or as Aristotle calls it, the very Soul of Poetry, 'tis hard to comprehend how that Fable should be the less valuable for having a Moral The Ancients constantly made use of Allegories My Lord Bacon has compos'd an express Treatise in proof of this, entitled, The Wisdom of the Antients, where the Reader may see several particular Fictions exemplify'd and explain'd with great Clearness, Judgment and Learning The Incidents indeed, by which the Allegory is convey'd, must be vary'd, according to the different Genius or Manners of different Times and they should never be soun too long, or too much clog'd with trivial Circumstances, or little Particularities We find an uncommon Charm in Truth, when it is convey'd by this Side-way to our Understanding, and 'tis observable, that even in the most ignorant Ages this way of Writing has found Reception Almost all the Poems in the old Provencal had this Turn, and from these it was that Petrarch took the Idea of his Poetry We have his Trionfi in this kind, and Boccace³ pursu'd in the same Track Soon after Chaucer introduc'd it here, whose Romaunt of the Rose, Court of Love, Flower and the Leaf,4 House of Fame, and some others of his Writings are Master-pieces of this sort In Epick Poetry, 'tis true, too nice and exact a Pursuit of the Allegory is justly esteem'd

¹ particular Thoughts] thoughts on particular heroes

² The Reader Title] Pope takes a few details from Book 11, and specifies two of them in his notes on 11 ff and 428 ff

^{*} Boccace] Canto vi of Boccaccio's Amorosa Visione includes a Triumpho di Gloria

^{*}Flower and the Leaf] First suspected as apocryphal by Tyrwhitt

a fault, and Chaucer had the Discernment to avoid it in his Knight's Tale, which was an Attempt towards an Epick Poem Ariosto, with less nudement, gave intirely into it in his Orlando, which the carry'd to an Excess, had yet so much Reputation in Italy, that Tasso (who reduc'd Heroick Poetry to the juster Standard of the Antients) was forc'd to prefix to his Work a scrupulous Explanation of the Allegory of it, to which the Fable it-self could scarce have directed his Readers Our Countryman Spencer follow'd, whose Poem is almost intirely allegorical, and imitates the manner of Ariosto rather than that of Tasso Upon the whole, one may observe this sort of Writing (however discontinu'd of late) was in all Times so far from being rejected by the best Poets, that some of them have rather err'd by insisting on it too closely, and carrying it too far And that to infer from thence that the Allegory it-self is vicious, is a presumptuous Contradiction to the Judgment and Practice of the greatest Genius's, both antient and modern [P]

> In that soft Season when descending Showers Call forth the Greens, and wake the rising Flowers, When opening Buds salute the welcome Day, And Earth relenting feels the Genial Ray, As balmy Sleep had charm'd my Cares to Rest, 5 And Love it self was banish'd from my Breast. (What Time the Morn mysterious Visions brings, While purer Slumbers spread their golden Wings) A Train of Phantoms in wild Order rose. And, 10m'd, this Intellectual Scene compose TO I stood, methought, betwixt Earth, Seas, and Skies, The whole Creation open to my Eves In Air self-ballanc'd hung the Globe below, Where Mountains rise, and circling Oceans flow, Here naked Rocks, and empty Wastes were seen, 15 There Tow'ry Cities, and the Forests green Here sailing Ships delight the wand'ring Eyes, There Trees, and intermingl'd Temples rise Now a clear Sun the shining Scene displays, The transient Landscape now in Clouds decays 20 O'er the wide Prospect as I gaz'd around, Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous Sound,

⁴ relenting] 'melt[ing] under the influence of heat' (OED)
10 Intellectual] Ideal, perceived by the intellect, not the senses
11 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 11 389 ff

Like broken Thunders that at distance roar, Or Billows murm'ring on the hollow Shoar Then gazing up, a glorious Pile beheld, Whose tow'ring Summit ambient Clouds conceal'd High on a Rock of Ice the Structure lay, Steep its Ascent, and slipp'ry was the Way,	.5
The wond'rous Rock like Parian Marble shone, And seem'd to distant Sight of solid Stone Inscriptions here of various Names I view'd, The greater Part by hostile Time subdu'd,	C
Yet wide was spread their Fame in Ages past, And Poets once had promis'd they should last Some fresh ingrav'd appear'd of Wits renown'd, I look'd again, nor cou'd their Trace be found Criticks I saw, that other Names deface,	5
And fix their own with Labour in their place Their own like others soon their Place resign'd, Or disappear'd, and left the first behind Nor was the Work impair'd by Storms alone, But felt th'Approaches of too warm a Sun,	c
For Fame, impatient of Extreams, decays Not more by Envy than Excess of Praise Yet Part no Injuries of Heav'n cou'd feel, Like Crystal faithful to the graving Steel The Rock's high Summit, in the Temple's Shade,	.5
Nor Heat could melt, nor beating Storm invade There Names inscrib'd unnumber'd Ages past From Time's first Birth, with Time it self shall last, These ever new, nor subject to Decays, Spread, and grow brighter with the Length of Days So Zembla's Rocks (the beauteous Work of Frost) Rise white in Air, and glitter o'er the Coast,	c

26 ambient] 'surrounding as a fluid, circumfused' (OED)

41 ff Pope's notes quote Chaucer in 58 ff 61 ff

²⁷ ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 26 ff 31 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 46 ff

⁵³⁻⁶⁰ Tho a strict Verisimilitude be not required in the Descriptions of this visionary and allegorical kind of Poetry, which admits of every wild Object that Fancy may present in a Dream, and where it is sufficient if the moral Meaning atone for the Improbability Yet Men are naturally so desirous of Truth, that a Reader is generally pleased, in such a Case, with some Excuse or Allusion that seems to reconcile the Description to Probability and Nature The Simile here is of that sort, and renders it not wholly unlikely that a Rock of Ice should remain for ever, by mentioning something like it in the Northern Regions, agreeing with the Accounts of our modern Travellers [P]

THE TEMPLE OF FAME	175
Pale Suns, unfelt, at distance roll away, And on th' impassive Ice the Lightnings play Eternal Snows the growing Mass supply, Till the bright Mountains prop th' incumbent Sky As Atlas fix'd, each hoary Pile appears,	55
The gather'd Winter of a thousand Years On this Foundation Fame's high Temple stands, Stupendous Pile! not rear'd by mortal Hands Whate'er proud Rome, or artful Greece beheld, Or elder Babylon, its Frame excell'd	60
Four Faces had the Dome, and ev'ry Face Of various Structure, but of equal Grace Four brazen Gates, on Columns lifted high, Salute the diff'rent Quarters of the Sky Here fabled Chiefs in darker Ages born,	65
Or Worthys old, whom Arms or Arts adorn, Who Cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous Race, The Walls in venerable Order grace Heroes in animated Marble frown, And Legislators seem to think in Stone	70
Westward, a sumptuous Frontispiece appear'd, On Doric Pillars of white Marble rear'd, Crown'd with an Architrave of antique Mold, And Sculpture rising on the roughen'd Gold In shaggy Spoils here <i>Theseus</i> was beheld,	75
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's Shield There great Alcides stooping with his Toil, Rests on his Club, and holds th' Hesperian Spoil Here Orpheus sings, Trees moving to the Sound Start from their Roots, and form a Shade around	80

65 Dome] in its meaning of (dignified) building (Latin, domus) Contrast 1 90 below

75 Frontispiece] 'The principal face or front of a building, "but the term is more usually applied to the decorated entrance of a building" '(OED)

81 f This Figure of Hercules is drawn with an eye to the Position [= posture] of the famous Statue of Farnese [P]

83 ff Orpheus and Amphion symbolize the civilizing virtues of poetry in primitive times

⁶⁵ ff The Temple is describ'd to be square, the four Fronts with open Gates facing the different Quarters of the World, as an Intimation that all Nations of the Earth may alike be receiv'd into it. The Western Front is of Grecian Architecture the Dorick Order was peculiarly sacred to Heroes and Worthies Those whose Statues are after mention'd, were the first Names of old Greece in Arms and Arts [P]

Amphion there the loud creating Lyre	0~
Strikes, and behold a sudden Thebes aspire!	85
Cythæron's Ecchoes answer to his Call,	
And half the Mountain rolls into a Wall	
There might you see the length'ning Spires ascend,	
The Domes swell up, the widening Arches bend,	90
The growing Tow'rs like Exhalations rise,	
And the huge Columns heave into the Skies	
The Eastern Front was glorious to behold,	
With Diamond flaming, and Barbaric Gold	
There Ninus shone, who spread th' Assyrian Fame,	95
And the Great Founder of the Persian Name	
There in long Robes the Royal Magi stand,	
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling Wand	
The Sage Chaldwans rob'd in White appear'd,	
And Brachmans deep in desart Woods rever'd	100
These stop'd the Moon, and call'd th' unbody'd Shad	.es
To Midnight Banquets in the glimmering Glades,	
Made visionary Fabricks round them rise,	
And airy Spectres skim before their Eyes,	
Of Talismans and Sigils knew the Pow'r,	105
And careful watch'd the Planetary Hour	20)
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,	
Who taught that useful Science, to be good	
But on the South a long Majestic Race	
Of Ægypt's Priests the gilded Niches grace,	110
Who measur'd Earth, describ'd the Starry Spheres,	110
And trac'd the long Records of Lunar Years	
High on his Car Sesostris struck my View, Whom scenter'd Slaves in golden Harness drew	
Whom scenier a diaves in voicen marness arew	

97-108 ff Cyrus was the Beginning of the Persian, as Ninus was of the Assyrian Monarchy The Magi and Chaldeans (the chief of whom was Zoroaster) employ'd their Studies upon Magick and Astrology, which was in a manner almost all the Learning of the antient Asian People We have scarce any Account of a moral Philosopher except Confucius, the great Lawgiver of the Chinese, who liv'd about two thousand Years ago [P]

104 f A sigil was 'an occult sign or device supposed to have mysterious powers' (OED), at a 'Planetary Hour' the planets stood in significant

conjunctions

109-18 The Learning of the old Egyptian Priests consisted for the most part in Geometry and Astronomy They also preserv'd the History of their Nation Their greatest Hero upon Record is Sesostiis, whose Actions and Conquests may be seen at large in Diodorus, & che is said to have caus'd the Kings he vanquish'd to draw him in his Chariot The Posture of his Statue, in these Verses, is correspondent to the Description which Herodotus gives of one of them remaining in his own time [P]

THE TEMPLE OF FAME	177
His Hands a Bow and pointed Jav'lin hold, His Giant Limbs are arm'd in Scales of Gold Between the Statues Obelisks were plac'd, And the Learn'd Walls with Hieroglyphics grac'd Of Gothic Structure was the Northern Side,	115
O'er-wrought with Ornaments of barb'rous Pride There huge Colosses rose, with Trophies crown'd, And Rumc Characters were grav'd around There sate Zamolxis with erected Eyes, And Odin here in mimick Trances dies	120
There, on rude Iron Columns smear'd with Blood, The horrid Forms of <i>Scytman</i> Heroes stood, <i>Druds</i> and <i>Bards</i> (their once loud Harps unstrung) And Youths that dy'd to be by Poets sung	125
These and a Thousand more of doubtful Fame, To whom old Fables gave a lasting Name, In Ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward Face, The Wall in Lustre and Effect like Glass, Which o'er each Object casting various Dies, Enlarges some, and others multiplies	130
Nor void of Emblem was the mystic Wall, For thus Romantick Fame increases all The Temple shakes, the sounding Gates unfold, Wide Vaults appear, and Roofs of fretted Gold Rais'd on a thousand Pillars, wreath'd around	135
With Lawrel-Foliage, and with Eagles crown'd Of bright, transparent Beryl were the Walls, The Freezes Gold, and Gold the Capitals As Heaven with Stars, the Roof with Jewels glows, And ever-living Lamps depend in Rows	140
Full in the Passage of each spacious Gate The sage Historians in white Garments wait.	145

rig ff The Architecture is agreeable to that part of the World The Learning of the Northern Nations lay more obscure than that of the rest Zamolkis was the Disciple of Pythagoras, who taught the Immortality of the Soul to the Scythians Odin, or Woden, was the great Legislator and Hero of the Goths They tell us of him that being subject to Fits, he persuaded his Followers, that during those Trances he received Inspirations from whence he dictated his Laws He is said to have been the Inventor of the Runic Characters [P]

127 ff These were the Priests and Poets of those People, so celebrated for their savage Virtue Those heroick Barbarians accounted it a Dishonour to die in their Beds, and rush'd on to certain Death in the Prospect of an After-Life, and for the Glory of a Song from their Bards in Praise of their Actions [P]

132 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 199 ff

Grav'd o'er their Seats the Form of <i>Time</i> was found, His Scythe revers'd, and both his Pinions bound Within, stood Heroes who thro' loud Alarms In bloody Fields pursu'd Renown in Arms High on a Throne with Trophies charg'd, I view'd The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd, His Feet on Sceptres and <i>Tiara's</i> trod,	150
And his horn'd Head bely'd the Lybian God There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minerva's, shone, Cæsar, the World's great Master, and his own,	155
Unmov'd, superior still in every State, And scarce detested in his Country's Fate But chief were those who not for Empire fought, But with their Toils their People's Safety bought High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood,	160
Timoleon, glorious in his Brother's Blood, Bold Scipio, Saviour of the Roman State, Great in his Triumphs, in Retirement great And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught Mind With boundless Pow'r unbounded Virtue join'd, His own strict Judge, and Patron of Mankind	165
Much-suff'ring Heroes next their Honours claim, Those of less noisy, and less guilty Fame, Fair Virtue's silent Train Supreme of these Here ever shines the Godlike Socrates He whom ungrateful Athens cou'd expel,	170
At all times Just, but when he sign'd the Shell Here his Abode the martyr'd <i>Phocion</i> claims, With Agis, not the last of Spartan Names Unconquer'd Cato shews the Wound he tore, And Brutus his ill Genius meets no more	175

147 f The reversing of insignia or emblems indicated dishonour in heraldry

152 Alexander the Great The Tista was the Crown peculiar to the Asian Princes His Desire to be thought the Son of Jupiter Ammon caus'd him to wear the Horns of that God, and to represent the same upon his Coins, which was continu'd by several of his Successors [P]

154 bely] = to counterfeit

162 Timoleon had sav'd the Life of his Brother Timophanes in the Battel between the Argives and Corinthians, but afterwards kill'd him when he affected the Tyranny, preferring his Duty to his Country to all the Obligations of Blood [P]

172-5 Aristides, who for his great Integrity was distinguish'd by the Appellation of the Just When his Countrymen would have banish'd him by the Ostracism, where it was the Custom for every Man to sign the Name of the Person he voted to Exile in an Oysters Shell a Peasant, who could not write, came to Aiistides to do it for him, who readily sign'd his own Name [P]

205

Four Swans sustain a Carr of Silver bright, 210 178-243 In the midst of the Temple, nearest the Throne of Fame, are plac'd the greatest Names in Learning of all Antiquity These are describ'd in such Attitudes as express their different Characters The Columns on which they are rais'd are adorn'd with Sculptures, taken from the most striking Subjects of their Works, which Sculpture bears a Resemblance in its Manner and Character, to the Manner and Character of their Writings [P]

Troy flam'd in burning Gold, and o'er the Throne Arms and the Man in Golden Cyphers shone

179 ff Pope's notes quote Chaucer 111 331 ff, 375 ff 196 Pope's note quote Chaucer 111 391 ff

Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral Pyie, Æneas bending with his aged Sire

198 labour'd] having had great pains expended on its decoration

²¹⁰⁻²¹ Pindar being seated in a Chariot, alludes to the Chariot-Races he celebrated in the Grecian Games The Swans are Emblems of Poetry, their soaring Posture intimates the Sublimity and Activity of his Genius Neptune presided over the Isthmian, and Jupiter over the Olympian Games [P]

With Heads advanc'd, and Pinions stretch'd for Flight Here, like some furious Prophet, Pindar rode, And seem'd to labour with th' inspiring God A-cross the Harp a careless Hand he flings. And boldly sinks into the sounding Strings, 215 The figur'd Games of Greece the Column grace, Neptune and Yove survey the rapid Race The Youths hang o'er their Charlots as they run, The fiery Steeds seem starting from the Stone. The Champions in distorted Postures threat, 220 And all appear'd Irregularly great Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausoman Lyre To sweeter Sounds, and temper'd Pindar's Fire Pleas'd with Alcœus' manly Rage t'infuse The softer Spirit of the Sapphick Muse 225 The polish'd Pillar diff'rent Sculptures grace, A Work outlasting Monumental Brass Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear, The Julian Star, and Great Augustus here The Doves that round the Infant Poet spread 230 Myrtles and Bays, hung hov'ring o'er his Head

222 Horace] This expresses the must Character of the Odes of Horace The second of these Verses alludes to that Line of his

Spiritum Graiæ tenuem Camænæ [Odes, II xvi 38]

As another which follows, to

Exegi Monumentium ære perennius

The Action of the Doves hints at a passage in the 4th Ode of his third Book,

Me fabulose Vulture in Appulo,
Altricis extra limen Apulia,
Ludo fatigatumque somno,
Fronde novi puerum Palumbes
Texère, mirum quod foret omnibus—
Ut tuto ab atris corpore viperis
Dormirem & ursis ut premerer sacra
Lauroque, collataque myrto,
Non sine Dis animosus infans

Which may be thus english'd,

While yet a Child, I chanc'd to stray, And in a Desert sleeping lay, The savage Race withdrew, nor dar'd To touch the Muses future Bard But Cytheræa's gentle Dove Myrtles and Bays around me spread, And crown'd your Infant Poet's Head, Sacred to Musick and to Love [P]

Ausoman] = Italian

Here in a Shrine that cast a dazling Light, Sate fix'd in Thought the mighty Stagyrite, His Sacred Head a radiant Zodiack crown'd, And various Animals his Sides surround, His piercing Eyes, erect, appear to view Superior Worlds, and look all Nature thro'	235
With equal Rays immortal Tully shone, The Roman Rostra deck'd the Consul's Throne Gath'ring his flowing Robe, he seem'd to stand, In Act to speak, and graceful, stretch'd his Hand Behind, Rome's Genus waits with Civic Crowns, And the Great Father of his Country owns	240
These massie Columns in a Circle rise, O'er which a pompous Dome invades the Skies Scarce to the Top I stretch'd my aking Sight, So large it spread, and swell'd to such a Height	245
Full in the midst, proud Fame's Imperial Seat With Jewels blaz'd, magnificently great, The vivid Em'ralds there revive the Eye, The flaming Rubies shew their sanguine Dye, Bright azure Rays from lively Saphirs stream,	250
And lucid Amber casts a Golden Gleam With various-colour'd Light the Pavement shone, And all on fire appear'd the glowing Throne, The Dome's high Arch reflects the mingled Blaze, And forms a Rainbow of alternate Rays	255
When on the Goddess first I cast my Sight, Scarce seem'd her Stature of a Cubit's height, But swell'd to larger Size, the more I gaz'd, Till to the Roof her tow'ring Front she rais'd With her, the Temple ev'ry Moment grew,	260
And ampler Vista's open'd to my View, Upward the Columns shoot, the Roofs ascend, And Arches widen, and long Iles extend Such was her Form, as antient Bards have told, Wings raise her Arms, and Wings her Feet infold,	265
A Thousand busy Tongues the Goddess bears, And Thousand open Eyes, and Thousand list'ning Ears Beneath, in Order rang'd, the tuneful Nine (Her Virgin Handmaids) still attend the Shrine	s 270

238 equal Combining the meanings (a) equal to the rays cast around Aristotle, (b) even, equable
259 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer iii 279 ff
270 ff Pope's notes quote Chaucer iii 307 ff, 431 ff

With Eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing,	
For Fame they raise the Voice, and tune the String	
With Time's first Birth began the Heav'nly Lays,	
And last Eternal thro' the Length of Days	275
Around these Wonders as I cast a Look,	~/3
The Trumpet sounded, and the Temple shook,	
And all the Nations, summon'd at the Call,	
From diff'rent Quarters fill the crowded Hall	
Of various Tongues the mingled Sounds were heard,	-0-
In various Garbs promiscuous Throngs appear'd,	280
Thick as the Bees, that with the Spring renew	
Their flow'ry Toils, and sip the fragrant Dew,	
When the wing'd Colonies first tempt the Sky,	_
O'er dusky Fields and shaded Waters fly,	285
Or settling, seize the Sweets the Blossoms yield,	
And a low Murmur runs along the Field	
Millions of suppliant Crowds the Shrine attend,	
And all Degrees before the Goddess bend,	
The Poor, the Rich, the Valiant, and the Sage,	290
And boasting Youth, and Narrative old Age	
Their Pleas were diff'rent, their Request the same,	
For Good and Bad alike are fond of Fame	
Some she disgrac'd, and some with Honours crown'd,	
Unlike Successes equal Merits found	295
Thus her blind Sister, fickle Fortune reigns,	
And undiscerning, scatters Crowns and Chains	
First at the Shrine the Learned World appear,	
And to the Goddess thus prefer their Prayer	
Long have we sought t'instruct and please Mankind,	300
With Studies pale, with Midnight Vigils blind,	J
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,	
We here appeal to thy superior Throne	
On Wit and Learning the just Prize bestow,	
For Fame is all we must expect below	305
The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise	505
The Golden Trumpet of eternal Praise	
From Pole to Pole the Winds diffuse the Sound,	
That fills the Circuit of the World around	
Not all at once, as Thunder breaks the Cloud,	210
The Notes at first were rather sweet than loud	310
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,	
Fill the wide Earth, and gain upon the Skies	
A	

284 tempt] Cf Windsor-Forest, 1 389n (p 209) 294 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 448 ff

345 What Virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone Ambitious Fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd) 350 Be all your Acts in dark Oblivion drown'd, There sleep forgot, with mighty Tyrants gone, Your Statues moulder'd, and your Names unknown

318 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 567 ff 328 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 516 ff 340 purple] brilliant &c (OED, sense 3 a)

A sudden Cloud strait snatch'd them from my Sight, And each Majestic Phantom sunk in Night Then came the smallest Tribe I yet had seen, Plain was their Dress, and modest was their Mein	355
Great Idol of Mankind! we neither claim The Praise of Merit, nor aspire to Fame, But safe in Desarts from th' Applause of Men, Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from Sight Those Acts of Goodness, which themselves requite	360
O let us still the secret Joy partake, To follow Virtue ev'n for Virtue's sake And live there Men who slight immortal Fame?	365
Who then with Incense shall adore our Name? But Mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest Pride, To blaze those Virtues which the Good would hide Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful Breath, These must not sleep in Darkness and in Death She said in Air the trembling Musick floats,	370
And on the Winds triumphant swell the Notes, So soft, the high, so loud, and yet so clear, Ev'n list'ning Angels lean'd from Heaven to hear To farthest Shores th' Ambrosial Spirit flies, Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies	375
Next these a youthful Train their Vows exprest, With Feathers crown'd, with gay Embroid'ry drest, Hither, they cry'd, direct your Eyes, and see The Men of Pleasure, Dress, and Gallantry Ours is the Place at Banquets, Balls and Plays,	3 80
Sprightly our Nights, polite are all our Days, Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing Care To pay due Visits, and address the Fair In fact, 'tis true, no Nymph we cou'd persuade, But still in Fancy vanquish'd ev'ry Maid,	385
Of unknown Dutchesses leud Tales we tell, Yet would the World believe us, all were well The Joy let others have, and we the Name, And what we want in Pleasure, grant in Fame	390

356 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer iii 613 ff 376 Spirit] 'a breath (of wind or air)' (OED, sense iv 15) 377 This line is repeated at Epil to Satires, Dial ii 245 (p 703) 378 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer iii 637 ff 388 unknown] in a double sense of social and sexual knowledge

The Queen assents, the Trumpet rends the Skies, And at each Blast a Lady's Honour dies Pleas'd with the strange Success, vast Numbers prest	
Around the Shrine, and made the same Request	
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in Arts to please,	395
Slaves to your selves, and ev'n fatigu'd with Ease,	
Who lose a Length of undeserving Days,	
Wou'd you usurp the Lover's dear-bought Praise?	
To just Contempt, ye vain Pretenders, fall,	400
The People's Fable, and the Scorn of all	
Strait the black Clarion sends a horrid Sound,	
Loud Laughs burst out, and bitter Scoffs fly round,	
Whispers are heard, with Taunts reviling loud,	
And scornful Hisses run thro all the Croud	405
Last, those who boast of mighty Mischiefs done,	
Enslave their Country, or usurp a Throne,	
Or who their Glory's dire Foundation laid,	
On Sovereigns ruin'd, or on Friends betray'd,	
Calm, thinking Villains, whom no Faith cou'd fix,	410
Of crooked Counsels and dark Politicks,	
Of these a gloomy Tribe surround the Throne, And beg to make th' immortal Treasons known	
The Trumpet roars, long flaky Flames expire,	
With Sparks, that seem'd to set the World on fire	415
At the dread Sound, pale Mortals stood aghast, And startled Nature trembled with the Blast	
This having heard and seen, some Pow'r unknown	•
Strait chang'd the Scene, and snatch'd me from the Thron Before my View appear'd a Structure fair,	
	420
Its Site uncertain, if in Earth or Air,	
With rapid Motion turn'd the Mansion round, With ceaseless Noise the ringing Walls resound	
Not less in Number were the spacious Doors,	
Than Leaves on Trees, or Sands upon the Shores,	425
Which still unfolded stand, by Night, by Day,	425
Pervious to Winds, and open ev'ry way As Flames by Nature to the Skies ascend,	
As weighty Bodies to the Center tend,	
As to the Sea returning Rivers roll.	430

406 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 721 ff 414 Flake = 'a detached portion of flame' (OED) 418 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 828 ff 428 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 11 221 ff

And the touch'd Needle trembles to the Pole Hither, as to their proper Place, arise All various Sounds from Earth, and Seas, and Skies, Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the Ear, Nor ever Silence, Rest or Peace in here 435 As on the smooth Expanse of Chrystal Lakes, The sinking Stone at first a Circle makes, The trembling Surface, by the Motion stir'd, Spreads in a second Circle, then a third, Wide, and more wide, the floating Rings advance, 440 Fill all the wat'ry Plain, and to the Margin dance Thus ev'ry Voice and Sound, when first they break, On neighb'ring Air a soft Impression make, Another ambient Circle then they move. That, in its turn, impels the next above, 445 Thro undulating Air the Sounds are sent, And spread o'er all the fluid Element There various News I heard, of Love and Strife, Of Peace and War, Health, Sickness, Death, and Life, Of Loss and Gain, of Famine and of Store, 450 Of Storms at Sea, and Travels on the Shore. Of Prodigies, and Portents seen in Air, Of Fires and Plagues, and Stars with blazing Hair. Of Turns of Fortune, Changes in the State, The Falls of Fav'rites, Projects of the Great, 455 Of old Mismanagements, Taxations new-All neither wholly false, nor wholly true Above, below, without, within, around, Confus'd, unnumber'd Multitudes are found, Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away, 460 Hosts rais'd by Fear, and Phantoms of a Day Astrologers, that future Fates foreshew, Projectors, Quacks, and Lawyers not a few, And Priests and Party-Zealots, num'rous Bands With home-born Lives, or Tales from foreign Lands, 465 Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret Place, And wild Impatience star'd in ev'ry Face The flying Rumours gather'd as they roll'd.

⁴⁴⁸ ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer in 871 ff
453 Stars Hair] = comets
458 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer in 944 ff
463 Projectors] = 'promotor of bubble companies, a speculator'
(OED)

THE TEMPLE OF FAME	187
Scarce any Tale was sooner heard than told, And all who told it, added something new, And all who heard it, made Enlargements too, In ev'ry Ear it spread, on ev'ry Tongue it grew	470
Thus flying East and West, and North and South, News travel'd with Increase from Mouth to Mouth, So from a Spark that kindled first by Chance, With gath'ring Force the quick'ning Flames advance, Till to the Clouds their curling Heads aspire, And Tow'rs and Temples sink in Floods of Fire	475
When thus ripe Lyes are to perfection sprung, Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal Tongue, Thro thousand Vents, impatient forth they flow, And rush in Millions on the World below	480
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their Course, Their Date determines, and prescribes their Force Some to remain, and some to perish soon, Or wane and wax alternate like the Moon Around, a thousand winged Wonders fly,	485
Born by the Trumpet's Blast, and scatter'd thro the Sky There, at one Passage, oft you might survey A Lye and Truth contending for the way, And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent, Which first should issue thro the narrow Vent	490
At last agreed, together out they fly, Inseparable now, the Truth and Lye, The strict Companions are for ever join'd, And this or that unmix'd, no Mortal e'er shall find While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,	495
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my Ear, What cou'd thus high thy rash Ambition raise? Art thou, fond Youth, a Candidate for Praise? 'Tis true, said I, not void of Hopes I came, For who so fond as youthful Bards of Fame?	500
But few, alas! the casual Blessing boast, So hard to gain, so easy to be lost How vain that second Life in others' Breath, Th' Estate which Wits inherit after Death!	505

489 ff Pope's note quotes Chaucer 111 998 ff
497 ff] The hint is taken from a passage in another part of the third book
<778 ff>, but here more naturally made the conclusion, with the addition of a
Moral to the whole In Chaucer, he only answers 'he came to see the place('>,
and the book ends abruptly, with his being surprized at the sight of a Man of
great authority and awakning in a fright [P]

Ease, Health, and Life, for this they must resign, (Unsure the Tenure, but how vast the Fine!) The Great Man's Curse without the Gains endure, Be envy'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor, 510 All luckless Wits their Enemies profest. And all successful, jealous Friends at best Nor Fame I slight, nor for her Favours call. She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all But if the Purchase costs so dear a Price, 515 As soothing Folly, or exalting Vice Oh! if the Muse must flatter lawless Sway, And follow still where Fortune leads the way, Or if no Basis bear my rising Name, But the fall'n Ruins of Another's Fame 520 Then teach me, Heaven! to scorn the guilty Bays, Drive from my Breast that wretched Lust of Praise, Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown, Oh grant an honest Fame, or grant me none!

Messiah

A SACRED ECLOGUE, IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO

[written c 1712, published, Spectator, 1712]

ADVERTISEMENT

In reading several passages of the Prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the Pollio of Virgil This will not seem surprizing when we reflect, that the Eclogue was taken from a Sybilline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such Ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which serv'd most to beautify his piece. I have endeavour'd the same in this imitation of him, tho' without admitting any thing of my own, since it was written with this particular view, that the reader by comparing the several thoughts might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation [P]

Ye Nymphs of Solyma' begin the Song
To heav'nly Themes sublimer Strains belong
The Mossie Fountains and the Sylvan Shades,
The Dreams of Pindus and th' Aoman Maids,
Delight no more—O Thou my Voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd Lips with Fire!
Rapt into future Times, the Bard begun,
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

5

1 Solyma] The latter part of the Greek name for Jerusalem, 'Ιεροσόλυμα 4 Pindus] A mountain in Thessaly regarded as a seat of the Muses Aoman Mads] Aonia was another name for Boeotia The Muses, who frequented Mt Helicon in Boeotia, were called Aonides, the Aonian Maidens

7 Rapt] Carried away in spirit, without bodily removal begun] The form was common in Pope's time

8 A Virgin shall conceive———All Crimes shall cease. Sc \ VIR

8 A Virgin shall conceive——All Crimes shall cease, &c] VIRG. E 4 V 6

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna, Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto—— Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,

From Jesse's Root behold a Branch arise, Whose sacred Flow'r with Fragrance fills the Skies 10 Th' Æthereal Spirit o'er its Leaves shall move. And on its Top descends the Mystic Dove Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy Nectar pour, And in soft Silence shed the kindly Show'r! The Sick and Weak the healing Plant shall aid, 15 From Storms a Shelter, and from Heat a Shade All Crimes shall cease, and ancient Fraud shall fail, Returning Justice lift aloft her Scale, Peace o'er the World her Olive-Wand extend. And white-roab'd Innocence from Heav'n descend 20 Swift fly the Years, and rise th'expected Morn! Oh spring to Light, Auspicious Babe, be born! See Nature hasts her earliest Wreaths to bring, With all the Incence of the breathing Spring

Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras-Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem

Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven By means of thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wip'd away, and free the world from perpetual fears He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father

ISAIAH, Ch 7 V 14 Behold a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son— Ch 9 V 6, 7 Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, The Prince of Peace of the increase of his government, and of his Peace, there shall be no end Upon the Throne of David, and upon his Kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever [P]

In classical mythology Astraea, or Justice, left the earth at the end of the Golden Age and was placed in the Zodiac as the constellation called

the Virgin

9 Jesse's Root] Isaiah, Ch 11 V 1 [P]

13 dewy Nectar] Ch 45 v 8 [P]
15 The Sick and Weak] Ch 25 v 4 [P]

18 Returning Justice] Ch 9 V 7 [P]
23 See Nature hasts, &c] VIRG E 4 V 18

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu, Errantes hedæras passim cum baccare tellus, Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho-Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores

For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings, winding Ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus Thy Cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee

ISAIAH, Ch 35 V I The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall repose and blossom as the rose Ch 60 V 13 The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the firr-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy Sanctuary [P]

24 Incence] Pope seems to combine the suggestions of a flower's per-

fume and those of religious homage

MESSIAH 191 See lofty Lebanon his Head advance, 25 See nodding Forests on the Mountains dance, See spicy Clouds from lowly Saron rise, And Carmel's flow'ry Top perfumes the Skies! Hark! a glad Voice the lonely Desert chears Prepare the Way! a God, a God appears 30 A God, a God! the vocal Hills reply, The Rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity Lo Earth receives him from the bending Skies! Sink down ye Mountains, and ve Vallies rise With Heads declin'd, ye Cedars, Homage pay, 35 Be smooth ye Rocks, ye rapid Floods give way! The SAVIOR comes! by ancient Bards foretold Hear him ve Deaf, and all ve Blind behold! He from thick Films shall purge the visual Ray, And on the sightless Eye-ball pour the Day 40 'Tis he th'obstructed Paths of Sound shall clear, And bid new Musick charm th'unfolding Ear The Dumb shall sing, the Lame his Crutch foregoe, And leap exulting like the bounding Roe No Sigh, no Murmur the wide World shall hear, 45 From ev'ry Face he wipes off ev'ry Tear In adamantine Chains shall Death be bound, And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th'eternal Wound As the good Shepherd tends his fleecy Care, Seeks freshest Pasture and the purest Air, 50 Explores the lost, the wand'ring Sheep directs,

25 lofty Lebanon] Ch 35 V 2 [P]

29 Hark' a glad Voice, &c] VIRG E 4 V 46 (48-9)

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, hongres,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant
Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!

E 5 V 62

Oh come and receive the mighty honours The time draws migh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!

ISAIAH, Ch 40 V 3, 4 The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord' make strait in the desert a high way for our God' Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain Ch 44 V 23 Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein' for the Lord hath redeemed Israel [P] 38 ff Ch 42 V 18 Ch 35 V 5, 6 [P] 47 Ch 25 V 8 [P]

51 Explores To search for, to find by searching

By Day o'ersees them, and by Night protects, The tender Lambs he raises in his Arms,	
Feeds from his Hand, and in his Bosom warms	
Thus shall Mankind his Guardian Care ingage,	~ ~
The promis'd Father of the future Age	55
•	
No more shall Nation against Nation rise,	
Nor ardent Warriors meet with hateful Eyes,	
Nor Fields with gleaming Steel be cover'd o'er,	
The Brazen Trumpets kindle Rage no more	60
But useless Lances into Scythes shall bend,	
And the broad Faulchion in a Plow-share end	
Then Palaces shall rise, the joyful Son	
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun,	
Their Vines a Shadow to their Race shall yield,	65
And the Same Hand that sow'd, shall reap the Field	
The Swain in barren Desarts with surprize	
See Lillies spring, and sudden Verdure rise,	
And Starts, amidst the thirsty Wilds, to hear	
New Falls of Water murm'ring in his Ear	70
On rifted Rocks, the Dragon's late Abodes,	/0
The green Reed trembles, and the Bulrush nods	
Waste sandy Vallies, once perplex'd with Thorn,	
The spiry Firr and shapely Box adorn,	
To leaf-less Shrubs the flow'ring Palms succeed,	75
And od'rous Myrtle to the noisome Weed	
The Lambs with Wolves shall graze the verdant Mead,	

53 Ch 40 V II [P] 56 The promis'd Father] Ch 9 V 6 [P]

57 Ch 2 V 4 [P]

63 the joyful Son] Ch 65 v 21, 22 [P] 67 The Swain in barren Desarts, &c | VIRG E 4 V 28

> Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista, Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva, Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella

The field shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard Oaks shall distill honey like dew

ISAIAH, Ch 35 V 7 The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thursty land springs of water In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds and rushes Ch 55 V 13 Instead of the thorn shall come up the firr-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle-tree [P]

67 ff Ch 35 v 1, 7 [P] 73 sandy Vallies] Ch 41 v 19, and Ch 55 v 13 [P] perplex'd Intricate, entangled

77 The Lambs with Wolves, &c | VIRG E 4 V 21

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—

And Boys in flow'ry Bands the Tyger lead, The Steer and Lion at one Crib shall meet, And harmless Serpents lick the Pilgrim's Feet The smiling Infant in his Hand shall take The crested Basilisk and speckled Snake,	80
Pleas'd, the green Lustre of the Scales survey,	
And with their forky Tongue shall innocently play	
Rise, crown'd with Light, Imperial Salem rise!	85
Exalt thy Tow'ry Head, and lift thy Eyes!	_
See, a long Race thy spatious Courts adorn,	
See future Sons, and Daughters yet unborn	
In crowding Ranks on ev'ry Side arise,	
Demanding Life, impatient for the Skies!	90
See barb'rous Nations at thy Gates attend,	•
Walk in thy Light, and in thy Temple bend	
See thy bright Altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,	
And heap'd with Products of Sabæan Springs!	

Occidet & serpens, & fallax herba veneni Occidet -

The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpents shall die, and the herb

that conceals poison shall die

ISAIAH, Ch II v 6 &c The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them-And the lion shall eat straw like the ox And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice [P]

77 The Lambs] Ch II v 6, 7, 8 [P] 80 Ch 65, v 25 [P]

82 Basilisk A fabulous reptile (Lat basiliscus) characterized by a crest on its head

85 Rise, crown'd with Light, &c] The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the Poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil which make the loftiest parts of his Pollio

> Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo! -toto surget gens aurea mundo! -ıncıpıent magnı procedere menses! Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! &c 5, 9, 12, 52>

The reader needs only turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited [P] 85 Rise, crown'd] Ch 60 v I [P] Salem $\Sigma a \lambda \eta \mu$ was thought to be an ancient name of Jerusalem 87 a long Race] Ch 60 v 4 [P] 91 f Ch 60 v 3 [P] 94 Sabæan Springs Ch 60 v 6 [P]

Saba (Sheba in AV) was famous for its gold and incense

For thee, Idume's spicy Forests blow, 95 And Seeds of Gold in Ophyr's Mountains glow See Heav'n its sparkling Portals wide display, And break upon thee in a Flood of Day! No more the rising Sun shall gild the Morn, Nor Evening Cynthia fill her silver Horn. 100 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior Rays, One Tyde of Glory, one unclouded Blaze, O'erflow thy Courts The LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine Reveal'd, and God's eternal Day be thine! The Seas shall waste, the Skies in Smoke decay, 105 Rocks fall to Dust, and Mountains melt away, But fix'd His Word, His saving Pow'r remains Thy Realm for ever lasts! thy own Messiah reigns!

95 Idume The Greek equivalent of Edom, a region to the south of Palestine

96 Ophyr] A place celebrated in antiquity for its gold, but whether it was in Africa, Arabia, or the Far East remains uncertain Gold was popularly believed to ripen, plant-like, within the earth

99 No more the rising Sun Ch 60 v 19, 20 [P] 106 melt away Ch 51 v 6 and Ch 54 v 10 [P]

Windsor-Forest

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN

[written 1704-13, published 1713]

Non injussa cano Te nostræ, Vare, Myricæ Te Nemus omne canet, nec Phæbo gratior ulla est Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit Pagina nomen VIRG

Thy Forests, Windsor! and thy green Retreats, At once the Monarch's and the Muse's Seats. Invite my Lays Be present, Sylvan Maids! Unlock your Springs, and open all your Shades Granville commands Your Aid O Muses bring! 5 What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing? The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long, Live in Description, and look green in Song These, were my Breast inspir'd with equal Flame, Like them in Beauty, should be like in Fame 10 Here Hills and Vales, the Woodland and the Plain, Here Earth and Water seem to strive again. Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd, But as the World, harmoniously confus'd Where Order in Variety we see, 15 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree Here waving Groves a checquer'd Scene display, And part admit and part exclude the Day, As some coy Nymph her Lover's warm Address Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress 20 There, interspers'd in Lawns and opening Glades, Thin Trees arise that ship each others Shades

The 'first part' ended at 1 290 (see 290n)

3, &c originally thus,

Chaste Goddess of the woods,
Nymphs of the Vales, and Naiads of the floods,
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades [P]

7 ff Alluding to the 'Eden' re-created in Par Lost
21 Lawns] An open space between woods, a glade Cf ll 81, 149
PAP—H 195

I This poem was written at two different times the first part of it which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was publish'd [P]

Here in full Light the russet Plains extend,	
There wrapt in Clouds the blueish Hills ascend	
Ev'n the wild Heath displays her Purple Dies,	25
And 'midst the Desart fruitful Fields arise,	
That crown'd with tufted Trees and springing Corn,	
Like verdant Isles the sable Waste adorn	
Let India boast her Plants, nor envy we	
The weeping Amber or the balmy Tree,	30
While by our Oaks the precious Loads are born,	_
And Realms commanded which those Trees adorn	
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler Sight,	
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring Height,	
Than what more humble Mountains offer here,	35
Where, in their Blessings, all those Gods appear	
See Pan with Flocks, with Fruits Pomona crown'd,	
Here blushing Flora paints th'enamel'd Ground,	
Here Ceres' Gifts in waving Prospect stand,	
And nodding tempt the joyful Reaper's Hand,	40
Rich Industry sits smiling on the Plains,	
And Peace and Plenty tell, a STUART reigns	
Not thus the Land appear'd in Ages past,	
A dreary Desart and a gloomy Waste,	
To Savage Beasts and Savage Laws a Prey,	45

23 russet] Of a ruddish-brown colour

25 Why should I sing our better suns or air, Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care, While thro' fresh fields th'enliv'ning odows breathe, Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath [P]

27 tufted Trees] OED defines tuft as a 'small group of trees or bushes, a clump

31 Oaks Alluding to the ships built of English oak which 'bore' valuable spices to England and enabled her to rule over the lands whence they came

38 enamel'd Ground] A technical phrase, referring to the process 'of entirely covering metals with enamel, to form a ground for painting in 'The ground is in painting the 'main surface or first vitrifiable colours coating of colour, serving as a support for other colours or a background

for designs

43 ff This portion of the poem re-creates the traditional view of the tyrannies exercised by the Norman kings, especially as they were illustrated in the formation of the New Forest as a royal hunting ground by William I The fact that so many members of the Conqueror's family met their death in the New Forest led commentators into the mythical view that these deaths were examples of divine vengeance, taken because of the wickedness involved in the creation of the royal preserve. This is an essential element in Pope's version

45 Savage Laws] The Forest Laws [P]

With the Norman Conquest the forest law and the forest courts of

And Kings more furious and severe than they Who claim'd the Skies, dispeopled Air and Floods, The lonely Lords of empty Wilds and Woods Cities laid waste, they storm'd the Dens and Caves, (For wiser Brutes were backward to be Slaves) 50 What could be free, when lawless Beasts obey'd, And ev'n the Elements a Tyrant sway'd? In vain kind Seasons swell'd the teeming Grain. Soft Show'rs distill'd, and Suns grew warm in vain, The Swain with Tears his frustrate Labour yields, 55 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd Fields What wonder then, a Beast or Subject slain Were equal Crimes in a Despotick Reign, Both doom'd alike for sportive Tyrants bled, But while the Subject starv'd, the Beast was fed 60 Proud Nimrod first the bloody Chace began, A mighty Hunter, and his Prey was Man Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous Name. And makes his trembling Slaves the Royal Game The Fields are ravish'd from th'industrious Swains, 65 From Men their Cities, and from Gods their Fanes The levell'd Towns with Weeds lie cover'd o'er, The hollow Winds thro' naked Temples roar, Round broken Columns clasping Ivv twin'd, O'er Heaps of Rum stalk'd the stately Hind, 70

Normandy were introduced into England, and they resulted in a rapid and violent extension of "forest" land—that is, land outside (foris) the common law and subject to a special law, whose object was the preservation of the king's hunting The word "forest" was thus a legal and not a geographical term See An Historical Geography of England Before AD 1800 (1936), ed H C Darby

57, &c No wonder savages or subjects slam— But subjects starv'd while savages were fed

It was originally thus, but the word Savages is not properly apply'd to beasts but to men, which occasion'd the alteration [P]

61 f The text of Genesis speaks of Nimrod only as a hunter, but commentators make it clear that he was regarded as the type of the despot 65 The fields are ravish'd etc] Alluding to the destruction made in the

New Forest, and the Tyrannes exercus'd there by William I [P] 65 The Fields Fanes Translated from,

Templa adımıt dıvıs, fora cıvıbus, arva colonis,

an old monkish writer, I forget who [P]

Pope's forgotten source was Camden's Britannia (Newly Translated into English With Large Additions and Improvements London, 1695, p 115), where it is said of the New Forest' there are extant some Verses of John White [1510–1560] Bishop of Winchester which falsely attribute the making of this Forest to William Rufus'

The Fox obscene to gaping Tombs retires, And savage Howlings fill the sacred Quires Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst, Th' Oppressor rul'd Tyrannick where he durst,	
Stretch'd o'er the Poor, and Church, his Iron Rod,	75
And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God	
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,	
The wanton Victims of his Sport remain	
But see the Man who spacious Regions gave	
A Waste for Beasts, himself deny'd a Grave!	80
Stretch'd on the Lawn his second Hope survey,	
At once the Chaser and at once the Prey	
Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly Dart,	
Bleeds in the Forest, like a wounded Hart	
Succeeding Monarchs heard the Subjects Cries,	85
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful Cottage rise	_
Then gath'ring Flocks on unknown Mountains fed,	
O'er sandy Wilds were yellow Harvests spread,	
The Forests wonder'd at th'unusual Grain,	
And secret Transport touch'd the conscious Swain	90
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears	-
Her chearful Head, and leads the golden Years	
Ye vig'rous Swains! while Youth ferments your Blo	od,
And purer Spirits swell the sprightly Flood,	
Now range the Hills, the gameful Woods beset,	95
Wind the shrill Horn, or spread the waving Net	
When milder Autumn Summer's Heat succeeds,	

72 var And wolves with howling fill, &c] The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in England at the time of the Conqueror [P]

Cf Summer, 1 79n

97

79-84 The deaths of both William I and William III were hastened by falls from horses while hunting, and an element of divine justice was attributed to both accidents by opponents of William III Throughout this whole passage Pope seems to imply a parallel between the reigns of the two kings

81 second Hope] Richard, second Son of William the Conqueror [P] 87 on unknown Mountains fed] Mountains hitherto unknown to the flocks, now for the first time permitted to feed there

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage
With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!
Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,

Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs [P] 94 The allusion is to the animal spirits which were supposed to move in the blood

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds, And into wine the purple harvest bleeds,

And in the new-shorn Field the Partridge feeds, Before his Lord the ready Spaniel bounds, Panting with Hope, he tries the furrow'd Grounds, But when the tainted Gales the Game betray, Couch'd close he lyes, and meditates the Prey, Secure they trust th'unfaithful Field, beset,	100
Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling Net Thus (if small Things we may with great compare) When Albion sends her eager Sons to War, Some thoughtless Town, with Ease and Plenty blest,	105
Near, and more near, the closing Lines invest, Sudden they seize th'amaz'd, defenceless Prize, And high in Air Britannia's Standard flies See! from the Brake the whirring Pheasant springs, And mourts exulting on triumphant Wings,	110
Short is his Joy! he feels the fiery Wound, Flutters in Blood, and panting beats the Ground Ah! what avail his glossie, varying Dyes, His Purple Crest, and Scarlet-circled Eyes, The vivid Green his shining Plumes unfold,	115
His painted Wings, and Breast that flames with Gold? Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the Sky, The Woods and Fields their pleasing Toils deny To Plains with well-breath'd Beagles we repair, And trace the Mazes of the circling Hare	120
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their Fellow Beasts pursue, And learn of Man each other to undo) With slaught'ring Guns th'unweary'd Fowler roves, When Frosts have whiten'd all the naked Groves, Where Doves in Flocks the leafless Trees o'ershade, And lonely Woodcocks haunt the watry Glade	125
He lifts the Tube, and levels with his Eye, Strait a short Thunder breaks the frozen Sky	130

The partridge feeding in the new-shorn fields Both morning sports and evining pleasures yields

Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the season by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage [P] But see Autumn, 74n (p 134)

101 tainted] Imbued with the scent of an animal

The woods and fields to pleasing toils invite [P]

119 See Autumn, 72n (p 134)

¹⁰² meditates] To fix one's attention upon, to observe with interest or intentness

¹⁰⁵ ff Perhaps inspired by the capture of Gibraltar in 1704
When hoary winter cloaths the year in white,

¹²⁹ The fowler lifts his level'd tube on high [P]

Oft, as in Airy Rings they skim the Heath,	
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the Leaden Death	
Oft as the mounting Larks their Notes prepare,	
They fall, and leave their little Lives in Air	
In genial Spring, beneath the quiv'ring Shade	135
Where cooling Vapours breathe along the Mead,	-33
The patient Fisher takes his silent Stand	
Intent, his Angle trembling in his Hand,	
With Looks unmov'd, he hopes the Scaly Breed,	
And eyes the dancing Cork and bending Reed	140
Our plenteous Streams a various Race supply,	•
The bright-ey'd Perch with Fins of Tyrian Dye,	
The silver Eel, in shining Volumes roll'd,	
The yellow Carp, in Scales bedrop'd with Gold,	
Swift Trouts, diversify'd with Crimson Stains,	145
And Pykes, the Tyrants of the watry Plains	
Now Cancer glows with Phæbus' fiery Car,	
The Youth rush eager to the Sylvan War,	
Swarm o'er the Lawns, the Forest Walks surround,	
Rowze the fleet Hart, and chear the opening Hound	150
Th'impatient Courser pants in ev'ry Vein,	
And pawing, seems to beat the distant Plain,	
Hills, Vales, and Floods appear already crost,	
And ere he starts, a thousand Steps are lost	
See! the bold Youth strain up the threatning Steep,	155
Rush thro' the Thickets, down the Vallies sweep,	
Hang o'er their Coursers Heads with eager Speed,	
And Earth rolls back beneath the flying Steed	
Let old Arcadia boast her ample Plain,	
Th' Immortal Huntress, and her Virgin Train,	160
Nor envy Windsor' since thy Shades have seen	
As bright a Goddess, and as chast a Queen,	
Whose Care, like hers, protects the Sylvan Reign,	
The Earth's fair Light, and Empress of the Main	

143 Volumes] Coils, folds, convolutions, especially of a serpent
147 But when bright Phœbus from the twins invites

Our active genius to more free delights, With springing day we range the lawns around [P]

The sun (Phoebus's car) is in the constellation of the Twins (the zodiacal sign of Gemini) from about May 21 to June 22 It enters the constellation of the Crab (the zodiacal sign of Cancer) at the summer solstice, June 22

150 Rowze] A technical hunting term 'to rouse a hart, is to raise him from his harbour'

opening] Giving tongue

¹⁶³ An allusion to the interest taken by Anne in hunting

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,	165
And Cynthus' Top forsook for Windsor Shade,	
Here was she seen o'er Airy Wastes to rove,	
Seek the clear Spring, or haunt the pathless Grove,	
Here arm'd with Silver Bows, in early Dawn,	
Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the Dewy Lawn	170
Above the rest a rural Nymph was fam'd,	•
Thy Offspring, Thames' the fair Lodona nam'd,	
(Lodona's Fate, in long Oblivion cast,	
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last)	
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be known,	175
But by the Crescent and the golden Zone,	
She scorn'd the Praise of Beauty, and the Care,	
A Belt her Waste, a Fillet binds her Hair,	
A painted Quiver on her Shoulder sounds,	
And with her Dart the flying Deer she wounds	180
It chanc'd, as eager of the Chace the Maid	
Beyond the Forest's verdant Limits stray'd,	
Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with Desire	
Pursu'd her Flight, her Flight increas'd his Fire	
Not half so swift the trembling Doves can fly,	185
When the fierce Eagle cleaves the liquid Sky,	_
Not half so swiftly the fierce Eagle moves,	
When thro' the Clouds he drives the trembling Doves,	
As from the God she flew with furious Pace,	
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the Chace	190
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the Nymph appears,	
Now close behind his sounding Steps she hears,	
And now his Shadow reach'd her as she run,	
(His Shadow lengthen'd by the setting Sun)	
And now his shorter Breath with sultry Air	195
Pants on her Neck, and fans her parting Hair	
In vain on Father Thames she calls for Aid,	
Nor could <i>Diana</i> help her injur'd Maid	
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain,	
'Ah Cynthia' ah—tho' banish'd from thy Train,	200
Let me, O let me, to the Shades repair,	
My native Shades—there weep, and murmur there'	
She said, and melting as in Tears she lay,	
In a soft, silver Stream dissolv'd away	

170 trac'd] I e trod or traversed 176 Crescent] The crescent moon, emblem of Diana Zone] A girdle or belt 186 liquid Sky] Latin liquidus, 1 e clear, transparent

235

The silver Stream her Virgin Coldness keeps,	205
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps,	_
Still bears the Name the hapless Virgin bore,	
And bathes the Forest where she rang'd before	
In her chast Current oft the Goddess laves,	
And with Celestial Tears augments the Waves	210
Oft in her Glass the musing Shepherd spies	
The headlong Mountains and the downward Skies,	
The watry Landskip of the pendant Woods,	
And absent Trees that tremble in the Floods,	
In the clear azure Gleam the Flocks are seen,	215
And floating Forests paint the Waves with Green	_
Thro' the fair Scene rowl slow the lingring Streams,	
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames	
Thou too, great Father of the British Floods!	
With joyful Pride survey'st our lofty Woods,	220
Where tow'ring Oaks their growing Honours rear,	
And future Navies on thy Shores appear	
Not Neptune's self from all his Streams receives	
A wealthier Tribute, than to thine he gives	
No Seas so rich, so gay no Banks appear,	225
No Lake so gentle, and no Spring so clear	
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's Lays,	
While led along the Skies his Current strays,	
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd Abodes,	
To grace the Mansion of our earthly Gods	230
Nor all his Stars above a Lustre show,	
Like the bright Beauties on thy Banks below,	
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal Passion still,	
Might change Olympus for a nobler Hill	
Happy the Man whom this bright Court approves,	235

207 Still bears the Name] The River Loddon [P]

As the river Loddon flows into the Thames near Binfield, Pope perhaps knew it better than the other tributaries he mentions later. The idea of using the Loddon may have been suggested by the fact that the river in Arcadia where Syrinx met her fate (Ovid, Met, 1 702) was called the Ladon

211-16 These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem

228 Virgil (Georgics I 482, IV 372) and Ovid (Met, II 372) gave to the river Po the name of Eridanus, a constellation of the southern hemisphere which has the form of a winding river

Happy the man who to the shades retnes,
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please,
But far more blest, who study joins with ease [P]

Now marks the Course of rolling Orbs on high, O'er figur'd Worlds now travels with his Eye Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store, Consults the Dead, and lives past Ages o'er Or wandring thoughtful in the silent Wood, Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good, T'observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend, To follow Nature, and regard his End Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes, Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies, Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam, Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves, Happy next him who to these Shades retires, Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires, Whom humbler Joys of home-felt Quiet please, Successive Study, Exercise and Ease He gathers Health from Herbs the Forest yields, And of their fragrant Physick spoils the Fields With Chymic Art exalts the Min'ral Pow'rs,	240
Of ancient Writ unlocks the learned Store, Consults the Dead, and lives past Ages o'er Or wandring thoughtful in the silent Wood, Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good, T'observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend, To follow Nature, and regard his End Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes, Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies, Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam, Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,		245
Or wandring thoughtful in the silent Wood, Attends the Duties of the Wise and Good, T'observe a Mean, be to himself a Friend, To follow Nature, and regard his End Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes, Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies, Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam, Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,		
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Or looks on Heav'n with more than mortal Eyes, Bids his free Soul expatiate in the Skies, Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam, Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,		
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Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam, Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
Survey the Region, and confess her Home! Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	•	
Such was the Life great Scipio once admir'd, Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	Amid her Kindred Stars familiar roam,	255
Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	Survey the Region, and confess her Home!	
Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess, Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,		
Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To <i>Thames</i> 's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd	
Whose Raptures fire me, and whose Visions bless, Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes, The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To <i>Thames</i> 's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	Ye sacred Nine! that all my Soul possess,	
The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens, To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,		260
To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd Scenes,	
<u> </u>	The Bow'ry Mazes and surrounding Greens,	
O and a second district of Control IIII	To Thames's Banks which fragrant Breezes fill,	
Or where ye muses sport on Cooper's Hill	Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill	

243 exalts] In Alchemy and early Chemistry To raise (a substance or its qualities) to a higher 'degree' to intensify, render more powerful

244 draws] To inhale, or perhaps to extract by suction or distillation 246 figur'd Worlds] Perhaps the Zodiac, or a globe of the world To

figure is to portray or represent

After his victory over Hannibal in the second Punic War, Scipio Africanus declined political distinctions offered him When, many years later, his enemies brought him to trial on charges of misconduct, he reminded the Romans of his past services, set the laws at defiance, and retired to his country seat at Liternum He never returned to Rome, but passed his life cultivating his estate

258 Atticus Titus Pomponius, the friend and correspondent of Cicero, refused to sue for public honour or to become engaged in political controversy Instead he withdrew from Rome to Athens and devoted himself to a life of study He was called Atticus because of his long

residence in Athens

(On Cooper's Hill eternal Wreaths shall grow,	265
While lasts the Mountain, or while <i>Thames</i> shall flow)	
I seem thro' consecrated Walks to rove,	
I hear soft Musick dye along the Grove,	
Led by the Sound I roam from Shade to Shade,	
By God-like Poets Venerable made	270
Here his first Lays Majestick Denham sung,	
There the last Numbers flow'd from Cowley's Tongue	
O early lost! what Tears the River shed	
When the sad Pomp along his Banks was led?	
His drooping Swans on ev'ry Note expire,	275
And on his Willows hung each Muse's Lyre	
Since Fate relentless stop'd their Heav'nly Voice,	
No more the Forests ring, or Groves rejoice,	
Who now shall charm the Shades where Cowley strung	
His living Harp, and lofty Denham sung?	280
But hark! the Groves rejoice, the Forest rings!	
Are these reviv'd? or is it <i>Granville</i> sings?	
'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft Retreats,	
And call the Muses to their ancient Seats,	
To paint anew the flow'ry Sylvan Scenes,	285
To crown the Forests with Immortal Greens,	
Make Windsor Hills in lofty Numbers rise,	
And lift her Turrets nearer to the Skies,	
To sing those Honours you deserve to wear,	
And add new Lustre to her Silver Star	290

266 Mountain] Cooper's Hill See Spring, 21n (p 124)
271 first Lays] Before the opening of the Civil War in 1642, Denham had written The Destruction of Troy (a translation of Aeneid II), the first draft of Cooper's Hill, and The Sophy His house in Egham, near Windsor, was confiscated by the Parliamentary forces in 1643

272 Mr Cowley died at Chertsey, on the Borders of the Forest, and was

from thence convey'd to Westminster [P]

273 O early lost] Cowley died in 1667, at the age of 49 His body was floated down the river from Chertsey to London 275

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore! His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more [P]

276 each Muse's Lyre] Cowley attempted many poetical genres. In his epitaph in Westminster Abbey, he is called Anglorum Pindarus, Flaccus,

290 All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710 What immediately followed this, and made the Conclusion, were these.

> My humble Muse in unambitious strains Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains, Where I obscurely pass my careless days. Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred Rage, Surrey, the Granville of a former Age Matchless his Pen, victorious was his Lance, Bold in the Lists, and graceful in the Dance In the same Shades the Cupids tun'd his Lyre, 295 To the same Notes, of Love, and soft Desire Fair Geraldine, bright Object of his Vow, Then fill'd the Groves, as heav'nly Myra now Oh wou'dst thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore, What Kings first breath'd upon her winding Shore, 300 Or raise old Warriors whose ador'd Remains In weeping Vaults her hallow'd Earth contains! With Edward's Acts adorn the shining Page, Stretch his long Triumphs down thro' ev'ry Age, Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious Field, 305 The Lillies blazing on the Regal Shield Then, from her Roofs when Verrio's Colours fall,

Enough for me that to the list'ning swains First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains [P]

And leave manimate the naked Wall,

200 Silver Star The Star of the Order of the Garter, instituted at Windsor Castle by Edward III It was to provide a meeting-place for the Order that Edward reconstructed Windsor Castle

201 Surrey] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first Refiners of the English Poetry, who flourish'd in the time of Henry the VIIIth [P]

297 Fair Geraldine] Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald (1528?-89), youngest daughter of the Earl of Kıldare Surrey's love poems were long supposed to have been addressed to her

208 Myra The name Granville bestowed in his songs, first upon Mary of Modena, then upon Frances Brudenal, Countess of Newburgh, when the latter became his mistress

300 Edward III (1312) and Henry VI (1421) were born at Windsor

Edward IV, Henry VIII, and Charles I were buried there

winding Shore] Perhaps Pope knew the etymological meaning of the word Windsor as given in Camden's Britannia (1695), p 151 'Next the Thames goes to Windsor, call'd in Saxon Windesoure, Windlesora, and also Windlesofra from the winding banks, ofre in that language signifying a bank or shore' But compare Dryden, Æn, I 800 'The Ports and Creeks of ev'ry winding Shore'

303 Edward III born here [P]

303-10 Antonio Verrio (1639-1707) had represented in St George's Hall at Windsor the triumphal procession in which King John of France was led captive by the Black Prince See Ep to Burlington), 146 (p 593)

305 Monarch's chain'd] An allusion to David II, King of Scotland, taken prisoner at the battle of Neville's Cross in 1346 and released in 1357, and to Jean le Bon, King of France, whom the Black Prince defeated and captured at Poitiers in 1356

306 On Jan 26, 1340, Edward III assumed the title of king of France,

and quartered the lilies of France with the leopards of England

307 Verrio's painted ceilings had begun to deteriorate

Still in thy Song shou'd vanquish'd France appear,	
And bleed for ever under Britain's Spear	310
Let softer Strains Ill-fated Henry mourn,	•
And Palms Eternal flourish round his Urn	
Here o'er the Martyr-King the Marble weeps,	
And fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps	
Whom not th'extended Albion could contain,	315
From old Belerium to the Northern Main,	
The Grave unites, where ev'n the Great find Rest,	
And blended he th' Oppressor and th' Opprest!	
Make sacred Charles's Tomb for ever known,	
(Obscure the Place, and uninscrib'd the Stone)	320
Oh Fact accurst! What Tears has Albion shed,	
Heav'ns! what new Wounds, and how her old have b	oled?
She saw her Sons with purple Deaths expire,	
Her sacred Domes involv'd in rolling Fire,	
A dreadful Series of Intestine Wars,	325
Inglorious Triumphs, and dishonest Scars	
At length great ANNA said—Let Discord cease!	
She said, the World obey'd, and all was Peace!	
In that blest Moment, from his Oozy Bed	
Old Father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend Head	330

311 Henry Henry VI [P]

Edward, duke of York, proclaimed himself king under the title of Edward IV in 1461 Henry VI was a fugitive in the North until he was taken prisoner in 1465 From October, 1470, to April, 1471, Henry was restored to the throne, and Edward took flight Henry's allies were defeated at Barnet, April 14, 1471, and Henry was probably murdered on May 21 His body was transferred from its grave in Chertsey Abbey to Windsor in 1484 He was buried in St George's Chapel, not far from Edward IV, who had been buried there in 1483 The palms eternal are not those of victory, but of martyrdom

314 Edward Edward IV [P]

316 old Belerium Belerium (or Bolerium) promontorium was the Latin name for Land's End

319 Charles's Tomb] The body of Charles I was buried in St George's Chapel, in the same tomb as Henry VIII, and without any service

323 ff The Great Plague (1665), the Great Fire (1666), and the Revolution of 1688 evil effects of Charles I's execution

324 Domes] A stately building, a mansion

326 dishonest | Shameful

330 Between Verse 328 and 329 originally stood these lines, From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,

O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd, With sparkling flames heav'ns glowing concave shone, Fictitious stars, and glories not her own He saw, and gently rose above the stream, His shunng horns diffus'd a golden gleam

•

His Tresses dropt with Dews, and o'er the Stream His shining Horns diffus'd a golden Gleam Grav'd on his Urn appear'd the Moon, that guides His swelling Waters, and alternate Tydes,	
The figur'd Streams in Waves of Silver roll'd,	335
And on their Banks Augusta rose in Gold Around his Throne the Sea-born Brothers stood,	
Who swell with Tributary Urns his Flood	
First the fam'd Authors of his ancient Name,	
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame	340
The Kennet swift, for silver Eels renown'd,	
The Loddon slow, with verdant Alders crown'd	
Cole, whose dark Streams his flow'ry Islands lave,	
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky Wave	
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears,	345
The gulphy Lee his sedgy Tresses rears	
And sullen <i>Mole</i> , that hides his diving Flood,	
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish Blood	
High in the midst, upon his Urn reclin'd,	
(His Sea-green Mantle waving with the Wind)	350
The God appear'd, he turn'd his azure Eyes	
Where Windsor-Domes and pompous Turrets rise,	

With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest, The tributes of the distant East and West [P]

332 shining Horns] 'The River-gods were often given the head or horns of a bull, indicative of their roaring or winding, of their strength or of their influence on agriculture '

335 figur'd Shaped into a figure, represented by figures

336 Augusta] The name given at one time to London by the Romans 337 Sea-born Brothers] The legend was that all rivers were born of Oceanus and Tethvs

330-48 Pope's catalogue of rivers resembles closely that found in Ausonius, Mosella, 349-74 The lines are also indebted to Spenser, FQ, IV x1, to Milton, At a Vacation Exercise, and to Drayton, Poly-Olbion, Song XVII

339 fam'd Authors The Thames (Tamesis) was thought to be the offspring of the Thame and the Isis

345 transparent Vandalis] The Wandle

347 sullen Mole In A Tour Thro' the whole Island of Great Britain, Defoe says that this river is 'called the Mole, from its remarkable sinking into the Earth, at the Foot of Box-Hill, near a Village call'd Mickleham, and working its way under Ground like a Mole, rising again at or near this Town of Leatherhead'

348 silent Darent] Pope perhaps read in Camden's Britannia that "The Thames afterwards growing narrower, is met by the river Darent, which coming out of Surrey, flows with a gentle chanel nor far from Seven-oke and so to Otford, famous for a bloody defeat of the Danes in the year 1016'

Then bow'd and spoke, the Winds forget to roar, And the hush'd Waves glide softly to the Shore Hail Sacred <i>Peace</i> ! hail long-expected Days, That <i>Thames</i> 's Glory to the Stars shall raise!	355
Tho' Tyber's Streams immortal Rome behold,	
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with Tydes of Gold,	
From Heav'n it self tho' sev'nfold Nilus flows,	
And Harvests on a hundred Realms bestows,	360
These now no more shall be the Muse's Themes,	-
Lost in my Fame, as in the Sea their Streams	
Let Volga's Banks with Iron Squadrons shine,	
And Groves of Lances glitter on the Rhine,	
Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile Train,	365
Be mine the Blessings of a peaceful Reign	
No more my Sons shall dye with British Blood	
Red Iber's Sands, or Ister's foaming Flood,	
Safe on my Shore each unmolested Swain	
Shall tend the Flocks, or reap the bearded Grain,	370
The shady Empire shall retain no Trace	
Of War or Blood, but in the Sylvan Chace,	
The Trumpets sleep, while chearful Horns are blown,	
And Arms employ'd on Birds and Beasts alone	
Behold! th'ascending Villa's on my Side	375
Project long Shadows o'er the Chrystal Tyde	
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring Spires increase,	
And Temples rise, the beauteous Works of Peace	
I see, I see where two fair Cities bend	
Their ample Bow, a new White-Hall ascend	380

355 The preliminaries to the Treaty of Utrecht were signed in London in October, 1711

363 Volga's Banks] An allusion to the war of Charles XII of Sweden against Russia

365 Ganges] An allusion to the wars waged by the Moghul Emperor Aurangzeb against the rising Maratha powers. He died in 1707

366 "This fine panegyric on peace, in opposition to the horrors and devastations of war, was in part occasioned, I presume, by our author's politics, by his hostility to the name of Marlborough, and an uneasiness at the glory of his victories'

368 Iber's Sands] The modern Ebro An allusion to the Allies' cam-

paign in Spain in 1710 and to the victory gained at Saragossa

Ister's foaming Flood] The Danube An allusion to Marlborough's victory at Blenheim (1704)

378 Temples rise] The fifty new Churches [P] See Sat II ii 119 (p 622), Moral Es IV 1951 (p 595)

379 two fair Cities bend London and Westminster, at that time two distinct towns

380 a new White-Hall] Whitehall Palace was at various times the

There mighty Nations shall inquire their Doom, The World's great Oracle in Times to come. There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen Once more to bend before a British QUEEN Thy Trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their Woods, And half thy Forests rush into my Floods, 386 Bear Britain's Thunder, and her Cross display, To the bright Regions of the rising Day, Tempt Icy Seas, where scarce the Waters roll, Where clearer Flames glow round the frozen Pole. 390 Or under Southern Skies exalt their Sails, Led by new Stars, and born by spicy Gales! For me the Balm shall bleed, and Amber flow, The Coral redden, and the Ruby glow, The Pearly Shell its lucid Globe infold. 395 And Phæbus warm the ripening Ore to Gold The Time shall come, when free as Seas or Wind Unbounded Thames shall flow for all Mankind, Whole Nations enter with each swelling Tyde, And Seas but join the Regions they divide, 400

residence of English monarchs till it was burned down in 1698 Inigo Jones's Banqueting Hall alone survived Cf Sat II ii 120n (p 622), Dunciad A, III 324 (p 423), and Pope's note

381-422 The pervasive influence of Isaiah, chap 60, is discernible

throughout

Ver 383, &c were originally thus

Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display To the rich regions of the rising day, Or those green isles, where headlong Titan steeps His hissing axle in th'Atlantic deeps Tempt icy seas, &c [P]

384 Once more] The allusion is to those occasions, in 1575 and 1585, when the sovereignty of the United Provinces was offered to Queen Elizabeth and her aid was solicited in the struggles of the Dutch against Philip of Spain

386 The trees of Windsor Forest, turned into ships, will carry British

power and commerce all over the world

387 her Cross The red cross of St George on the Union Jack

389 Tempt] To adventure oneself in, to risk the perils of 393 Balm shall bleed] From the wound inflicted on the bark to draw off

the juices of the tree
396 ripening Ore] An allusion to the belief that gold and precious stones
were 'ripened' into maturity by the sun

398 Unbounded Thames] A wish that London may be made a Free

PORT [P]
Cf the name given by Addison to the representative of moneyed interests, Sir Andrew Freeport (Spectator, March 2, 1711)

Earth's distant Ends our Glory shall behold. And the new World launch forth to seek the Old Then Ships of uncouth Form shall stem the Tyde. And Feather'd People crowd my wealthy Side. And naked Youths and painted Chiefs admire 405 Our Speech, our Colour, and our strange Attire! Oh stretch thy Reign, fair Peace ' from Shore to Shore, Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more Till the freed *Indians* in their native Groves Reap their own Fruits, and woo their Sable Loves, 410 Peru once more a Race of Kings behold. And other Mexico's be roof'd with Gold Exil'd by Thee from Earth to deepest Hell, In Brazen Bonds shall barb'rous Discord dwell Gigantick Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care, 415 And mad Ambition, shall attend her there There purple Vengeance bath'd in Gore retires. Her Weapons blunted, and extinct her Fires There hateful Envy her own Snakes shall feel, And Persecution mourn her broken Wheel 420 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her Chain, And gasping Furies thirst for Blood in vain Here cease thy Flight, nor with unhallow'd Lavs Touch the fair Fame of Albion's Golden Days The Thoughts of Gods let Granville's Verse recite, 425 And bring the Scenes of opening Fate to Light My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains, Paints the green Forests and the flow'ry Plains, Where Peace descending bids her Olives spring, And scatters Blessings from her Dove-like Wing 430 Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless Days, Pleas'd in the silent Shade with empty Praise, Enough for me, that to the listning Swains First in these Fields I sung the Sylvan Strains

404 ff Apparently an allusion to the four Iroquois Indian chiefs who visited England in April, 1710, and who were granted a public audience with Queen Anne

400 freed Indians From the tyranny of Spain

413 ff Discord was expelled from Heaven by Jupiter

420 broken Wheel Persons bound to the wheel for torture had their arms and legs broken by blows from an iron bar Pope suggests an appropriate fate for the wheel itself

431 ff Pope's conclusion was modelled on that of the Georgics As Virgil closed his Georgics with the first line of his Ecloques, so Pope's final couplet echoes the opening line of Spring

Three Theatrical Pieces

PROLOGUE TO MR ADDISON'S TRAGEDY OF CATO

[written 1713, published, Guardian, 1713]

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art. To raise the genius, and to mend the heart. To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold, Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage. 5 Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age. Tyrants no more their savage nature kept. And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move. The hero's glory, or the virgin's love, 10 In pitying love we but our weakness show, And wild ambition well deserves its woe Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause. Such tears, as Patriots shed for dying Laws He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, I5 And calls forth Roman drops from British eves Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws. What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was No common object to your sight displays, But what with pleasure heav'n itself surveys, 20 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate, And greatly falling with a falling state! While Cato gives his little senate laws, What bosom beats not in his Country's cause? Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed? 25 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed? Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars, The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars, Ignobly vain and impotently great, Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state, 30 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past, The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast, The triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry eye, The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by, Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword Britons attend Be worth like this approv'd,

Cato was first performed on 14 April 1713

And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd
With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd,
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song
Dare to have sense your selves, assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage
Such Plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear

PROLOGUE DESIGN'D FOR MR DURFY'S LAST PLAY

[written 1713, published, Steele's Miscellanies, 1713]

Grown old in Rhyme, 'twere barbarous to discard Your persevering, unexhausted Bard Damnation follows Death in other Men. But your damn'd Poet lives and writes again Th' advent'rous Lover is successful still. 5 Who strives to please the Fair against her Will Be kind, and make him in his Wishes easy, Who in your own Despite has strove to please ve He scorn'd to borrow from the Wits of vore. But ever writ, as none e'er writ before 10 You modern Wits, should each Man bring his Claim, Have desperate Debentures on your Fame, And little wou'd be left you, I'm afraid, If all your Debts to Greece and Rome were paid From his deep Fund our Author largely draws, 15 Nor sinks his Credit lower than it was Tho' Plays for Honour in old Time he made, 'Tis now for better Reasons—to be paid Believe him, he has known the World too long, And seen the Death of much Immortal Song 20 He says, poor Poets lost, while Players won, As Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone Tho' Tom the Poet writ with Ease and Pleasure, The Comick Tom abounds in other Treasure Fame is at best an unperforming Cheat, 25 But 'tis substantial Happiness to eat— Let Ease, his last Request, be of your giving, Nor force him to be damn'd, to get his Living Written for a benefit performance of D'Urfey's A Fond Husband (1713)

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE DESIGN'D FOR MRS OLDFIELD

[written 1713, published, Works, 1717]

Prodigious this! the Frail one of our Play From her own sex should mercy find to day! You might have held the pretty head aside. Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd, The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore, 5 I can't-indeed now-I so hate a whore-Tust as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull. And thanks his stars he was not born a fool, So from a sister sinner you shall hear, 'How strangely you expose your self, my dear!' TO But let me die, all raillery apart, Our sex are still forgiving at their heart. And did not wicked custom so contrive. We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15 That virtuous ladies envy while they rail, Such rage without betrays the fire within, In some close corner of the soul, they sin Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice, Amidst their virtues, a reserve of vice 20 The godly dame who fleshly failings damns, Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams Wou'd you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners? Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners Well, if our author in the Wife offends, 25 He has a Husband that will make amends He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving, And sure such kind good creatures may be living In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows, Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse 30 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name that writes his life? Tells us, that Cato dearly lovd his wife Yet if a friend a night, or so, should need her, He'd recommend her, as a special breeder To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35 But pray which of you all would take her back? Tho' with the Stoick chief our stage may ring, The Stoick husband was the glorious thing

Rowe's Jane Shore was first performed on 2 February 1713 Title Mrs Oldfield Anne Oldfield (1683-1730), actress

The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,	
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?	40
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,	-
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City	
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,	
Who ne'er saw naked Sword, or look'd in Plato	
If, after all, you think it a disgrace,	45
That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face,	
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,	
In all the rest so impudently good	
Faith, let the modest matrons of the town,	
Come here in crowds, and stare the strumpet down	50

46 Edward's Miss] Jane Shore was Edward IV's mistress

To Mr Addison, Occasioned by his Dialogues on Medals

[written 71713, revised, 1719, published, Works 1720]

See the wild Waste of all-devouring years!	
How Rome her own sad Sepulchre appears,	
With nodding arches, broken temples spread!	
The very Tombs now vanish'd like their dead!	
Imperial wonders rais'd on Nations spoil'd,	5
Where mix'd with Slaves the groaning Martyr toil'd,	-
Huge Theatres, that now unpeopled Woods,	
Now drain'd a distant country of her Floods,	
Fanes, which admiring Gods with pride survey,	
Statues of Men, scarce less alive than they,	10
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,	
Some hostile fury, some religious rage,	
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,	
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire	
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,	15
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name,	
That Name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,	
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due	
Ambition sigh'd, She found it vain to trust	
The faithless Column and the crumbling Bust,	20
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore to sh	ore,
Their ruins ruin'd, and their place no more!	
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,	
And all her Triumphs shrink into a Coin	
A narrow orb each crouded conquest keeps,	25
Beneath her Palm here sad Judæa weeps,	
Here scantier limits the proud Arch confine,	
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine,	
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,	
And little Eagles wave their wings in gold	30
The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,	
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name	
In one short view subjected to your eye	
Gods, Emp'rors, Heroes, Sages, Beauties, he	

26 ff Descriptions of coins commemorating conquests of various Cæsars

 $^{39\ \}textit{Pescennus}\]$ Coins of the pretender Pescennius Niger are the rarest any ordinary collector hopes to possess

With sharpen'd sight pale Antiquaries pore, Th' inscription value, but the rust adore, This the blue varnish, that the green endears, The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years! To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,	35
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams, Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd, Can taste no pleasure since his Shield was scour'd,	40
And Curio, restless by the Fair-one's side, Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride Theirs is the Vanity, the Learning thine	4.5
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine, Her Gods, and god-like Heroes rise to view,	45
And all her faded garlands bloom a-new Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage,	
These pleas'd the Fathers of poetic rage,	50
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part, And Art reflected images to Art	
Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,	
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame? In living medals see her wars enroll'd.	55
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold?))
Here, rising bold, the Patriot's honest face,	
There Warriors frowning in historic brass Then future ages with delight shall see	
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree,	60
Or in fair series laurell'd Bards be shown,	00
A Virgil there, and here an Addison	
Then shall thy CRAGS (and let me call him mine)	
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine,	
With aspect open, shall erect his head,	65
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,	
'Statesman, yet friend to Truth' of soul sincere,	
In action faithful, and in honour clear,	
Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,	
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend, Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,	70
And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd'	
and plus a, unciry a, by the much he lov a	

⁴⁴ Coins of Otho are the rarest in the popular series of the twelve Cæsars

⁶⁴ Pollio] Asinius Pollio, friend of Virgil, to whom he addressed his Fourth Eclogue

The Rape of the Lock

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM IN FIVE CANTO'S

[two-Canto version 1712, five-Canto version 1714]

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos, Sed juvat hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis MARTIAL

TO MRS ARABELLA FERMOR

MADAM.

It will be in vain to deny that I have some Regard for this Piece, since I Dedicate it to You Yet You may bear me Witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good Sense and good Humour enough, to laugh not only at their Sex's little unguarded Follies, but at their own But as it was communicated with the Air of a Secret, it soon found its Way into the World An imperfect Copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, You had the Good-Nature for my Sake to consent to the Publication of one more correct. This I was forc'd to before I had executed half my Design, for the *Machinery* was entirely wanting to compleat it

The Machinery, Madam, is a Term invented by the Criticks, to signify that Part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons, are made to act in a Poem. For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies, Let an Action be never so trivial in it self, they always make it appear of the utmost Importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd Foundation, the Rosicrucian Doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard Words before a Lady, but 'tis so much the Concern of a Poet to have his Works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that You must give me leave to explain two or three difficult Terms

The Rosicrucians are a People I must bring You acquainted with The best Account I know of them is in a French Book call'd Le Comte de Gabalis, which both in its Title and Size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by Mistake According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders The Gnomes, or Dæmons of Earth, delight in Mischief, but the Sylphs,

whose Habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd Creatures imaginable. For they say, any Mortals may enjoy the most intimate Familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a Condition very easie to all true *Adepts*, an inviolate Preservation of Chastity

As to the following Canto's, all the Passages of them are as Fabulous, as the Vision at the Beginning, or the Transformation at the End, (except the Loss of your Hair, which I always mention with Reverence) The Human Persons are as Fictitious as the Airy ones, and the Character of *Belinda*, as it is now manag'd, resembles You in nothing but in Beauty

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in Your Person, or in Your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the World half so Uncensured as You have done But let its Fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this Occasion of assuring You that I am, with the truest Esteem,

Madam,

Your Most Obedient Humble Servant

A POPE

CANTO I

What dire Offence from am'rous Causes springs, What mighty Contests rise from trivial Things, I sing—This Verse to Carvll, Muse! is due. This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view Slight is the Subject, but not so the Praise, 5 If She inspire, and He approve my Lays Say what strange Motive, Goddess' cou'd compel A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle? Oh say what stranger Cause, yet unexplor'd, Cou'd make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? IO In Tasks so bold, can Little Men engage, And in soft Bosoms dwells such mighty Rage? Sol thro' white Curtains shot a tim'rous Ray. And op'd those Eyes that must eclipse the Day, Now Lapdogs give themselves the rowzing Shake, 15 And sleepless Lovers, just at Twelve, awake

The first sketch of this Poem was written in less than a fortnight's time, in 1711, in two Canto's, and so printed in a Miscellany, without the name of the Author The Machines were not inserted till a year after, when he publish'd it, and annex'd the foregoing Dedication [P]

3 Caryll A close friend of Pope and Gay

11 Cf Æneid, 1 11 Tantaene animis caelestibus irae?

Thrice rung the Bell, the Slipper knock'd the Ground, And the press'd Watch return'd a silver Sound Belinda still her downy Pillow prest.	
Her Guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy Rest	20
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent Bed	
The Morning-Dream that hover'd o'er her Head	
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,	
(That ev'n in Slumber caus'd her Cheek to glow)	
Seem'd to her Ear his winning Lips to lay,	25
And thus in Whispers said, or seem'd to say	-
Fairest of Mortals, thou distinguish'd Care	
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!	
If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant Thought,	
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,	30
Of airy Elves by Moonlight Shadows seen,	-
The silver Token, and the circled Green,	
Or Virgins visited by Angel-Pow'rs,	
With Golden Crowns and Wreaths of heavn'ly Flow'rs,	
Hear and believe! thy own Importance know,	35
Nor bound thy narrow Views to Things below	
Some secret Truths from Learned Pride conceal'd,	
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd	
What the 'no Credit doubting Wits may give '	
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe	40
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,	
The light Mihtia of the lower Sky,	
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the Wing,	
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring	
Think what an Equipage thou hast in Air,	45
And view with scorn Two Pages and a Chair	
As now your own, our Beings were of old,	
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous Mold,	

17 The triple repetition is common in epic poetry

Belinda's hand-bell not being answered, she knocked with her slipper Bell-hanging was not introduced into domestic apartments till much later

- 18 The repeater' watch sounded the hour and the quarters when pressure was applied to the pin which projected from the case near the pendant. The difficulty of striking a light made repeaters popular
 - 46 a Chair] a sedan chair
- 21 ff The gods sometimes communicate with the epic hero by means of apparitions during sleep, e.g. *Eneid*, iii 147 ff
- 23 The dresses worn for the royal birthday celebrations were exceptionally splendid
- 33 Carrying a reference to the Annunciation and to the experiences of virgin saints
 - 44 the Ring] a fashionable parade for coaches in Hyde Park

Thence, by a soft Transition, we repair	
From earthly Vehicles to these of Air	50
Think not, when Woman's transient Breath is fled,	_
That all her Vanities at once are dead	
Succeeding Vanities she still regards,	
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the Cards	
Her Joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,	55
And Love of Ombre, after Death survive	
For when the Fair in all their Pride expire,	
To their first Elements their Souls retire	
The Sprights of fiery Termagants in Flame	
Mount up, and take a Salamander's Name	60
Soft yielding Minds to Water glide away,	
And sip with Nymphs, their Elemental Tea	
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,	
In search of Mischief still on Earth to roam	
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,	65
And sport and flutter in the Fields of Air	
Know farther yet, Whoever fair and chaste	
Rejects Mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd	
For Spirits, freed from mortal Laws, with ease	
Assume what Sexes and what Shapes they please	70
What guards the Purity of melting Maids,	
In Courtly Balls, and Midnight Masquerades,	
Safe from the treach'rous Friend, the daring Spark,	
The Glance by Day, the Whisper in the Dark,	
When kind Occasion prompts their warm Desires,	75
When Musick softens, and when Dancing fires?	

50 Vehicles] 'The Platonists doe chiefly take notice of Three Kindes of Vehicles, Æthereal, Aereal, and Terrestrial' (Henry More, Immortality of the Soul. 11 14. §1)

55 f

—Quæ gratıa currûm

Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos

Virg Æn 6 (653 ff) [P] Ombre] See III 27-104

58 first] = preponderating A person's nature was supposed to depend on the relative proportions of the four elements in the composition of his body

59 'Termagant A scold, a bawling turbulent woman' (Johnson's *Dictionary*, which cites this couplet)

fiery] Pope puns on the two meanings (a) bad-tempered, (b) having a preponderating amount of fire in one's constitution

62 Tea] Then a perfect rhyme with away Cf 111 7 f below 73 Spark] 'A lively, showy, splendid, gay man It is commonly used in contempt' (Johnson's Dictionary)

'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,	
Tho 'Honour is the Word with Men below	
Some Nymphs there are, too conscious of their Face	,
For Life predestin'd to the Gnomes' Embrace	80
These swell their Prospects and exalt their Pride,	
When Offers are disdain'd, and Love deny'd	
Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant Brain,	
While Peers and Dukes, and all their sweeping Train,	
And Garters, Stars and Coronets appear,	85
And in soft Sounds, Your Grace salutes their Ear	_
'Tis these that early taint the Female Soul,	
Instruct the Eyes of young Coquettes to roll,	
Teach Infant-Cheeks a bidden Blush to know,	
And little Hearts to flutter at a Beau	90
Oft when the World imagine Women stray,	-
The Sylphs thro' mystick Mazes guide their Way,	
Thro' all the giddy Circle they pursue,	
And old Impertinence expel by new	
What tender Maid but must a Victim fall	95
To one Man's Treat, but for another's Ball?	
When Florio speaks, what Virgin could withstand,	
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her Hand?	
With varying Vanities, from ev'ry Part,	
They shift the moving Toyshop of their Heart,	100
Where Wigs with Wigs, with Sword-knots Sword-knots	s
strive,	
Beaus banish Beaus, and Coaches Coaches drive	
This erring Mortals Levity may call,	
Oh blind to Truth! the Sylphs contrive it all	
Of these am I, who thy Protection claim,	105
A watchful Sprite, and Ariel is my Name	
Late, as I rang'd the Crystal Wilds of Air,	
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star	
I saw, alas! some dread Event impend,	
Ere to the Main this Morning Sun descend	110

79 too sensible of their beauty

89 1 e with rouge

96 Treat] 'An entertainment of food and drink' (OED)

102 drive] Another pun

⁹⁴ Impertmence] 'Trifle thing of no value' (Johnson's Dictionary)

¹⁰¹ Sword-knots] Johnson defines as 'Ribband tied to the hilt of the sword', and quotes these lines

¹⁰⁸ In the clear Mirror] The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc [P]

But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where	
Warn'd by thy Sylph, oh Pious Maid beware!	
This to disclose is all thy Guardian can	
Beware of all, but most beware of Man!	
He said, when Shock, who thought she slept	
too long,	115
Leapt up, and wak'd his Mistress with his Tongue	_
'Twas then Belinda! if Report say true,	
Thy Eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux,	
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,	
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy Head	120
And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,	
Each Silver Vase in mystic Order laid	
First, rob'd in White, the Nymph intent adores	
With Head uncover'd, the Cosmetic Pow'rs	
A heav'nly Image in the Glass appears,	125
To that she bends, to that her Eyes she rears,	_
Th'inferior Priestess, at her Altar's side,	
Trembling, begins the sacred Rites of Pride	
Unnumber'd Treasures ope at once, and here	
The various Off'rings of the World appear,	130
From each she nicely culls with curious Toil,	_
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring Spoil	
This Casket India's glowing Gems unlocks,	
And all Arabia breathes from yonder Box	
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,	135
Transform'd to Combs, the speckled and the white	
Here Files of Pins extend their shining Rows,	
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux	
Now awful Beauty puts on all its Arms,	
The Fair each moment rises in her Charms,	140
Repairs her Smiles, awakens ev'ry Grace,	-
And calls forth all the Wonders of her Face,	
Sees by Degrees a purer Blush arise,	
And keener Lightnings quicken in her Eyes	
m ***	

112 ff Warnings are common in the epics of, e.g., *Æneid*, 11 270 ff where the ghost of Hector appears to Æneas on the night of the sack of Troy warning him to escape

115 The shock or shough was a kind of lap-dog

137 f The rhyme is imperfect, cf 1 117 f above

139 ff Pope is parodying the arming of the epic hero

¹²³ ff Belinda is adoring her 'heavn'ly Îmage' in the mirror, her image is the 'Goddess', she is the chief priestess

¹⁴⁴ Belinda employs the juice of belladonna (deadly night-shade), which enlarges the pupil of the eye, or else she darkens the surrounding skin

The busy Sylphs surround their darling Care,
These set the Head, and those divide the Hair,
Some fold the Sleeve, whilst others plait the Gown,
And Betty's prais'd for Labours not her own

145 Antient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some, among the rest Assel, who lay with Nasmah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham, and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets Bereshi Rabbi in Genes 6 2 [P]

148 Betty] At this time 'Betty' was a generic name for lady's maids

CANTO II

Not with more Glories, in th' Etherial Plain, The Sun first rises o'er the purpled Main, Than issuing forth, the Rival of his Beams Lanch'd on the Bosom of the Silver Thames Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone, 5 But ev'ry Eye was fix'd on her alone On her white Breast a sparkling Cross she wore. Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore Her lively Looks a sprightly Mind disclose, Outck as her Eyes, and as unfix'd as those 10 Favours to none, to all she Smiles extends, Oft she rejects, but never once offends Bright as the Sun, her Eyes the Gazers strike, And, like the Sun, they shine on all alike Yet graceful Ease, and Sweetness void of Pride, 15 Might hide her Faults, if Belles had Faults to hide If to her share some Female Errors fall, Look on her Face, and you'll forget 'em all This Nymph, to the Destruction of Mankind, Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20 In equal Curls, and well conspir'd to deck With shining Ringlets the smooth Iv'ry Neck Love in these Labvrinths his Slaves detains, And mighty Hearts are held in slender Chains With hairy Sprindges we the Birds betray, 25 Slight Lines of Hair surprize the Finny Prey, Fair Tresses Man's Imperial Race insnare, And Beauty draws us with a single Hair Th' Adventrous Baron the bright Locks admir'd, He saw, he wish'd, and to the Prize aspir'd 30

Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,	
By Force to ravish, or by Fraud betray,	
For when Success a Lover's Toil attends,	
Few ask, if Fraud or Force attain'd his Ends	
For this, ere <i>Phæbus</i> rose, he had implor'd	35
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry Pow'r ador'd,	
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,	
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt	
There lay three Garters, half a Pair of Gloves,	
And all the Trophies of his former Loves	40
With tender Billet-doux he lights the Pyre,	
And breathes three am'rous Sighs to raise the Fire	
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent Eyes	
Soon to obtain, and long possess the Prize	
The Pow'rs gave Ear, and granted half his Pray'r,	45
The rest, the Winds dispers'd in empty Air	
But now secure the painted Vessel glides,	
The Sun-beams trembling on the floating Tydes,	
While melting Musick steals upon the Sky,	
And soften'd Sounds along the Waters die	50
Smooth flow the Waves, the Zephyrs gently play,	
Belinda smil'd, and all the World was gay	
All but the Sylph—With careful Thoughts opprest,	
Th'impending Woe sate heavy on his Breast	
He summons strait his Denizens of Air,	55
The lucid Squadrons round the Sails repair	
Soft o'er the Shrouds Aerial Whispers breathe,	
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the Train beneath	
Some to the Sun their Insect-Wings unfold,	_
Waft on the Breeze, or sink in Clouds of Gold	60
Transparent Forms, too fine for mortal Sight,	
Their fluid Bodies half dissolv'd in Light	
Loose to the Wind their airy Garments flew,	
Thin glitt'ring Textures of the filmy Dew,	_
Dipt in the richest Tincture of the Skies,	65
Where Light disports in ever-mingling Dies,	
While ev'ry Beam new transient Colours flings,	
Colours that change whene'er they wave their Wings	

55 Denizens] Used in its proper sense of 'naturalized aliens'

³² By Force or by Fraud] A common antithesis in the epics Cf Dryden's Æneid, 1942, 1162
45 f Virg Æn 11 [794 f] [P] Dryden's translation (1165 f) reads
Apollo heard, and granting half his Pray'r,
Shuffled in Winds the rest, and toss'd in empty Air

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK CANTO II	225
Amid the Circle, on the gilded Mast, Superior by the Head, was Ariel plac'd, His Purple Pinions opening to the Sun,	70
He rais'd his Azure Wand, and thus begun	
Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your Chief give Ear,	
Fays, Farries, Genn, Elves, and Dæmons hear!	
Ye know the Spheres and various Tasks assign'd, By Laws Eternal, to th' Aerial Kind	75
Some in the Fields of purest Æther play,	
And bask and whiten in the Blaze of Day	
Some guide the Course of wandring Orbs on high,	
Or roll the Planets thro' the boundless Sky	80
Some less refin'd, beneath the Moon's pale Light	
Pursue the Stars that shoot athwart the Night, Or suck the Mists in grosser Air below,	
Or dip their Pinions in the painted Bow,	
Or brew fierce Tempests on the wintry Main,	85
Or o'er the Glebe distill the kindly Rain	
Others on Earth o'er human Race preside,	
Watch all their Ways, and all their Actions guide	
Of these the Chief the Care of Nations own,	
And guard with Arms Divine the British Throne Our humbler Province is to tend the Fair,	90
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious Care	
To save the Powder from too rude a Gale,	
Nor let th' imprison'd Essences exhale,	
To draw fresh Colours from the vernal Flow'rs,	95
To steal from Rambows ere they drop in Show'rs	
A brighter Wash, to curl their waving Hairs,	
Assist their Blushes, and inspire their Airs, Nay oft, in Dreams, Invention we bestow,	
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelo	100
This Day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair	
That e'er deserv'd a watchful Spirit's Care,	
Some dire Disaster, or by Force, or Slight,	
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapt in Night	
Whether the Nymph shall break <i>Drana</i> 's Law, Or some frail <i>China</i> Jar receive a Flaw,	105
Or stain her Honour, or her new Brocade,	
Forget her Pray'rs, or miss a Masquerade,	
Or lose her Heart, or Necklace, at a Ball,	
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall	110
bubalal (A many of stuff played and purckered together	autha-

100 Furbelo] 'A piece of stuff plaited and puckered together, either below or above, on the petticoats or gowns of women' [Johnson]

Haste then ye Spirits! to your Charge repair,	
The flutt'ring Fan be Zephyretta's Care,	
The Drops to thee, Brillante, we consign,	
And, Momentilla, let the Watch be thine,	
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock,	115
Artel himself shall be the Guard of Shock	
To Fifty chosen Sylphs, of special Note,	
We trust th' important Charge, the Petticoat	
Oft have we known that sev'nfold Fence to fail,	
Tho' stiff with Hoops, and arm'd with Ribs of Whale	120
Form a strong Line about the Silver Bound,	
And guard the wide Circumference around	
Whatever Spirit, careless of his Charge,	
His Post neglects, or leaves the Fair at large,	
Shall feel sharp Vengeance soon o'ertake his Sins,	125
Be stopt in Vials, or transfixt with Pins,	
Or plung'd in Lakes of bitter Washes lie,	
Or wedg'd whole Ages in a Bodkin's Eye	
Gums and Pomatums shall his Flight restrain,	
While clog'd he beats his silken Wings in vain,	130
Or Alom-Stypucks with contracting Power	
Shrink his thin Essence like a rivell'd Flower	
Or as Ixion fix'd, the Wretch shall feel	
The giddy Motion of the whirling Mill,	
In Fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,	135
And tremble at the Sea that froaths below!	
He spoke, the Spirits from the Sails descend,	
Some, Orb in Orb, around the Nymph extend,	
Some thrid the mazy Ringlets of her Hair,	T 40
Some hang upon the Pendants of her Ear, With beating Hearts the dire Event they wait,	140
Anxious, and trembling for the Birth of Fate	
Alixious, and tremoung for the birth of Pate	

113 Drops] 'Diamond(s) hanging in the ear' [Johnson]
116 The reason for Ariel's special post is hinted at iii 158 and iv 75 f 117 ff Pope mimics the epic shield, cf Ihad, vii 295 ff, xviii 551 ff, especially 701 ff (where Vulcan, making the shield of Achilles, binds the circumference with silver), and Æneid, viii 447 ff

123 ff Cf Jove's threats, Iliad, viii II ff and 'the various Penances enjoyn'd' before a soul in Hades can be made ready for human life again (Enerd, v1 739 ff)

128 Pope plays on the various meanings of bodkin (1) here it means a blunt-pointed needle, (2) at iv 98 and v 95, a hair ornament, (3) at v 55 and 88 a dagger (with a pun on (2))

132 revell'd contract[ed] into wrinkles and corrugations [Johnson]

CANTO III

Close by those Meads for ever crown'd with Flow'rs, Where Thames with Pride surveys his rising Tow'rs, There stands a Structure of Majestick Frame, Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its Name Here Britain's Statesmen of the Fall foredoom Of Foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home, Here Thou, Great Anna! whom three Realms obey, Dost sometimes Counsel take—and sometimes Tea Hither the Heroes and the Nymphs resort, To taste awhile the Pleasures of a Court, 10 In various Talk th' instructive hours they past, Who gave the Ball, or paid the Visit last One speaks the Glory of the British Queen, And one describes a charming Indian Screen, A third interprets Motions, Looks, and Eyes, 15 At ev'ry Word a Reputation dies Snuff, or the Fan, supply each Pause of Chat, With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that Mean while declining from the Noon of Day, The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray, 20 The hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign, And Wretches hang that Jury-men may Dine, The Merchant from th' Exchange returns in Peace, And the long Labours of the Toilette cease— Belinda now, whom Thirst of Fame invites, 25 Burns to encounter two adventrous Knights, At Ombre singly to decide their Doom, And swells her Breast with Conquests yet to come Strait the three Bands prepare in Arms to join, Each Band the number of the Sacred Nine 30 Soon as she spreads her Hand, th' Aerial Guard Descend, and sit on each important Card

7 The English crown still kept up its absurd claim to rule France as well as Great Britain and Ireland

11 ff 'At this Assembly [the Court of King William at Kensington] the only diversion is playing at Cards For which purpose there are two Tables for Basset and three or four more for Picket and Ombre, but generally the Basset-Tables are only fill'd while the rest of the Company either sit or stand, talking on various Subjects, or justle about from one end of the Gallery [of pictures] to the other, some to admire, and most to find fault' (Letters of Wit, p 214)

12 Visit | See note on 111 167 below

17 The singular growth of the practice of taking snuff was a special feature of the reign of Queen Anne before 1702 it was comparatively unknown

First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,	
Then each, according to the Rank they bore,	
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient Race,	35
Are, as when Women, wondrous fond of Place	
Behold, four Kings in Majesty rever'd,	
With hoary Whiskers and a forky Beard,	
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a Flow'r,	
Th' expressive Emblem of their softer Pow'r,	40
Four Knaves in Garbs succinct, a trusty Band,	
Caps on their heads, and Halberds in their hand,	
And Particolour'd Troops, a shining Train,	
Draw forth to Combat on the Velvet Plain	
The skilful Nymph reviews her Force with Care,	45
Let Spades be Trumps ' she said, and Trumps they we	
Now move to War her Sable Matadores,	
In Show like Leaders of the swarthy Moors	
Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!	
Led off two captive Trumps, and swept the Board	50
As many more Manilho forc'd to yield,	J -
And march'd a Victor from the verdant Field	
Him Basto follow'd, but his Fate more hard	
Gain'd but one Trump and one Pleberan Card	
With his broad Sabre next, a Chief in Years,	55
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,	
Puts forth one manly Leg, to sight reveal'd,	
The rest his many-colour'd Robe conceal'd	
The Rebel-Knave, who dares his Prince engage,	
Proves the just Victim of his Royal Rage	60
Ev'n mighty Pam that Kings and Queens o'erthrew,	
And mow'd down Armies in the Fights of Lu,	
Sad Chance of War' now, destitute of Aid,	
Falls undistinguish'd by the Victor Spade!	
Thus far both Armies to Belinda yield,	65
Now to the Baron Fate inclines the Field	-
His warlike Amazon her Host invades,	
Th' Imperial Consort of the Crown of Spades	
The Club's black Tyrant first her Victim dy'd,	
Spite of his haughty Mien, and barb'rous Pride	70

³⁷ ff This review of the forces is epical in all but length of Iliad, iii

¹⁷⁵ ff
46 Cf Genesis 13 'And God said, "Let there be light" and there was light', which on the authority of Longinus (De Sublimitate 1x) became the most famous of all instances of the sublime

94 Trick] in two senses
105 ff Pope's version of the hearty meals in the epic
107 shining Altars of Japan] = lacquered tables

While China's Earth receives the smoking Tyde

IIO

At once they gratify their Scent and Taste, And frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast Strait hover round the Fair her Airy Band. Some, as she sip'd, the fuming Liquor fann'd. Some o'er her Lap their careful Plumes display'd, 115 Trembling, and conscious of the rich Brocade Coffee, (which makes the Politician wise, And see thro' all things with his half-shut Eyes) Sent up in Vapours to the Baron's Brain New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain 120 Ah cease rash Youth! desist ere 'tis too late. Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate! Chang'd to a Bird, and sent to flit in Air, She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd Hair! But when to Mischief Mortals bend their Will. 125 How soon they find fit Instruments of Ill! Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting Grace A two-edg'd Weapon from her shining Case, So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight. Present the Spear, and arm him for the Fight 130 He takes the Gift with rev'rence, and extends The little Engine on his Fingers' Ends. This just behind Belinda's Neck he spread. As o'er the fragrant Steams she bends her Head Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprights repair, 135 A thousand Wings, by turns, blow back the Hair, And thrice they twitch'd the Diamond in her Ear. Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the Foe drew near Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought The close Recesses of the Virgin's Thought, 140 As on the Nosegav in her Breast reclin'd, He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her Mind.

117 f The coffee houses had long been the chief haunt of amateur politicians they are satirized in *Tatlers* 155, 160, 178, *Spectator* 403

raz ff Vide Ovid Metam 8 < r ff > [P] King Nisus, besieged in Megara by Minos, had a daughter Scylla who, seeing Minos from a watch tower, fell in love with him The safety of Nisus and his kingdom was known to depend on a purple hair which, among 'those of honourable silver', grew on his head Scylla plucked out this hair and took it to Minos but met with nothing but abhorrence for her impiety After his victory he sailed away, whereupon Scylla attempted to cling to his ship till, beaten off by Nisus, who had become an osprey, she also became a bird

128 shining Case] See note on v 116 below

132 Engine] The word being applicable to a large military object or small domestic one is exactly appropriate for mock-heroic

149 f The sylph is trying to imitate the angel (*Davideis*, p 15) who puts by the spear which Saul flings at David

149 The wooden horse is called 'the fatal Engine' in Dryden's *Eneid*, ii 345

152 See Milton, lb 6 (330 f) [P]

165 Mrs Manley's Secret Memories and Manners of several Persons of Quality, of Both Sexes From the New Atalantis, an Island in the Mediter-

anean, had appeared in 1709 (2 vols)

167 f Visits were an essential part of the day's routine for a fashionable woman. They took place in the evening, and the lady was attended by servants bearing lights. An essential point of the visit was its appointed day, 'solemn' is therefore a pun, it includes the sense of solemnis, 'marked by the celebration of special observances or rites (especially of a religious character)'

173 f Troy was supposed to have been built by Apollo and Poseidon

And strike to Dust th' Imperial Tow'rs of Troy,
Steel cou'd the Works of mortal Pride confound,
And hew Triumphal Arches to the Ground
What Wonder then, fair Nymph! thy Hairs shou'd feel
The conqu'ring Force of unresisted Steel?

CANTO IV

But anxious Cares the pensive Nymph opprest. And secret Passions labour'd in her Breast Not youthful Kings in Battel seiz'd alive. Not scornful Virgins who their Charms survive, Not ardent Lovers robb'd of all their Bliss. 5 Not ancient Ladies when refus'd a Kiss. Not Tyrants fierce that unrepenting die, Not Cynthia when her Manteau's pinn'd awry, E'er felt such Rage, Resentment and Despair, As Thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair 10 For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew, And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew, Umbriel, a dusky melancholy Spright, As ever sully'd the fair face of Light. Down to the Central Earth, his proper Scene, 15 Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen Swift on his sooty Pinions flitts the Gnome, And in a Vapour reach'd the dismal Dome No cheerful Breeze this sullen Region knows. The dreaded East is all the Wind that blows 20 Here, in a Grotto, sheltred close from Air, And screen'd in Shades from Dav's detested Glare, She sighs for ever on her pensive Bed.

1 Virg Æn 4 (1) At regina gravi, &c [P]

8 Manteau] 'a loose upper Garment, now generally worn by Women,

instead of a straight-body'd Gown'

13 ff The journey to the underworld is an epic commonplace. The subsidiary horrors in the 'antre' of Chicane (Boileau, *Lutrm*, v 39 ff), and in the lairs of Envy and Death (Garth, *Dispensary*, pp 15 f and 105) are like Pope's, fantastically allegorical. The source of all these is the cave which Ovid invented for Envy, *Metam*, 11760 ff

16 Spleen] The fashionable name for an ancient malady, the incidence

of which was jealously confined to the idle rich

18 Vapour] Pope puns on vapour(s) again at ll 39 and 59 below The spleen was also called the vapours and a misty climate was supposed to induce it

20 The east wind was considered to provoke spleen

•

Pain at her Side, and Megrim at her Head Two Handmaids wait the Throne Alike in Place, But diff'ring far in Figure and in Face Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient Maid, Her wrinkled Form in Black and White array'd, With store of Pray'rs, for Mornings, Nights, and Noons, Her Hand is fill'd, her Bosom with Lampoons 30 There Affectation with a sickly Mien Shows in her Cheek the Roses of Eighteen, Practis'd to Lisp, and hang the Head aside, Faints into Airs, and languishes with Pride. On the rich Quilt sinks with becoming Woe, 35 Wrapt in a Gown, for Sickness, and for Show The Fair-ones feel such Maladies as these, When each new Night-Dress gives a new Disease A constant Vapour o'er the Palace flies, Strange Phantoms rising as the Mists arise, 40 Dreadful, as Hermit's Dreams in haunted Shades. Or bright as Visions of expiring Maids Now glaring Fiends, and Snakes on rolling Spires, Pale Spectres, gaping Tombs, and Purple Fires Now Lakes of liquid Gold, Elvsian Scenes, 45 And Crystal Domes, and Angels in Machines Unnumber'd Throngs on ev'ry side are seen Of Bodies chang'd to various Forms by Spleen Here living *Teapots* stand, one Arm held out, One bent, the Handle this, and that the Spout 50 A Pipkin there like *Homer's Tripod* walks. Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks,

24 The organ called the spleen is at the left side of the body, megrim, or migraine, is a 'Disorder of the head' (Johnson's *Dictionary*), a severe headache Pope places his allegorical figures accordingly

25 wait = wait on, 'to be in readiness to receive orders'

33 Tatler 77, an essay on affectation (mainly that of men), notes lisping and carrying the head on one side as two marks of affectation, the former a recent fashion, the latter a fashion at the court of Alexander

43 ff Starting from the usual hallucinatory symptoms of the spleen, Pope leads on to a satiric catalogue of the scenic effects of contemporary

opera and pantomime

43 Spires] coils 47-54 These metamorphoses represent illusions commonly suffered by the splenetic

51 See Hom Iliad 18 439 (ff), of Vulcan's Walking tripods [P]

Pupkin] a small earthen boiler

52 Goose-pye] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition [P]

Men prove with Child, as pow'rful Fancy works,	
And Maids turn'd Bottels, call aloud for Corks	
Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastick Band,	55
A Branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand	
Then thus addrest the Pow'r-Hail wayward Queen!	
Who rule the Sex to Fifty from Fifteen,	
Parent of Vapours and of Female Wit,	
Who give th' Hysteric or Poetic Fit,	
On various Tempers act by various ways,	60
Make some take Physick, others scribble Plays,	
Who cause the Proud their Visits to delay,	
And send the Godly in a Pett, to pray	
A Nymph there is, that all thy Pow'r disdains,	65
And thousands more in equal Mirth maintains	-
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a Grace,	
Or raise a Pimple on a beauteous Face,	
Like Citron-Waters Matrons' Cheeks inflame,	
Or change Complexions at a losing Game,	70
If e'er with airy Horns I planted Heads,	•
Or rumpled Petticoats, or tumbled Beds,	
Or caus'd Suspicion when no Soul was rude,	
Or discompos'd the Head-dress of a Prude,	
Or e'er to costive Lap-Dog gave Disease,	75
Which not the Tears of brightest Eyes could ease	
Hear me, and touch Belinda with Chagrin,	
That single Act gives half the World the Spleen	
The Goddess with a discontented Air	
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his Pray'r	80
A wondrous Bag with both her Hands she binds,	
Like that where once Ulysses held the Winds,	
There she collects the Force of Female Lungs,	
Sighs, Sobs, and Passions, and the War of Tongues	
A Vial next she fills with fainting Fears,	85
Soft Sorrows, melting Griefs, and flowing Tears	
The Gnome rejoicing bears her Gifts away,	
Spreads his black Wings, and slowly mounts to Day	

57 ff This speech, which embodies common symptoms of the spleen, is built on the model of Nisus' speech to Luna (*Æneud*, ix 404 ff), Sidrac's to Chicane (*Lutrin*, v 63 ff), and Horoscope's to Disease (*Dispensary*, p 37)

59-62 Melancholy was supposed to accompany creative genius
The *Tatler* and *Spectator* always treated the spleen as a malady of both
sexes Pope restricts it entirely to women (except for 1 53)

69 Citron-Waters] Brandy distilled with the rind of citrons

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK CANTO IV	235
Sunk in <i>Thalestris</i> ' Arms the Nymph he found, Her Eyes dejected and her Hair unbound Full o'er their Heads the swelling Bag he rent, And all the Furies issued at the Vent	90
Belinda burns with more than mortal Ire, And fierce Thalestris fans the rising Fire O wretched Maid! she spread her Hands, and cry'd, (While Hampton's Ecchos, wretched Maid! reply'd) Was it for this you took such constant Care The Bodkin, Comb, and Essence to prepare,	95
For this your Locks in Paper-Durance bound, For this with tort'ring Irons wreath'd around? For this with Fillets strain'd your tender Head, And bravely bore the double Loads of Lead? Gods! shall the Ravisher display your Hair,	100
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare! Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd Shrine Ease, Pleasure, Virtue, All, our Sex resign Methinks already I your Tears survey,	105
Already hear the horrid things they say, Already see you a degraded Toast, And all your Honour in a Whisper lost! How shall I, then, your helpless Fame defend? 'Twill then be Infamy to seem your Friend! And shall this Prize, th' inestimable Prize,	110
Expos'd thro' Crystal to the gazing Eyes, And heighten'd by the Diamond's circling Rays, On that Rapacious Hand for ever blaze? Sooner shall Grass in <i>Hide</i> -Park Circus grow, And Wits take Lodgings in the Sound of Bow,	115
Sooner let Earth, Air, Sea, to Chaos fall, Men, Monkies, Lap-dogs, Parrots, perish all! She said, then raging to Sir Plume repairs,	120

89 Thalestris was the Queen of the Amazons

98 Cf note on 11 128 above

99 ff The imagery is from incarceration and torture The curl papers of ladies' hair used to be fastened with strips of pliant lead

101 Fillets With a reference to the epic eg, priestesses wear fillets in the Æneid

109 toast] a celebrated woman whose health is often drunk

117 Hide-Park Circus] a fashionable place for coach-driving, destroyed when the Serpentine was created in 1736

118 The City with its solid brick citizens' houses had become almost

wholly mercantile

121 Sir Plume] Sir George Browne, cousin of Arabella Fermor's mother

And bids her Beau demand the precious Hairs (Sir Plume, of Amber Snuff-box justly vain, And the nice Conduct of a clouded Cane)	
With earnest Eyes, and round unthinking Face,	125
He first the Snuff-box open'd, then the Case,	_
And thus broke out—'My Lord, why, what the De	vıl 🤉
Z-ds! damn the Lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil	
Plague on't! 'tis past a Jest—nay prithee, Pox!	
Give her the Hair'—he spoke, and rapp'd his Box	130
It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)	•
Who speaks so well shou'd ever speak in vain	
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,	
(Which never more shall join its parted Hair,	
Which never more its Honours shall renew,	135
Clipt from the lovely Head where late it grew)	
That while my Nostrils draw the vital Air,	
This Hand, which won it, shall for ever wear	
He spoke, and speaking, in proud Triumph spread	
The long-contended Honours of her Head	140
But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so,	
He breaks the Vial whence the Sorrows flow	
Then see! the Nymph in beauteous Grief appears,	
Her Eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in Tears,	
On her heav'd Bosom hung her drooping Head,	145
Which, with a Sigh, she rais'd, and thus she said	
For ever curs'd be this detested Day,	
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite Curl away!	
Happy! ah ten times happy, had I been,	
If Hampton-Court these Eyes had never seen!	150
Yet am not I the first mistaken Maid,	
By Love of Courts to num'rous Ills betray'd	
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd	
In some lone Isle, or distant Northern Land,	
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the Way,	155

124 clouded variegated with dark veins

127 ff Sir Plume speaks the language of the 'common Swearer' in Tatler 13, and the fop in Tatler 110

Tatler 13, and the fop in Tatler 110
133 ff In allusion to Achilles's Oath in Homer Il 1 <309 ff > [P]

¹⁴¹ f These two lines are additional, and assign the cause of the different operation of the Passions of the two Ladies The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery to the end of the Canto [P]

¹⁴⁷ ff This speech is modelled on Achilles' lament for Patroclus, Iliad, xviii 107 ff

¹⁴⁹ f An adaptation of Dido's cry, Eneid, iv 657 f

Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea! There kept my Charms conceal'd from mortal Eye, Like Roses that in Desarts bloom and die What mov'd my Mind with youthful Lords to rome? O had I stay'd, and said my Pray'rs at home! 'Twas this, the Morning Omens seem'd to tell, Thrice from my trembling hand the Patch-box fell, The tott'ring China shook without a Wind. Nav, Poll sate mute, and Shock was most Unkind! A Sylph too warn'd me of the Threats of Fate, 165 In mystic Visions, now believ'd too late! See the poor Remnants of these slighted Hairs! My hands shall rend what ev'n thy Rapine spares These, in two sable Ringlets taught to break, Once gave new Beauties to the snowie Neck 170 The Sister-Lock now sits uncouth, alone, And in its Fellow's Fate foresees its own, Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal Sheers demands, And tempts once more thy sacrilegious Hands Oh hadst thou, Cruel' been content to seize 175 Hairs less in sight, or any Hairs but these!

156 Bohea] A species of tea, of higher colour, and more astringent taste, than green tea
158 Cf Waller, Go lovely rose, ll 6 ff

CANTO V

She said the pitying Audience melt in Tears, But Fate and Yove had stopp'd the Baron's Ears In vain Thalestris with Reproach assails, For who can move when fair Belinda fails? Not half so fixt the Trojan cou'd remain, 5 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her Fan, Silence ensu'd, and thus the Nymph began Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most, The wise Man's Passion, and the vain Man's Toast? 10 Why deck'd with all that Land and Sea afford, Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd? Why round our Coaches crowd the white-glov'd Beaus, Why bows the Side-box from its inmost Rows?

⁷ Clarissa] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the Moral of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer [P] See pp 60-62, 170, 568

How vain are all these Glories, all our Pains, I5 Unless good Sense preserve what Beauty gains That Men may say, when we the Front-box grace, Behold the first in Virtue, as in Face! Oh! if to dance all Night, and dress all Day, Charm'd the Small-pox, or chas'd old Age away, 20 Who would not scorn what Huswife's Cares produce, Or who would learn one earthly Thing of Use? To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint, Nor could it sure be such a Sin to paint But since, alas! frail Beauty must decay, 25 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grev, Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade, And she who scorns a Man, must die a Maid, What then remains, but well our Pow'r to use, And keep good Humour still whate'er we lose? 30 And trust me, Dear! good Humour can prevail, When Airs, and Flights, and Screams, and Scolding fail Beauties in vain their pretty Eyes may roll, Charms strike the Sight, but Merit wins the Soul So spoke the Dame, but no Applause ensu'd. 35 Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude To Arms, to Arms! the fierce Virago cries, And swift as Lightning to the Combate flies All side in Parties, and begin th' Attack, Fans clap, Silks russle, and tough Whalebones crack, Heroes' and Heroins' Shouts confus'dly rise, And base, and treble Voices strike the Skies No common Weapons in their Hands are found, Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal Wound So when bold *Homer* makes the Gods engage, 45 And heav'nly Breasts with human Passions rage, 'Gainst Pallas, Mars, Latona, Hermes arms, And all Olympus rings with loud Alarms Jove's Thunder roars, Heav'n trembles all around, Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing Deeps resound, Earth shakes her nodding Tow'rs, the Ground gives way, And the pale Ghosts start at the Flash of Day!

35 It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech, So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded [P]

45 Homer Il 20 (91 ff) [P]

³⁷ From hence the first Edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem [P]

³⁷ Virago] A female warrior, a woman with the qualities of a man

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK CANTO V	239
Triumphant Umbriel on a Sconce's Height	
Clapt his glad Wings, and sate to view the Fight	
Propt on their Bodkin Spears, the Sprights survey	55
The growing Combat, or assist the Fray	
While thro' the Press enrag'd Thalestris flies,	
And scatters Deaths around from both her Eyes,	
A Beau and Withing perish'd in the Throng,	
One dy'd in Metaphor, and one in Song	60
O cruel Nymph ' a living Death I bear,	
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his Chair	
A mournful Glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,	
Those Eyes are made so killing—was his last	_
Thus on Meander's flow'ry Margin lies	65
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies	
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,	
Chloe stept in, and kill'd him with a Frown,	
She smil'd to see the doughty Hero slain,	
But at her Smile, the Beau reviv'd again	70
Now Jove suspends his golden Scales in Air,	
Weighs the Men's Wits against the Lady's Hair,	
The doubtful Beam long nods from side to side,	
At length the Wits mount up, the Hairs subside	
See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,	75
With more than usual Lightning in her Eyes,	
Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal Fight to try,	
Who sought no more than on his Foe to die	
But this bold Lord, with manly Strength indu'd,	
She with one Finger and a Thumb subdu'd	80
Just where the Breath of Life his Nostrils drew,	
These four lines added, for the reason before \$\langle 37n \rangle\$ mention Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulysses with the ss \$\langle \timex \times 1 & perches on a beam of the roof to behold it [] the pensile candlestick	Surtors
Dapperwit is living up to his character in Wycherley's Lo	ve in a
see, eg, II 1 Sir Fopling] The chief character in Etherege's Man of Mode	, or Sır
g Flutter, one of 'our most applauded plays' (Spectator, 65)	١.

53-6 53 f 111 Ody Scon

62] Wood,

63 2 Fopling

64 The Words in a Song in the Opera of Camilla [P] Camilla, the most famous opera of Marc' Antonio Buononcini, brother of Handel's rival, was first performed in England on 30 April 1706 It was performed fiftyfour times during 1706-9

65 f Ov Ep \(\forall vii \) i f \(\sigma \)
Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis, Ad vada Mæandri concunit albus olor [P]

71 ff Vid Homer Il 8 (87 ff) & Virg Æn 12 (725 ff) [P] 81 Pope may intend a cross reference to iv 137 the wheel has come full circle for the Baron

A Charge of Snuff the wily Virgin threw, The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry Atome just, The pungent Grains of titillating Dust Sudden, with starting Tears each Eye o'erflows, And the high Dome re-ecchoes to his Nose Now meet thy Fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd, And drew a deadly Bodkin from her Side	85
(The same, his ancient Personage to deck, Her great great Grandsire wore about his Neck In three Seal-Rings, which after, melted down, Form'd a vast Buckle for his Widow's Gown	90
Her infant Grandame's Whistle next it grew, The Bells she gingled, and the Whistle blew, Then in a Bodkin grac'd her Mother's Hairs, Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears) Boast not my Fall (he cry'd) insulting Foe!	95
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low Nor think, to die dejects my lofty Mind, All that I dread, is leaving you behind! Rather than so, ah let me still survive, And burn in Cupid's Flames,—but burn alive	100
Restore the Lock ' she cries, and all around Restore the Lock ' the vaulted Roofs rebound Not fierce Othello in so loud a Strain Roar'd for the Handkerchief that caus'd his Pain But see how oft Ambitious Aims are cross'd, And Chiefs contend 'till all the Prize is lost!	105
The Lock, obtain'd with Guilt, and kept with Pain, In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain With such a Prize no Mortal must be blest, So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest? Some thought it mounted to the Lunar Sphere, Since all things lost on Earth, are treasur'd there	110

83 f These two lines added for the above reason [P] see 1 37n above 89 ff In Imitation of the Progress of Agamemnon's Scepter in Homer, Il 2 <129 ff > [P]
114 ff Vid Ariosto Canto 34 <stanzas 68 ff > [P]

A Ariosto Canto 34 (stanzas os n > [P]
Astolfo journeys to the moon in search of Orlando's lost wits, and finds

A mighty masse of things strangely confus'd

A mighty masse of things strangely confus'd, Things that on earth were lost, or were abus'd

Among these are "The vowes that sinners make, and never pay,' gifts given to princes, 'fond loves',

Large promises that Lords make, and forget
The fruitlesse almes that men give when they die
Here 'mans wit' is kept in jars after having been lost on earth through

There Heroes' Wits are kept in pondrous Vases, And Beaus' in <i>Snuff-boxes</i> and <i>Tweezer-Cases</i> There broken Vows, and Death-bed Alms are found, And Lovers' Hearts with Ends of Riband bound, The Courtier's Promises, and Sick Man's Pray'rs,	115
The Smiles of Harlots, and the Tears of Heirs, Cages for Gnats, and Chains to Yoak a Flea,	120
Dry'd Butterflies, and Tomes of Casuistry	
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise, Tho' mark'd by none but quick Poetic Eyes	
(So Rome's great Founder to the Heav'ns withdrew,	125
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)	ر ــــــــــــــــــــــــــــــــــــ
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid Air,	
And drew behind a radiant Trail of Hair	
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,	
The Heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd Light	130
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,	_
And pleas'd pursue its Progress thro' the Skies	
This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall survey,	
And hail with Musick its propitious Ray	
This, the blest Lover shall for Venus take,	135
And send up Vows from Rosamonda's Lake	
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless Skies,	
When next he looks thro' Galılæo's Eyes,	
And hence th' Egregious Wizard shall foredoom	
The Fate of Lours, and the Fall of Rome	140
Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd	Haır
Which adds new Glory to the shining Sphere!	

love, ambition, trade, service of lords, aspiration after powers magical, alchemistical or poetical

116 Tweezer-Cases] Cf Tatler 142 'his Tweezer-Cases are incomparable You shall have one not much bigger than your Finger, with seventeen several Instruments in it, all necessary every Hour of the Day, during the whole Course of a Man's Life'

122 Casustry] The minutely argued adaptation of ethical rules to individual cases which the Counter-Reformation had encouraged, and in England such churchmen as Jeremy Taylor, was now discredited

127 liquid] in the Latin sense of clear

131 f These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem [P]

133 the Mall An enclosed walk in St James's Park 136 Rosamonda's Lake A pond in St James's Park

137 John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year, never fail d to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English [P]

138 Galileo improved the newly invented telescope and by its aid

inaugurated a new era in the history of astronomy

Not all the Tresses that fair Head can boast	
Shall draw such Envy as the Lock you lost	
For, after all the Murders of your Eye,	145
When, after Millions slain, your self shall die,	
When those fair Suns shall sett, as sett they must,	
And all those Tresses shall be laid in Dust,	
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,	
And mid'st the Stars inscribe Behnda's Name!	150

Epistle To Miss Blount, on her leaving the Town, after the Coronation

[written 1714, published, Works, 1717]

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care Drags from the town to wholsom country air, Just when she learns to roll a melting eye, And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh, From the dear man unwilling she must sever. 5 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew, Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew, Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent. She sigh'd not that They stay'd, but that She went TO She went, to plain-work, and to purling brooks, Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks, She went from Op'ra, park, assembly, play, To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day, To pass her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15 To muse, and spill her solitary Tea, Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon, Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon, Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire, Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire, 20 Up to her godly garret after sev'n, There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n Some Squire, perhaps, you take a delight to rack, Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack, Who visits with a gun, presents you birds, 25 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words! Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable, Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table, Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse, And loves you best of all things—but his horse 30 In some fair evening, on your elbow laid, You dream of triumphs in the rural shade, In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene, See Coronations rise on ev'ry green, Before you pass th' imaginary sights 35 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd Knights,

¹⁵ Bohea] see p 237, l 156n

²⁴ whisk whist

While the spread Fan o'ershades your closing eyes, Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls, And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls 40 So when your slave, at some dear, idle time, (Not plagu'd with headachs, or the want of rhime) Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew, And while he seems to study, thinks of you Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45 Or sees the blush of soft Parthema rise, Gav pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite, Streets, chairs, and coxcombs rush upon my sight, Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow, Look sow'r, and hum a tune-as you may now 50

³⁸ flirt] a sudden movement of the fan 48 chairs] sedan-chairs

A Farewell to London In the Year 1715 [published 1775]

Dear, damn'd, distracting Town, farewell! Thy Fools no more I'll teize This Year in Peace, ye Critics, dwell, Ye Harlots, sleep at Ease!

Soft B--- and rough C---s, adieu! 5
Earl Warwick make your Moan,
The lively H----k and you
May knock up Whores alone

To drink and droll be Rowe allow'd
Till the third watchman toll,

Let Jervase gratis paint, and Frowd
Save Three-pence, and his Soul

Farewell Arbuthnot's Raillery
On every learned Sot,
And Garth, the best good Christian he,
Altho' he knows it not

Lintot, farewell! thy Bard must go,
Farewell, unhappy Tonson!
Heaven gives thee for thy Loss of Rowe,
Lean Philips, and fat Johnson 20

Why should I stay? Both Parties rage, My vixen Mistress squalls, The Wits in envious Feuds engage, And Homer (damn him!) calls

The Love of Arts lies cold and dead 25 In Hallifax's Urn,

5 B---] Perhaps Bethel, see p 540, ll 125-6n C---s] Generally, but not certainly, identified as Craggs the younger

6 Warwick] Son-in-law to Addison
 7 H - ---k] Doubtless Edward Richard, Viscount Hinchinbroke
 11 Philip Frowde (d. 1738), poet and friend of Swift, had suffered

from his father's improvidence
17 Lintot] Pope's bookseller, who had undertaken to publish the Ihad
18 Tonson] 1656?—1736 The leading publisher of his generation

26 Hallifax Charles Montagu, Earl of Halifax (1661-1715) Politician, poet, and patron of poets

And	not	one	Muse	of all	he fed,
H	as y	et th	e Grad	e to r	nourn

My Friends, by Turns, my Friends confound, Betray, and are betray'd Poor Yr's sold for Fifty Pound, And Bll is a Jade	30
Why make I Friendships with the Great, When I no Favour seek? Or follow Girls Seven Hours in Eight?— I need but once a Week	35
Still idle, with a busy Air, Deep Whimsies to contrive, The gayest Valetudinaire, Most thinking Rake alive	40
Solicitous for others Ends, Tho' fond of dear Repose, Careless or drowsy with my Friends, And frolick with my Foes	
Laborious Lobster-nights, farewell! For sober, studious Days, And Burlington's delicious Meal, For Sallads, Tarts, and Pease!	45

Adieu to all but Gay alone,
Whose Soul, sincere and free,
Loves all Mankind, but flatters none,
And so may starve with me

31 Y--r] Mrs Elizabeth Younger (1699?-1762), actress
32 B----ll] Mrs M Bicknell (1695?-1723), actress, sister of Mrs
Younger

The Universal Prayer

DEC OPT MAX

[written c 1715, published 1738]

Father of All' in every Age, In every Clime ador'd, By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage, Jehovah, Jove, or Lord'

Thou Great First Cause, least Understood! 5
Who all my Sense confin'd
To know but this,—that Thou art Good,
And that my self am blind

Yet gave me, in this dark Estate,

To see the Good from Ill,

And binding Nature fast in Fate,

Left free the Human Will

What Conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to doe,
This, teach me more than Hell to shun,
That, more than Heav'n pursue

What Blessings thy free Bounty gives,
Let me not cast away,
For God is pay'd when Man receives,
T' enjoy, is to obey 20

Yet not to Earth's contracted Span,
Thy Goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of Man,
When thousand Worlds are round

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume Thy Bolts to throw,
And deal Damnation round the land,
On each I judge thy Foe

If I am right, oh teach my heart
Still in the right to stay,
30

Composed in 1715, and subsequently revised for use as a pendant to the Essay on Man

If I am wrong, Thy Grace impart To find that better Way	
Save me alike from foolish Pride,	
Or impious Discontent,	
At ought thy Wisdom has deny'd,	35
Or ought thy Goodness lent	
Teach me to feel another's Woe,	
To hide the Fault I see,	
That Mercy I to others show,	
That Mercy show to me	40
Mean tho' I am, not wholly so	
Since quicken'd by thy Breath,	
O lead me wheresoe'er I go,	
Thro' this day's Life, or Death	
This day, be Bread and Peace my Lot,	45
All else beneath the Sun,	
Thou know'st if best bestow'd, or not,	
And let Thy Will be done	
To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,	
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,	50
One Chorus let all Being raise!	-
All Nature's Incence rise!	

Epistle to Mr Jervas

WITH DRYDEN'S TRANSLATION OF FRESNOY'S ART OF PAINTING

[written c 1715, published 1716]

This verse be thine, my friend, nor thou refuse This, from no venal or ungrateful Muse Whether thy hand strike out some free design, Where life awakes, and dawns at ev'ry line, Or blend in beauteous tints the colour'd mass. 5 And from the canvas call the mimic face Read these instructive leaves, in which conspire Fresnoy's close art, and Dryden's native fire And reading wish, like theirs, our fate and fame, So mix'd our studies, and so join'd our name, 10 Like them to shine thro' long succeeding age, So just thy skill, so regular my rage Smit with the love of Sister-arts we came, And met congenial, mingling flame with flame, Like friendly colours found them both unite. 15 And each from each contract new strength and light How oft' in pleasing tasks we wear the day, While summer suns roll unperceiv'd away? How oft' our slowly-growing works impart, While images reflect from art to art? 20 How oft' review, each finding like a friend Something to blame, and something to commend? What flatt'ring scenes our wand'ring fancy wrought, Rome's pompous glories rising to our thought! Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly, 25 Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy With thee, on Raphael's Monument I mourn, Or wait inspiring dreams at Maro's Urn With thee repose, where Tully once was laid, Or seek some rum's formidable shade, 30 While fancy brings the vanish'd piles to view, And builds imaginary Rome a-new Here thy well-study'd Marbles fix our eve, A fading Fresco here demands a sigh

Title Mr Jervas] See p 285, 1 28n
Fresnoy] Charles Alphonse Dufresnoy (1611-65), painter and poet De
arte graphica (1668) translated by Dryden, 1695

Each heav'nly piece unweary'd we compare, Match Raphael's grace, with thy lov'd Guido's air, Caracci's strength, Correggio's softer line,	35
Paulo's free stroke, and Titian's warmth divine	
How finish'd with illustrious toil appears	
This small, well-polish'd gem, the work of years!	40
Yet still how faint by precept is exprest	7
The living image in the Painter's breast?	
Thence endless streams of fair ideas flow,	
Strike in the sketch, or in the picture glow,	
Thence beauty, waking all her forms, supplies	45
An Angel's sweetness, or Bridgewater's eyes	73
Muse! at that name thy sacred sorrows shed,	
Those tears eternal, that embalm the dead	
Call round her tomb each object of desire,	
Each purer frame inform'd with purer fire	50
Bid her be all that chears or softens life,	•
The tender sister, daughter, friend and wife,	
Bid her be all that makes mankind adore,	
Then view this marble, and be vain no more!	
Yet still her charms in breathing paint engage,	55
Her modest cheek shall warm a future age	
Beauty, frail flow'r that ev'ry season fears,	
Blooms in thy colours for a thousand years	
Thus Churchill's race shall other hearts surprize,	
And other Beauties envy Worsley's eyes,	60
Each pleasing Blount shall endless smiles bestow,	
And soft Belinda's blush for ever glow	
Oh lasting as those colours may they shine,	
Free as thy stroke, yet faultless as thy line!	
New graces yearly, like thy works, display,	65
Soft without weakness, without glaring gay,	
Led by some rule, that guides, but not constrains,	
And finish'd more thro' hanniness than name!	

46 Bridgewater] Elizabeth, Countess of Bridgewater, was the third of the four beautiful daughters of the Duke of Marlborough, who are alluded to in 1 59

61 Blount] Martha and Teresa Blount, a double portrait of whom Jervas was then painting

62 Belinda] Arabella Fermor, the heroine of The Rape of the Lock

⁶⁰ Worsley's eyes] Wife of Sir Robert Worsley Nevertheless, in the early versions it was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu whose eyes Pope praised and whose name, after his quarrel with her, he changed to Worsley by the alteration of one letter

The kindred arts shall in their praise conspire,
One dip the pencil, and one string the lyre
Yet should the Graces all thy figures place,
And breathe an air divine on ev'ry face,
Yet should the Muses bid my numbers roll,
Strong as their charms, and gentle as their soul,
With Zeuxis' Helen thy Bridgewater vie,
And these be sung 'till Granville's Myra die,
Alas' how little from the grave we claim'
Thou but preserv'st a Face and I a Name

76 Granville's Myra] George Granville Lord Lansdowne (1667–1735), who in his poems frequently celebrated the Countess of Newburgh under the name of Myra

Elossa to Abelard

[written c 1716, published, Works, 1717]

THE ARGUMENT

Abelard and Eloisa flourish'd in the twelfth Century, they were two of the most distinguish'd persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of Calamities, they retired each to a several Convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a Friend which contain'd the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasion'd those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion

In these deep solitudes and awful cells, Where heav'nly-pensive, contemplation dwells, And ever-musing melancholy reigns, What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins? Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat? 5 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat? Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came, And Elosa vet must kiss the name Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd, Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd 10 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise, Where, mix'd with God's, his lov'd Idea lies Oh write it not, my hand—The name appears Already written—wash it out, my tears! In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays, 15 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys Relentless walls! whose darksom round contains Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains, Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn, Ye grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn! 20 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep, And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

If To show the writer as treasuring her lover's letter and as struggling with tears and emotion in her attempts to answer it, is a recognized opening for a heroic epistle

20 Cf Comus, 1 429

By grots, and caverns shag'd with horrid shades Pope's change emphasizes the Latin connotation of Milton's horrid, horridus = bristling

ELOISA TO ABELARD	253
Tho' cold like you, unmov'd, and silent grown, I have not yet forgot my self to stone	
All is not Heav'n's while Abelard has part, Still rebel nature holds out half my heart, Nor pray'rs nor fast its stubborn pulse restrain,	25
Nor tears, for ages, taught to flow in vain Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,	
That well-known name awakens all my woes	30
Oh name for ever sad' for ever dear! Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear	
I tremble too where-e'er my own I find, Some dire misfortune follows close behind	
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,	35
Led thro' a sad variety of woe Now warm in love, now with'ring in thy bloom,	
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!	
There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,	
There dy'd the best of passions, Love and Fame Yet write, or write me all, that I may join	40
Griefs to thy griefs, and eccho sighs to thine	
Nor foes nor fortune take this pow'r away	
And is my Abelard less kind than they? Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,	45
Love but demands what else were shed in pray'r,	43
No happier task these faded eyes pursue,	
To read and weep is all they now can do Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief,	
Ah more than share it! give me all thy grief	50
Heav'n first taught letters for some wretch's aid,	•
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid,	
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires, Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,	
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,	55
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,	-
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,	
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole	

24 Cf Letters of Abelard and Helose, trs Hughes, 129 'O Vows O Convent! I have not lost my Humanity under your inevorable Discipline! You have not made me Marble by changing my Habit', and Milton, Il Pens, 42 'Forget thy self to Marble'
51 ff Cf Hughes, 106 'Letters were first invented for comforting such solitary Wretches as my self'

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame, When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name,

56 Excuse in the sense of 'exempt from the need of'

My fancy form'd thee of Angelick kind,	
Some emanation of th' all-beauteous Mind	
Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring ev'ry ray,	
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day	
Guiltless I gaz'd, heav'n listen'd while you sung,	65
And truths divine came mended from that tongue	
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?	
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love	
Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,	
Nor wish'd an Angel whom I lov'd a Man	70
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see,	•
Nor envy them, that heav'n I lose for thee	
How oft', when press'd to marriage, have I said,	
Curse on all laws but those which love has made!	
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,	75
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies	
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,	
August her deed, and sacred be her fame,	
Before true passion all those views remove,	
Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to Love?	80
The jealous God, when we profane his fires,	
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,	
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,	
Who seek in love for ought but love alone	
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,	85
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all	-
Not Cæsar's empress wou'd I deign to prove,	
No, make me mistress to the man I love,	
If there be yet another name more free,	
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!	90
Oh happy state! when souls each other draw,	-
When love is liberty, and nature, law	
All then is full, possessing, and possest,	
No craving Void left aking in the breast	
Ev'n thought meets thought ere from the lips it part,	95

66 He was her Preceptor in Philosophy and Divinity [P]

⁶⁹ f Wakefield paraphrases 'Thy holy precepts and the sanctity of thy character had made me conceive of thee as a being more venerable than man. But thy personal allurements soon inspired those tender feelings, which gradually conducted me from a veneration of the angel to a love for the man'

⁷⁵ ff Love will not be confin'd by Maisterie
When Maisterie comes, the Lord of Love anon
Flutters his wings, and forthwith he is gone
Chaucer (Franklin's Tale, 36 ff > [P]

	And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be) And once the lot of <i>Abelard</i> and me	
	Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!	
	A naked Lover bound and bleeding lies!	100
	Where, where was Elosse? her voice, her hand,	
	Her ponyard, had oppos'd the dire command	
	Barbarian stay! that bloody stroke restrain,	
	The crime was common, common be the pain	
	I can no more, by shame, by rage supprest,	105
	Let tears, and burning blushes speak the rest	
	Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,	
	When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?	
	Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,	
	When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell?	110
	As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,	
	The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale	
	Heav'n scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,	
	And Saints with wonder heard the vows I made	
	Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,	115
	Not on the Cross my eyes were fix'd, but you,	
	Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,	
	And if I lose thy love, I lose my all	
	Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe,	
	Those still at least are left thee to bestow	120
	Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,	
	Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,	
	Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest,	
	Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest	
	Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,	125
	With other beauties charm my partial eyes,	
	Full in my view set all the bright abode,	
	And make my soul quit Abelard for God	
	Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,	
	Plants of thy hand, and children of thy pray'r	130
	From the false world in early youth they fled,	
	By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led	
	You rais'd these hallow'd walls, the desert smil'd,	
	And Paradise was open'd in the Wild	
ļ	pain] = punishment (Latin pæna) as well as the common	English

104 painj

meaning
133 He founded the Monastery [P]
134 The sudden oasis—'beauty lying in the lap of horror'—had been strongly presented in Par Lost, iv 131 ff (cf Isaiah, li 3) and was to endear itself to all eighteenth-century aestheticians

No weeping orphan saw his father's stores Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors, No silver saints, by dying misers giv'n, Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heav'n But such plain roofs as piety could raise,	135
And only vocal with the Maker's praise In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound) These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd, Where awful arches make a noon-day night, And the dim windows shed a solemn light,	140
Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray, And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day But now no face divine contentment wears, 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears	145
See how the force of others' pray'rs I try, (Oh pious fraud of am'rous charity!) But why should I on others' pray'rs depend? Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend! Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move, And, all those tender names in one, thy love!	150
The darksom pines that o'er yon' rocks reclin'd Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind, The wandring streams that shine between the hills, The grots that eccho to the tinkling rills The dying gales that pant upon the trees,	155
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze, No more these scenes my meditation aid, Or lull to rest the visionary maid But o'er the twilight groves, and dusky caves, Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,	160
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws A death-like silence, and a dread repose Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene, Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green, Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,	165
And breathes a browner horror on the woods	170

¹⁴² domes] See p 175, 1 65n

¹⁵² f The superscription of Eloisa's first letter begins 'To her Lord, her Father, her Husband, her Brother, his Servant, his Child, his Wife, his Sister'

^{162 &#}x27;visionary' has two meanings at this time Dryden's 'Visionary Maid' (*Æneid*, 111 576) = 'maid seeing visions' (as here), but at *Theodore and Honoria*, 1 280, the same phrase = 'maid seen in a vision' (cf. his *Æneid*, 11 365)

¹⁷⁰ Brown shadows are found in English poetry as early as Fairfax's Tasso XX 123, 1 1

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay, Sad proof how well a lover can obey!	
Death, only death, can break the lasting chain,	
And here ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain,	
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,	175
And wait, till 'tis no sin to mix with thine	-/3
Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,	
Confess'd within the slave of love and man	
Assist me heav'n! but whence arose that pray'r?	
Sprung it from piety, or from despair?	180
Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,	
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires	
I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought,	
I mourn the lover, not lament the fault,	
I view my crime, but kindle at the view,	185
Repent old pleasures, and sollicit new	-
Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,	
Now think of thee, and curse my innocence	
Of all affliction taught a lover yet,	
'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!	190
How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,	
And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?	
How the dear object from the crime remove,	
Or how distinguish penitence from love?	
Unequal task! a passion to resign,	195
For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine	
Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,	
How often must it love, how often hate!	
How often, hope, despair, resent, regret,	
Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget	200
But let heav'n seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd,	
Not touch'd, but rapt, not waken'd, but inspir'd!	
Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,	
Renounce my love, my life, my self—and you	
Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he	205
Alone can rival, can succeed to thee	
How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot!	
The world forgetting, by the world forgot	
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!	
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd,	210

177 ff There are several parallels to this in the letters, since it is their central conflict

191 sense] in both meanings of 'faculty of perception' and 'faculty of sensation'

Labour and rest, that equal periods keep, 'Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep', Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n, Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heav'n	
Grace shines around her with serenest beams, And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams For her th' unfading rose of <i>Eden</i> blooms, And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes, For her the Spouse prepares the bridal ring,	215
For her the Spouse prepares the Bridai ring, For her white virgins Hymenæals sing, To sounds of heav'nly harps, she dies away, And melts in visions of eternal day Far other dreams my erring soul employ, Far other raptures, of unholy joy	220
When at the close of each sad, sorrowing day, Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away, Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free, All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee O curst, dear horrors of all-conscious night!	225
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight! Provoking Dæmons all restraint remove, And stir within me ev'ry source of love I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms, And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms	230
I wake—no more I hear, no more I view, The phantom flies me, as unkind as you, I call aloud, it hears not what I say, I stretch my empty arms, it glides away To dream once more I close my willing eyes,	235
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise! Alas no more!—methinks we wandring go Thro' dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe, Where round some mould'ring tow'r pale ivy creeps, And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps	240
Sudden you mount! you becken from the skies, Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find, And wake to all the griefs I left behind For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain	245
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain, Thy life a long, dead calm of fix'd repose, No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,	250
212 Taken from Crashaw (Description of a Religious House, 1 1	6> [P]

ELOISA TO ABELARD	259
Or moving spirit bade the waters flow,	
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiv'n,	255
And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heav'n	-55
Come Abelard for what hast thou to dread?	
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead,	
Nature stands check'd, Religion disapproves,	
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloisa loves	260
Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn	
To light the dead, and warm th' unfruitful urn	
What scenes appear where-e'er I turn my view!	
The dear Ideas, where I fly, pursue,	
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,	265
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes!	-
I waste the Matin lamp in sighs for thee,	
Thy image steals between my God and me,	
Thy voice I seem in ev'ry hymn to hear,	
With ev'ry bead I drop too soft a tear	270
When from the Censer clouds of fragrance roll,	
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,	
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,	
Priests, Tapers, Temples, swim before my sight	
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,	275
While Altars blaze, and Angels tremble round	
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,	
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,	
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,	_
And dawning grace is opening on my soul	280
Come, thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!	
Oppose thy self to heav'n, dispute my heart,	
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes,	
Blot out each bright Idea of the skies	- 0 -
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears,	285
Take back my fruitless penitence and pray'rs,	
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode,	
Assist the Fiends and tear me from my God!	
No, fly me, fly me! far as Pole from Pole, Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!	200
	290
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me, Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee	
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign,	
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine	
• •	
the safet because them of laws mat of momentumes	

270 too soft] because tears of love, not of repentance 282 dispute] "To contend with opposing arguments or assertions to debate in a vehement manner (OED)

Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)	295
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas! all adieu!	
O grace serene! oh virtue heav'nly fair!	
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!	
Fresh blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!	
And faith, our early immortality!	300
Enter each mild, each amicable guest,	
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!	
See in her Cell sad <i>Eloisa</i> spread,	
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead!	
In each low wind methinks a Spirit calls,	305
And more than Echoes talk along the walls	J - J
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,	
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound	
Come, sister come! (it said, or seem'd to say)	
Thy place is here, sad sister come away!	310
Once like thy self, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,	520
Love's victim then, tho' now a sainted maid	
But all is calm in this eternal sleep,	
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,	
Ev'n superstition loses ev'ry fear	215
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here	315
I come, I come¹ prepare your roseate bow'rs,	
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flow'rs	
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,	
Where flames refin'd in breasts scraphic glow	320
Thou, Abelard the last sad office pay,	
And smooth my passage to the realms of day	
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,	
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!	
Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,	325
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,	
Present the Cross before my lifted eye,	
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die	
Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloisa see!	
It will be then no crime to gaze on me	330
See from my cheek the transient roses fly	
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!	
Till ev'ry motion, pulse, and breath, be o'er,	
And ev'n my Abelard be lov'd no more	
O death all-eloquent you only prove	335
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love	
Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,	
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my 10v)	

In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd, Bright clouds descend, and Angels watch thee round, From opening skies may streaming glories shine, And Saints embrace thee with a love like mine	340
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,	
And graft my love immortal on thy fame	
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,	345
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,	
If ever chance two wandring lovers brings	
To Paraclete's white walls, and silver springs,	
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,	
And drink the falling tears each other sheds,	350
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,	
Oh may we never love as these have lov'd!	
From the full quire when loud Hosanna's rise,	
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,	
Amid that scene, if some relenting eye	355
Glance on the stone where our cold reliques lie,	
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heav'n,	
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiv'n	
And sure if fate some future Bard shall join	
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,	360
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,	
And image charms he must behold no more,	
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,	
Let him our sad, our tender story tell,	
The well-sung woes will sooth my pensive ghost,	365
He best can paint 'em, who shall feel 'em most	

³⁴³ Abelard and Eloisa were interr'd in the same grave, or in monuments adjoining, in the Monastery of the Paraclete He died in the year 1142, she in 1163 [P] name] for person, as in Revel 1114 354 dreadful sacrifice] the technical term for the celebration of the Eucharist

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady

[written c 1717, published, Works, 1717]

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade Invites my step, and points to vonder glade? 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom goi'd, Why dimly gleams the visionary sword? Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5 Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well? To bear too tender, or too firm a heart, To act a Lover's or a Roman's part? Is there no bright reversion in the sky, For those who greatly think, or bravely die? IO Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire Above the vulgar flight of low desire? Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes, The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods Thence to their Images on earth it flows, 15 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows! Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age, Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage Dim lights of life that burn a length of years, Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres, 20 Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep, And close confin'd to their own palace sleep From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die) Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky As into air the purer spirits flow, 25 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below, So flew the soul to its congenial place, Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race But thou, false guardian of a charge too good, Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath, These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before, And those love-darting eyes must roll no more

Title] See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compared with Mr Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p 206 She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem [P]

⁸ To act a Roman's part] to commit suicide 25 f The image is from chemistry

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY	263
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball, Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall On all the line a sudden vengeance waits, And frequent herses shall besiege your gates	35
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say, (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way) Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd, And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield Thus unlamented pass the proud away,	40
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day! So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow For others' good, or melt at others' woe What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)	45
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid? No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier, By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,	50
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd, By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd! What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year, And bear about the mockery of woe	55
To midnight dances, and the publick show? What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace, Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room, Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb? Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,	60
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, There the first roses of the year shall blow, While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made	65
So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name, What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame	70

35 $\it ball$] the orb, the emblem of the world, often placed in the hand of statues of Justice

68 The expression has reference to ver 61 'No sacred earth allowed her room', but her remains have 'made sacred' the common earth in which she was buried

⁶⁴ Sit tibi terra levis was so common on Roman gravestones that it was often abbreviated to STTL Pope is adding the final touches to his Roman elegy

How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot,
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!
Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays,
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

74 Pope reverts to 1 43 the lady's proud persecutors will die as she has died

78 want] in the sense of 'lack' and also of 'need'

Minor Verse 1700–1717

Ode on Solitude

[written c 1700, published PSO, 1717]

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire

Blest! who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night, study and ease
Together mix'd, sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please,
With meditation

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me dye,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lye
20

Pope stated that this poem was 'written at about twelve years old', but the earliest extant draft dates from 1709

Lines from Alcander

Ι

Shields, helms, and swords all jangle as they hang, And sound formidinous with angry clang

Alcander was an epic poem begun 'a little after the age of twelve', but burnt in the 1720's on the advice of Bishop Atterbury Pope recalled four

TT

Whose honours with increase of ages grow, As streams roll down enlarging as they flow

III

As man's meanders to the vital spring Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring

IV

So swift,—this moment here, the next 'tis gone, So imperceptible the motion

v

On a lady's drinking the Bath-waters

She drinks! She drinks! Behold the matchless Dame! To her 'tis Water, but to us 'tis Flame Thus Fire is Water, Water Fire, by turns, And the same Stream at once both cools and burns

VI

The same lady goes into the Bath

Venus beheld her, 'midst her Crowd of Slaves,

And thought Herself just risen from the Waves

VII

The Metonymy

Lac'd in her Cosins new appear'd the Bride,
A Bubble-boy and Tompion at her Side,
And with an Air divine her Colmar ply'd
Then oh! she cries, what Slaves I round me see?
Here a bright Redcoat, there a smart Toupee

couplets in conversation with Spence (I-IV), the remainder were used to illustrate types of extravagance in his prose treatise, *Peri Bathous*

II Incorporated in Ess on C, ll 191-2
III Incorporated in Dunciad A, III 47-8

VII Illustrating the inversion of causes for effects, of inventors for inventions

I Cosins] Stays, called after the famous maker of that day

2 Bubble-boy] Tweezer-case Tompion] Watch, from the name Thomas Tompion, a celebrated watchmaker, temp Queen Anne

3 Colmar] Fan (from Colmar, Alsace?)

5 Toupee A sort of periwig

VIII

An Eye-witness of things never yet beheld by Man Thus Have I seen, in Araby the blest, A Phænix couch'd upon her Fun'ral Nest

IX

How inimitably circumstantial is this [description] of a War-Horse!

His Eye-Balls burn, he wounds the smoaking Plain, And knots of scarlet Ribbond deck his Mane

X

The Hyperbole
Of a Scene of Misery

Behold a Scene of Misery and Woe! Here *Argus* soon might weep himself quite blind, Ev'n tho' he had *Briareus*' hundred Hands To wipe those hundred Eyes——

ΧI

The Periphrasis
A Country Prospect

I'd call them Mountains, but can't call them so, For fear to wrong them with a Name too low, While the fair Vales beneath so humbly lie, That even humble seems a Term too high

An Epistle to Henry Cromwell, Esq,

[written, 1707, published (piratically), 1727]

DEAR Mr Cromwell,

May it please ye!
Sit still a Moment, pray be easy—
Faith 'tis not five, no Play's begun,
No Game at Ombre lost or won
Read something of a diff'rent Nature,
Than Ev'ning Post, or Observator,
And pardon me a little Fooling,
—Just while your Coffee stands a Cooling

Since your Acquaintance with one <i>Brocas</i> , Who needs will back the Muses Cock-horse, I know you dread all those who write, And both with Mouth and Hand recite, Who slow, and leisurely rehearse,	10
As loath t' enrich you with their Verse, Just as a Still, with Simples in it, Betwixt each Drop stays half a Minute (That Simile is not my own,	15
But lawfully belongs to <i>Donne</i>) (You see how well I can contrive a <i>Interpolatio Furtiva</i>) To <i>Brocas's</i> Lays no more you listen Than to the wicked Works of <i>Whiston</i> ,	20
In vain he strains to reach your Ear, With what it wisely, will not hear You bless the Powers who made that Organ Deaf to the Voice of such a Gorgon, (For so one sure may call that Head, Which does not Look, but Read Men dead)	25
I hope, you think me none of those Who shew their Parts as $Pentlow$ does, I but lug out to one or two Such Friends, if such there are, as you, Such, who read <i>Heinsius</i> and <i>Masson</i> , And as you please their Doom to pass on,	30
(Who are to me both Smith and Johnson) So seize them Flames, or take them Tonson	35
But, Sir, from <i>Brocas</i> , <i>Fouler</i> , me, In vain you think to 'scape Rhyme-free, When was it known one Bard did follow Whig Maxims, and abjure <i>Apollo</i> ? Sooner shall Major-General cease To talk of War, and live in Peace,	40

²² Whiston] 1667-1752 Succeeded to Sir Isaac Newton's professorship at Cambridge, 1701 His Boyle lectures (1707) were suspected of heterodoxy

Yourself for Goose reject Crow Quill,

³⁰ Pentlow] A Gamester remarkable for his Virile Parts, which he us'd to be fond of Shewing [Curll]

³³ Hensus and Masson] Heinsius was a Dutch and Masson a French critic

³⁵ Smith and Johnson] Bays's two friends in the Rehearsal

MINOR VERSE	269
And for plain Spamsh quit Brasil, Sooner shall Rowe lampoon the UNION Tydcombe take Oaths on the Communion, The Granvilles write their Name plain Greenfield, Nay, Mr Wycherley see Binfield	45
I'm told, you think to take a Step some Ten Miles from Town, t' a Place call'd Epsom, To treat those Nymphs like yours of Drury, With—I protest, and I'll assure ye,— But tho' from Flame to Flame you wander,	50
Beware, your Heart's no Salamander! But burnt so long, may soon turn Tinder, And so be fir'd by any Cinder- (Wench, I'd have said did Rhyme not hinder)	} 55
Shou'd it so prove, yet who'd admire? 'Tis known, a Cook-maid roasted Prior, Lardella fir'd a famous Author, And for a Butcher's well-fed Daughter Great D—s roar'd, like Ox at Slaughter	60
(Now, if you're weary of my Style, Take out your Box of right <i>Brasil</i> , First lay this Paper under, then, Snuff just three Times, and read again)	65
I had to see you some Intent But for a curst Impediment, Which spoils full many a good Design, That is to say, the Want of Coin For which, I had resolv'd almost, To raise <i>Tiberius Gracchus</i> Ghost, To get, by only Sovernikus	70
As much as did Septimuleius, But who so dear will buy the Lead, That hes within a Poet's Head,	75
ansh Brasil Two kinds of snuff, see below, ll 64-6 be The great measure of the Union had just been pass	sed, and

44 Spa 45 Rou the poet Rowe was a candidate for office
46 Tydcombe] Lieutenant-General John Tidcombe (1642-1713), a
member of the Kit-Cat club and an acquaintance of Pope's

60 Lardella] a character in the Rehearsal

62 D—s] Dennis

73-8 Septimulerus, who cut off the head of Carus Gracchus, and was rewarded with its weight in gold, fraudulently filled the skull with lead

As that which in the Hero's Pate Deserv'd of Gold an equal Weight?

Sir, you're so stiff in your Opinion,	
I wish you do not turn Sociman,	80
Or prove Reviver of a Schism,	
By modern Wits call'd Quixotism	
What mov'd you, pray, without compelling,	
Like Trojan true, to draw for Hellen	
Quarrel with Dryden for a Strumpet,	85
(For so she was, as e'er show'd Rump yet,	
Tho' I confess, she had much Grace,	
Especially about the Face)	
Virgil, when call'd Pasiphae Virgo	
(You say) he'd more good Breeding, Ergo—	90
Well argu'd, Faith! Your Point you urge	
As home, as ever did Panurge	
And one may say of Dryden too,	
(As once you said of you know who)	
He had some Fancy, and cou'd write,	95
Was very learn'd, but not polite—	
However from my Soul I judge	
He ne'er (good Man) bore Hellen Grudge,	
But lov'd her full as well it may be,	
As e'er he did his own dear Lady	100
You have no Cause to take Offence, Sir,	
Z—ds, you're as sour as Cato Censor!	
Ten times more like him, I profess,	
Than I'm like Aristophanes	
To end with News-the best I know,	105
Is, I've been well a Week, or so	•
The Season of green Pease is fled,	
And Artichoaks reign in their Stead	
Th' Allies to bomb Toulon prepare,	
G-d save the pretty Lady's there!	IIO
One of our Dogs is dead and gone,	
And I, unhappy! left alone	
If you have any Consolation	
T'administer on this Occasion,	
Send 1t, I pray, by the next Post,	115
Before my Sorrow be quite lost	
The twelfth or thirteenth Day of July,	
But which, I cannot tell you truly	

Epigram Occasion'd by Ozell's Translation of Boileau's Lutrin

PRINTED FOR E SANGER, AND RECOMMENDED BY MR ROWE, IN WHICH MR WYCHERLEY'S POEMS PRINTED IN 1704, WERE REFLECTED ON [written 1708, published (piratically) 1727]

Ozell, at Sanger's Call, invok'd his Muse, For who to sing for Sanger could refuse? His numbers such, as Sanger's self might use Reviving Perault, murd'ring Boileau, he Slander'd the Ancients first, then Wycherley, Not that it much that Author's Anger rais'd. For those were slander'd most whom Ozell prais'd Nor had the toothless Satvr caus'd complaining, Had not sage Rowe pronounc'd it Entertaining How great, how just, the Judgment of that Writer! Who the Plain-dealer damns, and prints the Biter

TO

5

Title Boileau] 1636-1711 His Lutrin, of which cantos I-IV were published in 1674, created a new kind of burlesque in French literature

4 Reviving Perault] Characters of the Greatest Men By Monsieur Perrault Render'd into English, by J Ozell Two vols Printed for Bernard Lintott 1704-5

how just In the foreword to Ozell's o Rowe Entertaining

Lutrin Rowe had praised the translation in these words

11 Plain-dealer Biter] Wycherley wrote the former play (and was himself sometimes so designated) and Rowe the later, and inferior, play This line was used again the following year in the MS Conclusion to the Bill of Fare (see p 275, 1 14)

Letter to Cromwell [published (piratically) 1727]

Aprill ye 25 1708

Sır,

This Letter greets you from the Shades, (Not those which thin, unbody'd Shadows fill, That glide along th' Elysian Glades, Or skim the flow'ry Meads of Asphodill) But those, in which a Learned Author said, Strong Drink was drunk, and Gambolls play'd, And two substantial Meals a day were made The Business of it is t' express, From me and from my Holiness, To you and to your Gentleness,

10

5

How much I wish you Health and Happiness, And much good News, and little Spleen as may be,

A hearty Stomach, and sound Lady, And ev'ry Day a double Dose of Coffee, To make you look as sage as any Sophy

15

[The letter is continued 'in plain prose' for a space, only to resume verse with-

If Wit or Critick blame the tender Swain, Who stil'd the gentle Damsels in his Strain The Nymphs of Drury, not of Drury-Lane, Be this his Answer, and most just Excuse-'Far be it, Sirs, from my more civil Muse, Those Loving Ladies rudely to traduce Allves and Lanes are Terms too vile and base, And give Idea's of a narrow Pass, But the well-worn Paths of the Nymphs of Drury Are large and wide, Tydcomb and I assure ye'

20

25

[After a further section in prose, the letter concludes thus—]

To Baker first my Service, pray, To Tydcomb eke, And Mr Cheek, Last to yourself my best Respects I pay, And so remain, for ever and for ay,

30

Sır, Yr Affectionate, humble Servt A Pope

16 the tender Swain] 1 e Pope himself The whole passage refers back to his previous letter in rhyme (see p 269, 1 51)

18 Drury-Lane] Notorious as the abode of loose women

25 Tydcomb] See p 269 26 Baker] Possibly Thomas Baker, the dramatist (fl 1700-09)

Lines added to Wycherley's Poems

[written, 1706-10, published, Wycherley's Works 1728-9]

I ON DULNESS

Thus Dulness, the safe Opiate of the Mind, The last kind Refuge weary Wit can find.

Inserted in A Panegyrick on Dulness

5

5

Fit for all Stations, and in each content
Is satisfy'd, secure, and innocent
No Pains it takes, and no Offence it gives,
Un-fear'd, un-hated, un-disturb'd it lives
—And if each writing Author's best pretence,
Be but to teach the Ignorant more Sense,
Then Dulness was the Cause they wrote before,
As 'tis at last the Cause they write no more,
So Wit, which most to scorn it does pretend,
With Dulness first began, in Dulness last must end

II SIMILITUDES

(a) Of the Byass of a Bowl

The Poize of Dulness to the heavy Skull, Is like the Leaden Byass to the Bowl, Which, as more pond'rous, makes its Aim more true, And guides it surer to the Mark in view, The more it seems to go about, to come The nearer to its End, or Purpose, home

(b) Of the Weights of a Clock

So Clocks to Lead their nimble Motions owe, The Springs above urg'd by the Weight below, The pond'rous Ballance keeps its Poize the same, Actuates, maintains, and rules the moving Frame

Inserted in A Panegyrick of Dulness

III SIMILITUDES

Thus either Men in private useless Ease
Lose a dull Length of undeserving Days,
Or Waste, for others Use, their restless Years
In busie Tumults, and in publick Cares,
And run precipitant, with Noise and Strife,
Into the vast Abyss of future Life,
Or others Ease and theirs alike destroy,
Their own Destruction by their Industry

Inserted in *The Various Mix'd Life* The 'similitudes' properly begin with 'So Waters putrifie ', but as that is in the middle of a paragraph, and as the previous eight lines state the argument, it is possible that Pope wrote the first part of the paragraph also It is therefore printed here in italic

So Waters Putrifie with Rest, and lose
At once their Motion, Sweetness, and their Use,
Or haste in headlong Torrents to the Main,
To lose themselves by what shou'd them maintain,
And in th' impetuous Course themselves the sooner drain
Neglect their Native Channel, Neighb'ring Coast,
Abroad in foreign Service to be lost,
Or else their Streams, when hinder'd in their Course,
Quite o'er the Banks to their own Ruin force

The Stream of Life shou'd more securely flow
In constant Motion, nor too swift nor slow,
And neither swell too high, nor sink too low,
Not always glide thro' gloomy Vales, and rove
('Midst Flocks and Shepherds) in the silent Grove,
But more diffusive in its wand'ring Race,
Serve peopled Towns, and stately Cities grace,
Around in sweet Meanders wildly range,
Kept fresh by Motion, and unchang'd by Change

20

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IV LINES ON SOLITUDE AND RETIREMENT

Honour and Wealth, the Joys we seek, deny
By their Encrease, and their Variety,
And more confound our Choice than satisfie

Officious, bold Disturbances they grow,
That interrupt our Peace, and work our Woe
Make Life a Scene of Pain, and constant Toil,
And all our Days in fresh Pursuits embroil

But if to Solitude we turn our Eyes,
To View a thousand real Blessings rise,
Pleasures sincere, and unallay'd with Pain,
An easie Purchase, but an ample Gain!
There Censure, Envy, Malice, Scorn, or Hate,
Cannot affect Us in our tranquil State
Those Cankers that on busie Honour prey,
And all their Spight on active Pomp display

Alone, remov'd from Grandeur and from Strife,
And ev'ry Curse that loads a publick Life,
In Safety, Innocence, and full Repose,
Man the true Worth of his Creation knows

Inserted in For Solitude and Retirement against the Publick, Active Life

These Censures o'er, to different Subjects next, 'Till rallying all, the Feast became the Text,

I5

Decry'd each past, to laise each present Writer, Damn'd the Plain-dealer, and admir'd the Biter

The half-dozen lines taken over more or less untouched from Wycherley's conclusion are printed in italics

12 The Lutrin's dull Translator] Ozell, who had just at that Time made a poor Version of Boileau's Lutrin, and in it reflected upon Mr Wycherley by Name [P]

So to mine Host, the greatest Jest, they past,
And the Fool Treater grew the Treat at last
Thus having eaten, drunk, laught, at his Cost,
To the next Day's Repentance, as they boast,
They left their senseless, treating, drunken Host
Soft be his Slumbers! But may this suffice
Our Friends the Wits and Poets to advise,
(Tho' Dinners oft they want and Suppers too)
Rather to starve, as they are us'd to do,
Than dine with Fools, that on their Guests will force
Mixt Wine, mixt Company, and mixt Discourse

Epigrams from Private Letters, 1708–10

Since not much Wine, much Company, much Food, Make Entertainments please us as they shou'd, But 'tis of each, the *Little*, and the *Good*

I ON POETS

Damnation follows Death in other Men, But your damn'd Poet lives and writes agen

II ON AUTHORS AND BOOKSELLERS

What Authors lose, their Booksellers have won, So Pimps grow rich, while Gallants are undone

III LINES

1.

Fatis agimur, cedite fatis!
Which, in our Tongue, as I translate is,
Fate rules us, then to Fate give way!
—Now, dreadful Critic! tell me pray,
What have you against this to say?

22

My Pylades! what Juv'nal says, no Jest 1s, Scriptus & in tergo, nec dum finitus Orestes

Lines from The Critical Specimen

[written 1711, published, 1711]

I A SIMILE

So on Mæotis' Marsh, (where Reeds and Rushes Hide the deceitful Ground, whose waving Heads Oft' bend to Auster's blasts, or Boreas' Rage, The Haunt of the voracious Stock or Bittern. Where, or the Crane, Foe to Pvgmæan Race. 5 Or Ravenous Corm'rants shake their flabby Wings, And from soak'd Plumes disperse a briny Show'r. Or spread their feather'd Sails against the Beams, Or, of the Rising or Meridian Sun) A baneful Hunch-back'd Toad, with look Maligne, 10 Glares on some Traveller's unwary steps, Whether by Chance, or by Misfortune led To tread those dark unwholsesome, misty Fens, Rage strait Collects his Venom all at once. And swells his bloated Corps to largest size 15

II A RHAPSODY

Fly Pegasæan Steed, thy Rider bear,
To breath the Sweets of pure Parnassian Air,
Aloft I'm swiftly born, methinks I rise,
And with my Head Sublime can reach the Sky
Large Gulps of Aganippe's streams I'll draw,
And give to Modern Writers Classic Law,
In Grecian Buskins Tragedy shall Mourn,
And to its Ancient Mirth the Conic Sock return

A Simile pretends to be a fragment, too be a triful to lose, of a projected epic poem on the life of Dennis the Critical and ridicules his trick of frowning and swelling with Anger and Reser nent, as ready to burst with Passion'

A Rhapsody occurs in a specimen chapte of a mock life of Dennis, where it is said to have been uttered by the small boy when astride his hobby-horse

Fragments from Private Letters

[written 1711, published (piratically) 1727]

I LINES ON COFFEE

As long as Moco's happy Tree shall grow,
While Berries crackle, or while Mills shall go,
While smoking Streams from Silver Spouts shall glide,
Or China's Earth receive the sable Tyde,
While Coffee shall to British Nymphs be dear,
While fragrant Steams the bended Head shall chear,
Or grateful Bitters shall delight the Tast,
So long her Honour, Name, and Praise shall last!

II LINES ON WRITING A TRAGEDY [written 1711, published (piratically) 1727]

Tell me, by all the melting joys of Love,
By the warm Transports and entrancing Languors,
By the soft Fannings of the wafting Sheets,
By the dear Tremblings of the Bed of Bliss,
By all these tender Adjurations tell me,
—Am I not fit to write a Tragedy?

III COUPLET

[written 1711, published, Lit Cori 1735]

Jove was alike to Latian and to Phrygian, For you well know, that Wit's of no Religion

On being attacked by Dennis for his religion in Reflections upon An Essay on Criticism

Epitaph On John Lord Caryll

[written 1711, published 1854]

A manly Form, a bold, yet modest mind, Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd, Honour unchang'd, a Principle profest, Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest, An honest Courtier, and a Patriot too, Just to his Prince, and to his Country true

5

5

5

Caryll, who withdrew to France in 1689 and became Secretary of State to the exiled dynasty, died in 1711

All these were join'd in one, yet fail'd to save
The Wise, the Learn'd, the Virtuous, and the Brave,
Lost, like the common Plunder of the Grave!
Ye Few, whom better Genius does inspire,
Exalted Souls, inform'd with purer Fire!
Go now, learn all vast Science can impart,
Go fathom Nature, take the Heights of Art!
Rise higher yet learn ev'n yourselves to know,
Nay, to yourselves alone that knowledge owe
Then, when you seem above mankind to soar,
Look on this marble, and be vain no more!

The Balance of Europe

[written 1711, published, PSM, 1727]

Now Europe's balanc'd, neither Side prevails, For nothing's left in either of the Scales

Verses to be prefix'd before Bernard Lintot's New Miscellany

[written 1711, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1712]

Some Colineus praise, some Bleau,
Others account 'em but so so,
Some Plantin to the rest prefer,
And some esteem Old-Elzevir,
Others with Aldus would besot us,
I, for my part, admire Lintottus—
His Character's beyond Compare,
Like his own Person, large and fair
They print their Names in Letters small,
But Lintot stands in Capital

10

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I Colmanus Simon de Colines French printer of Greek and Latin books, at work between 1520 and 1546

Bleau Willem Janszoon Blaeu (1571–1638), and his son Jan Blaeu

(d 1679), Printers, at Amsterdam, of maps and books on geography 3 Plantin Christophe Plantin (1514-89) A Belgian printer of Latin

and Greek classics, and a polyglot Bible in folio

4 Old-Elzevir] Louis Elzevier (1540-1617) Dutch printer of Latin classics chiefly

5 Aldus Aldus Manutius (c 1450-1515) Venetian printer of Greek and Latin classics

A discount and Conse	
Author and he, with equal Grace,	
Appear, and stare you in the Face	
Stephens prints Heathen Greek, 'tis said,	
Which some can't construe, some can't read	
But all that comes from Lintot's Hand	15
Ev'n Ra-son might understand	
Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,	
A Page 1s blotted, or Leaf wanting	
Of Lintot's Books this can't be said,	
All fair, and not so much as read	20
Their Copy cost 'em not a Penny	
To Homer, Virgil, or to any,	
They ne'er gave Sixpence for two Lines,	
To them, their Heirs, or their Assigns	
But Lintot is at vast Expence,	25
And pays prodigious dear for — Sense	•
Their Books are useful but to few,	
A Scholar, or a Wit or two	
Lintot's for gen'ral Use are fit,	
For some Folks read, but all Folks sh-	30

13 Stephens] Estienne, Robert (1503-59), and Henri (1528-98) French printers of Greek and Latin classics at Paris
16 Ra—son] Thomas Rawlinson (1681-1725], barrister and bibliophile

Verses Occasion'd by an &c at the End of Mr D'Urfy's Name in the Title to one of his Plays

[written c 1712, published (piratically) 1726]

Jove call'd before him t'other Day The Vowels, U, O, I, E, A, All Dipthongs, and all Consonants, Either of England or of France, And all that were, or wish'd to be, Rank'd in the Name of Tom D'Urfy

Fierce in this Cause, the Letters spoke all, Liquids grew rough, and Mutes turn'd vocal 5

Title D'Urfy] Tom Durfey (1653–1723), poet, dramatist, and a butt of the wits from Dryden's day

Plays] This Accident happen'd by Mr D'Urfy's having made a Florish there, which the Printer mistook for a &c [P]

MINOR VERSE	281
Those four proud Syllables alone Were silent, which by Fates Decree Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one, To the sweet Name of <i>Tom D'Urfy</i>	10
N, by whom Names subsist, declar'd, To have no Place in this was hard And Q maintain'd 'twas but his Due Still to keep Company with U, So hop'd to stand no less than he In the great Name of Tom D'Urfy	15
E shew'd, a Comma ne'er could claim A Place in any British Name, Yet making here a perfect Botch, Thrusts your poor Vowell from his Notch	20
Hiatus m valde deflendus! From which good Jupiter defend us! Sooner I'd quit my Part in thee, Than be no Part in Tom D'Urfy	25
P protested, puff'd, and swore, He'd not be serv'd so like a Beast, He was a Piece of Emperor, And made up half a Pope at least C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd His double Share in Casar Casus, For only one in Tom Durfeus	30
I, Consonant and Vowel too, To Jupiter did humbly sue, That of his Grace he would proclaim Durfeius his true Latin Name,	35
For tho' without them both, 'twas clear, Himself could ne'er be <i>Jupiter</i> , Yet they'd resign that Post so high, To be the Genitive, <i>Durfei</i>	40
B and L swore Bl— and W—s X and Z cry'd, P—x and Z—s G swore, by G—d, it ne'er should be, And W would not lose, not he, An English Letter's Property, In the great Name of Tom Durfy	45

In short, the rest were all in Fray, From Christcross to Et cætera They, tho' but Standers-by too, mutter'd, Dipthongs, and Tripthongs, swore and stutter'd, That none had so much Right to be Part of the Name of stuttering T— T—Tom—a—as—De—Dur—fe—fy	50
Then fove thus spake With Care and Pain We form'd this Name, renown'd in Rhyme, Not thine, Immortal Neufgermain! Cost studious Cabalists more Time	55
Yet now, as then, you all declare, Far hence to Egypt you'll repair, And turn strange Hieroglyphicks there, Rather than Letters longer be, Unless i' th' Name of Tom D'Urfy	60
Were you all pleas'd, yet what I pray, To foreign Letters cou'd I say? What if the <i>Hebrew</i> next should aim To turn quite backward <i>D'Urfy's</i> Name? Should the <i>Greek</i> quarrel too, by <i>Styx</i> , I Cou'd ne'er bring in <i>Psi</i> and <i>Xi</i> ,	65
Omicron and Omega from us Wou'd each hope to be O in Thomas, And all th' ambitious Vowels vie, No less than Pythagorick Y, To have a Place in Tom D'Urfy	70
Then, well-belov'd and trusty Letters! Cons'nants! and Vowels, (much their betters,) WE, willing to repair this Breach, And, all that in us lies, please each, Et cæt'ra to our Aid must call,	75
Et cæt'ra represents ye all Et cæt'ra therefore, we decree, Henceforth for ever join'd shall be To the great Name of Tom Durfy	80

57 Neufgerman A Poet, who used to make Verses ending with the last Syllables of the Names of those Persons he praised Which Voiture turn'd against him in a Poem of the same kind [P]

Fragments, 1712

I INSCRIPTION MARTHA BLOUNT, A P [written 1712, published 1954]

Each pretty Carecter with pleasing Smart Deepens the dear Idea in my heart

In a copy of Lintot's Miscellany

II A WINTER PIECE

[written 1712, published 1871]

As when the freezing blasts of Boreas blow, And scatter ore the Fields the driving Snow, From dusky Clowds the fleecy Winter flyes, Whose dazling Lustre whitens all the Skies

On a Lady who P—st at the Tragedy of Cato

OCCASION'D BY AN EPIGRAM ON A LADY
WHO WEPT AT IT

[written 1713, published, PSM, 1727]

While maudlin Whigs deplor'd their Cato's Fate, Still with dry Eyes the Tory Ceha sate, But while her Pride forbids her Tears to flow, The gushing Waters find a Vent below Tho' secret, yet with copious Grief she mourns, Like twenty River-Gods with all their Urns Let others screw their Hypocritick Face, She shews her Grief in a sincerer Place, There Nature reigns, and Passion void of Art, For that Road leads directly to the Heart

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Two or Three, or A Receipt to make a Cuckold

[written 1713, published, Lintot's Miscellany 1713]

Two or Three Visits, and Two or Three Bows, Two or Three civil Things, Two or Three Vows, Two or Three Kisses, with Two or Three Sighs,
Two or Three Jesus's—and let me dyes—
Two or Three Squeezes, and Two or Three Towses,
With Two or Three thousand Pound lost at their Houses,
Can never fail Cuckolding Two or Three Spouses

Upon a Girl of Seven Years old

[written c 1713, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1714]

Wit's Queen, (if what the Poets sing be true)
And Beauty's Goddess Childhood never knew,
Pallas they say Sprung from the Head of Jove,
Full grown, and from the Sea the Queen of Love,
But had they, Miss, your Wit and Beauty seen,
Venus and Pallas both had Children been
They, from the Sweetness of that Radiant Look,
A Copy of young Venus might have took
And from those pretty Things you speak have told,
How Pallas talk'd when she was Seven Years old

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To Belinda on the Rape of the Lock [written 1713, published, PSO, 1717]

Pleas'd in these lines, Belinda, you may view How things are priz'd, which once belong'd to you If on some meaner head this Lock had grown, The nymph despis'd, the Rape had been unknown But what concerns the valiant and the fair, The Muse asserts as her peculiar care Thus Helens Rape and Menelaus' wrong Became the Subject of great Homer's song, And, lost in ancient times, the golden fleece Was rais'd to fame by all the wits of Greece Had fate decreed, propitious to your pray'rs.

Had fate decreed, propitious to your pray'rs, To give their utmost date to all your hairs, This Lock, of which late ages now shall tell, Had dropt like fruit, neglected, when it fell

Nature to your undoing arms mankind With strength of body, artifice of mind, But gives your feeble sex, made up of fears, No guard but virtue, no redress but tears Yet custom (seldom to your favour gain'd)
Absolves the virgin when by force constrain'd
Thus Lucrece lives unblemish'd in her fame,
A bright example of young Tarquin's shame
Such praise is yours—and such shall you possess,
Your virtue equal, tho' your loss be less
Then smile Belinda at reproachful tongues,
25
Still warm our hearts, and still inspire our songs
But would your charms to distant times extend,
Let Jervas paint them, and let Pope commend
Who censure most, more precious hairs would lose,
To have the Rape recorded by his Muse
30

28 Jervas] Charles Jervas (1675?—1739), portrait painter and translator of *Don Quixote* His house in Cleveland Court, St James's, was Pope's London residence from 1713 for several years, and there Pope took lessons in painting

The Three gentle Shepherds

[written c 1713, published (piratically) 1726]

Of gentle Philips will I ever sing,
With gentle Philips shall the Vallies ring
My Numbers too for ever will I vary,
With gentle Budgell, and with gentle Carey
Or if in ranging of the Names I judge ill,
With gentle Carey and with gentle Budgell
Oh! may all gentle Bards together place ye,
Men of good Hearts, and Men of Delicacy
May Satire ne'er befool ye, or beknave ye,
And from all Wits that have a Knack Gad save ye

1 Philips] Ambrose Philips (1675?–1749), a poet petted by the Whigs 4 Budgell] Eustace Budgell (1686–1737), poet and miscellaneous writer Carey] Walter Carey (1686–1757), an Oxford wit

Verses in the Scriblerian Manner

[written c 1713, published posthumously]

In the winter of 1713-14 Pope and his friends formed themselves into a society to which they gave the name of the 'Scriblerus Club', and where they discussed and drafted schemes for books Among the more frequent visitors to the club was Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford, to whom invitations in rhyme were sent in the names of the members

T

Tho the Dean has run from us in manner uncivil, The Doctor, and He that's nam'd next to the Devil, With Gay, who Petition'd you once on a time, And Parnell, that would, if he had but a Rhyme (That Gay the poor Sec and that arch Chaplain Parnell, 5 As Spiritual one, as the other is Carnal), Forgetting their Interest, now humbly sollicit You'd at present do nothing but give us a Visit

That all this true is Witness E Lewis

A Pope
T Parnell 10
Jo Arbuthnot
J Gay

2 The Doctor] Arbuthnot

He] Pope added an asterisk to 'He', and wrote in the margin 'Pope'

5 the poor Sec] Gay had been secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth

10-11 E Lews] Harley's devoted secretary

II

My Lord, forsake your Politick Utopians, To sup, like Jove, with blameless Ethiopians

Pope

2 Jove 556–7 Ethiopians] Pope was then at work on the Iliad See I 554,

The sire of gods, and all th' æthereal train Now mix with mortals, nor disdain to grace The feast of Æthiopia's blameless race

III

The Doctor and Dean, Pope, Parnell and Gay
In manner submissive most humbly do pray,
That your Lordship would once let your Cares all alone
And Climb the dark Stairs to your Friends who have none
To your Friends who at least have no Cares but to please you
To a good honest Junta that never will teaze you

From the Doctor's Chamber past eight

ΙV

A pox of all Senders
For any Pretenders
Who tell us these troublesome stories,
In their dull hum-drum key
Of Arma Virumque
Hannoniae qui primus ab oris

5

A fig too for H——r
Who prates like his Grand mere
And all his old Friends would rebuke
In spite of the Carle
Give us but our Earle,
And the Devil may take their Duke

10

Then come and take part in
The Memoirs of Martin,
Lay by your White Staff and gray Habit,

15

5

Lay by your White Staff and gray H
For trust us, friend Mortimer
Should you live years forty more
Haec olim meminisse juvabit

by order of ye Club

A Pope
J Gay
J Swift
J Arbuthnot
T Parnel

6 Hannoniae] The duchy of Hainault, the scene of Marlborough's campaigns

7 H—r] Hanmer, Sir Thomas (1677-1746) Chief of Hanoverian Tories, refused office from Lord Oxford, 1713, Speaker 1714-15
12 Duke The choice lies between Marlborough and Argyle

14 Martin Martinus Scriblerus

16 Mortimer Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford and Mortimer

v

Let not the whigs our tory club rebuke,
Give us our earl, the devil take their duke
Quaedam quae attinent ad Scriblerum,
Want your assistance now to clear 'em
One day it will be no disgrace,
In scribbler to have had a place
Come then, my lord, and take your part in
The important history of Martin

VΙ

How foolish Men on Expeditions goe!
Unweeting Wantons of their wetting Woe!
For drizling Damps descend adown the Plain
And seem a thicker Dew, or thinner Rain,
Yet Dew or Rain may wett us to the Shift,
We'll not be slow to visit Dr Swift

Impromptu, To Lady Winchelsea

OCCASION'D BY FOUR SATYRICAL VERSES ON WOMEN-WITS, IN THE RAPE OF THE LOCK [written c 1714, published, Bayle's *Dictionary*, 1741]

In vain you boast Poetic Names of yore, And cite those Sapho's we admire no more Fate doom'd the Fall of ev'ry Female Wit, But doom'd it then when first Ardeha writ Of all Examples by the World confest, I knew Ardeha could not quote the best, Who, like her Mistress on Britanna's Throne, Fights, and subdues in Quarrels not her own To write their Praise you but in vain essay, Ev'n while you write, you take that Praise away Light to the Stars the Sun does thus restore, But shines himself till they are seen no more

The 'four lines' which occasioned the dispute are canto IV, ll 59-62 4 Ardelia The name under which the Countess occasionally wrote

To Eustace Budgell, Esq On his Translation of the Characters of Theophrastus

[written 1714, published 1954]

'Tis rumour'd, Budgell on a time Writing a Sonnet, cou'd not rhime, Was he discouragd? no such matter, He'd write in Prose—To the Spectator There too Invention faild of late What then? Gad damn him, he'd Translate, Not Verse, to that he had a Pique—

Budgell's translation of *The Moral Characters of Theophrastus* was dedicated to the Earl of Halifax and published in May 1714

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MINOR VERSE	289
From French? He scornd it, no, from Greek He'd do't, and ne'r stand Shill—I Shall—I, Ay, and inscribe to Charles Lord Hall—— Our Gallo-Grecian at the last Has kept his word, Here's Teophraste	10
How e're be not too vain, Friend Budgell!	
Men of Ill Hearts, you know, will judge ill	
Some flatly say, the Book's as ill done,	15
As if by Boyer, or by Gildon,	
Others opine you only chose ill,	
And that this Piece was meant for Ozell	
For me, I think (in spite of Blunders)	
You may, with Addison, do wonders	20
But faith I fear, some Folks beside	
These smart, new Characters supplyd	
The honest Fellow out at Heels	
Pray between Friends, was not that Steel's?	
The Rustic Lout so like a Brute,	25
Was Philips's beyond Dispute	•
And the fond Fop so clean contrary,	
Tis plain, tis very plain, was Cary	
Howe're, the Coxcomb's thy own Merit,	
That thou hast done, with Life and Spirit	30
	_

16 Abel Boyer (1667–1729), newswriter and compiler of a French-English dictionary Charles Gildon (1665–1724), critic and dramatist 18 John Ozell, see p 271

To a Lady with the Temple of Fame [written 1715, published, PSM, 1732]

What's Fame with Men, by Custom of the Nation, Is call'd in Women only Reputation About them both why keep we such a pother? Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other

Four Poems from A Key to the Lock [written 1715, published 1715]

I TO MY MUCH HONOURED AND ESTEEMED FRIEND, MR E BARNIVELT, AUTHOR OF THE KEY TO THE LOCK AN ANAGRAM AND ACROS-TICK BY N CASTLETON, A WELL-WILLER TO THE COALITION OF PARTIES

BARNIVELT

Anagram,

UN BAREL IT

В	arrels conceal the Liquor they contain,
Α	nd Sculls are but the Barrels of the Brain
R	ipe Politicks the Nation's Barrel fill,
N	one can like thee its Fermentation still
I	ngemous Writer, lest thy Barrel split,
V	nbarrel thy just Sense, and broach thy Wit
E	xtract from Tory Barrels all French Juice,
L	et not the Whigs Geneva's Stumm infuse,

N CASTLETON

5

N Castleton] An obscure writer, whose penchant for 'the Mixture of Inconsistent Metaphors' and 'the running of Metaphors into tedious Allegories' was ridiculed in the Spectator (17 September 1714)

hen shall thy Barrel be of gen'ral Use

II TO THE INGENIOUS MR E BARNIVELT

Hail, dear Collegiate, Fellow-Operator,
Censor of Tories, President of Satyr,
Whose fragrant Wit revives, as one may say,
The stupid World, like Assa fetida
How safe must be the King upon his Throne,
When Barnivelt no Faction lets alone
Of secret Jesuits swift shall be the Doom,
Thy Pestle braining all the Sons of Rome
Before thy Pen vanish the Nation's Ills,
As all Diseases fly before thy Pills
Such Sheets as these, whate'er be the Disaster,
Well spread with Sense, shall be the Nation's Plaister

HIGH GERMAN DOCTOR

13 High German Doctor] Pseudonym of Philip Horneck (d. 1728), taken from the title of his paper, which was scurrilously anti-Catholic

III TO MY INGENIOUS FRIEND, THE AUTHOR OF THE KEY TO THE LOCK

Tho' many a Wit from time to time has rose T' inform the World of what it better knows, Yet 'tis a Praise that few their own can call, To tell Men things they never knew at all

This was reserv'd, Great Barmvelt, for Thee,
To save this Land from dangerous Mystery
But thou too gently hast laid on thy Satyr,
What awes the World is Envy and ill Nature
Can Popish Writings do the Nations good?
Each Drop of Ink demands a Diop of Blood
A Papist wear the Lawrel! is it fit?
O Button! summon all thy Sons of Wit!
Join in the common Cause e'er 'tis too late,
Rack your Inventions some, and some in time translate
If all this fail, let Faggot, Cart, and Rope,
Revenge our Wits and Statesmen on a Pope

THE GRUMBLER

12 Button] Daniel Button, the manager of the coffee-house where Addison held his court

13 the common Cause] 1 e the decrying, or suppression, of Pope's Ilad 17 The Grumbler] Pseudonym of Tnomas Burnet (1694-1753), pamphleteer, taken from the title of his paper

IV TO THE MOST LEARNED PHARMA-COPOLITAN, AND EXCELLENT POLITICIAN, MR ESDRAS BARNIVELT

BY SIR JAMES BAKER, KNT

The Spamard hides his Ponyard in his Cloke, The Papist masques his Treason in a Joke, But ev'n as Coughs thy Spanish Liquorish heals, So thy deep Knowledge dark Designs reveals Oh had I been Ambassador created, 5 Thy Works in Spanish shou'd have been translated, Thy Politicks should ope the Eyes of Spain, And, like true Sevil Snuff, awake the Brain Go on, Great Wit, contemn thy Foe's Bravado, In thy defence I'll draw Toledo's Spado ΙO Knighthoods on those have been conferr'd of late, Who save our Eyesight, or wou'd save our State, Unenvy'd Titles grace our mighty Names, The learn'd Sir William, or the deep Sir James Still may those Honours be as justly dealt, 15 And thou be stil'd Sir Esdras Barmvelt

TAMES BAKER, KNT

¹⁴ Sir William Sii William Read (d. 1715) An itinerant quack doctor PAP—L

Characters

I MACER

[written c 1715, published, PSM, 1728]

When simple Macer, now of high Renown, First sought a Poet's Fortune in the Town 'Twas all th' Ambition his great Soul could feel. To wear red Stockings, and to dine with St-Some Ends of Verse his Betters might afford, 5 And gave the harmless Fellow a good Word Set up with these, he ventur'd on the Town, And in a borrow'd Play, out-did poor Cr—nThere he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle, But has the Wit to make the most of little 10 Like stunted hide-bound Trees, that just have got Sufficient Sap, at once to bear and rot Now he begs Verse, and what he gets commends. Not of the Wits his Foes, but Fools his Friends So some coarse Country Wench, almost decay'd, 15 Trudges to Town, and first turns Chambermaid, Aukward and supple, each Devoir to pay, She flatters her good Lady twice a Day, Thought wond'rous honest, tho' of mean Degree, And strangely lik'd for her Simplicity 20 In a translated Suit, then tries the Town, With borrow'd Pins, and Patches not her own, But just endur'd the Winter she began, And in four Months, a batter'd Harridan Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and shrunk, 25 To bawd for others, and go Shares with Punk

A caricature of Ambrose Philips (see p 285)

1 Macer] Lat macer, meagre, cf A Farewell to London, 1 20, 'Lean Philips' (p 245)

8 a borrow'd Play] The Distrest Mother, 1712, taken from Racine's Andromague

Cr-n John Crowne (d 1703), dramatist, notorious for his borrowed plays

13 begs Verse] He requested by publick Advertisements, the Aid of the Ingenious, to make up a Miscellany in 1713 [P]

20 Simplicity] An allusion to the laboured simplicity of Philips's Pastorals

21 a translated Sunt] Probably a fling at the Persian Tales, translated by Philips

5

II IIMBRA

[written c 1714, published, PSM, 1728]

Close to the best known Author, Umbra sits, The constant Index to all Button's Wits Who's here? cries Umbra 'Only Johnson'-Oh! Your Slave, and exit, but returns with Rowe. Dear Rowe, lets sit and talk of Tragedies 5 Not long. Pope enters, and to Pope he flies Then up comes Steele, he turns upon his Heel. And in a Moment fastens upon Steele But cries as soon, Dear Dick, I must be gone, For, if I know his Tread, here's Addison TO Says Addison to Steele, 'Tis Time to go Pope to the Closet steps aside with Rowe Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd Pickle, E'en sits him down, and writes to honest T-15 Fool! 'tis in vain from Wit to Wit to roam, Know, Sense, like Charity, begins at Home

Title] Possibly intended as a character of Budgell, see p 288 2 Button's Wits] The habitual Whig frequenters of Button's coffee-house

14 T—] Thomas Tickell (1685–1740) Poet, Buttonian, and author of the rival translation of Iliad I

III ATTICUS

[written c 1715, published (piratically) 1722]

Ouod Te Roma legit, Rumpitur Invidia!

If meagre Gildon draws his venal quill, I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still, If Dennis rhymes, and raves in furious Fret, I'll answer Dennis, when I am in debt Hunger, not Malice, makes such Authors print, And who'l wage War with Bedlam or the Mint?

This poem, provoked by the 'Battle of the Iliad', was originally sketched out about the time of the publication of the rival translation in the summer of 1715. It was first published in 1722. An expanded version (see p. 490) appeared in 1728, and in 1734 was incorporated after further revision in the Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, where it occupies lines 151-214 (see p. 603) 1-3 Gildon Dennis Charles Gildon (1665-1724), and John Dennis

1-3 Gildon Dennis Charles Gildon (1005-1724), and John Dennis (1057-1734) critics, who had been attacking Pope since 1714 and 1709 respectively

6 the Mint A sanctuary for insolvent debtors in Southwark

But were there One whom better Stars conspire To bless, whom Titan touch'd with purer Fire, Who born with Talents, bred in Arts to please, Was form'd to write, converse, and live, with ease 10 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the Turk, no Brother near the Throne. View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, And hate, for Arts that caus'd himself to rise, Damn with faint praise, assent with civil Leer, 15 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer. Or pleas'd to wound, and yet afraid to strike. Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike, Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend. A tim'rous Foe and a suspitious Friend 20 Fearing ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd, And so obliging, that he ne'r oblig'd Who when two Wits on rival themes contest, Approves them both, but likes the worst the best Like Cato, gives his little Senate Laws, 25 And sits attentive to his own Applause, While Fops and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise. And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise What pity, Heav'n! if such a Man there be? Who would not weep, if Addison were He? 30

23 f A reference to Tickell's rival translation of the *Iliad*, Bk I, which was published, with Addison's complicity and approval, within three or four days of Pope's

25 Cf p 211, l 23

Epitaph on P P Clerk of the Parish,

SAID TO BE WRITTEN BY HIMSELF

[written c 1715, published, PSM, 1727]

O reader, if that thou canst read, Look down upon this Stone, Do all we can, Death is a Man That never spareth none

Appended to a skit on Bishop Burnet's History of My Own Times, entitled 'Memoirs of P P Clerk of this Parish'

Couplets on Wit

[written c 1715, published 1776]

Ι

But our Great Turks in wit must reign alone And ill can bear a Brother on the Throne

TT

Wit is like faith by such warm Fools profest Who to be saved by one, must damn the rest

111

Some who grow dull religious strait commence And gain in morals what they lose in sence

ΙV

Wits starve as useless to a Common weal While Fools have places purely for their Zeal

v

Now wits gain praise by copying other wits As one Hog lives on what another sh—

VΤ

Wou'd you your writings to some Palates fit Purge all your verses from the sin of wit For authors now are so conceited grown They praise no works but what are like their own

Preserved in the Homer MSS on the versos of rough drafts of lines from his translation of *Iliad* VIII

Two Chorus's to the Tragedy of Brutus

[written c 1715, published, Works 1717]

I CHORUS OF ATHENIANS

STROPHE I

Ye shades, where sacred truth is sought,
Groves, where immortal Sages taught,
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood,
Unspotted long with human blood
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades

5

IO

15

20

25

ANTISTROPHE I

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense, or mend the heart,
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth, and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky
Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE 2

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust,
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore,
See arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land

ANTISTROPHE 2

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? Freedom and Arts together fall,

Title] Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Choruses were composed to supply as many wanting in his play They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house [P]

MINOR VERSE	297
Fools grant whate'er ambition craves, And men, once ignorant, are slaves Oh curs'd effects of civil hate, In every age, in every state! Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds, Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds	30
II CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS	
SEMICHORUS	
Oh tyrant Love! hast thou possest The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast? Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim, And arts but soften us to feel thy flame	
Love, soft intruder, enters here, But entring learns to be sincere Marcus with blushes owns he loves, And Brutus tenderly reproves	5
Why, virtue, doest thou blame desire, Which nature has imprest? Why, nature, dost thou soonest fire The mild and gen'rous breast?	10
CHORUS	
Love's purer flames the Gods approve, The Gods, and Brutus bend to love Brutus for absent Portia sighs, And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes What is loose love? a transient gust, Spent in a sudden study of lust,	15
A vapour fed from wild desire, A wandring, self-consuming fire But Hymen's kinder flames unite, And burn for ever one, Chaste as cold Cyntha's virgin light, Productive as the Sun	20
SEMICHORUS	
Oh source of ev'ry social tye, United wish, and mutual joy! What various joys on one attend,	25

Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise,
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye,
Or views his smiling progeny,
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love

CHORUS

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,
Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes,
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure,
Sacred Hymen' these are thine

40

5

Lines on Curll

So when Curll's Stomach the strong Drench o'ercame, (Infus'd in Vengeance of insulted Fame)
Th' Avenger sees, with a delighted Eye,
His long Jaws open, and his Colour fly,
And while his Guts the keen Emeticks urge,
Smiles on the Vomit, and enjoys the Purge

From the title-page of Pope's A Full and True Account of a Horrid and Barbarous Revenge by Poison on the Body of Mr Edmund Curll, Bookseller (1716)

To Mr John Moore, Author of the Celebrated Worm-Powder

[written 1716, published (piratically) 1716]

How much, egregious *Moor*, are we Deceiv'd by Shews and Forms! Whate'er we think, whate'er we see, All Humankind are Worms

Title] Moore's advertisements are familiar to readers of contemporary newspapers. He died in 1737

MINOR VERSE	299
Man is a very Worm by Birth, Vile Reptile, weak, and vain! A while he crawls upon the Earth, Then shrinks to Earth again	5
That Woman is a Worm we find, E'er since our Grandame's Evil, She first convers'd with her own Kind, That antient Worm, the Devil	10
The Learn'd themselves we Book-Worms name, The Blockhead is a Slow-worm, The Nymph whose Tail is all on Flame Is aptly term'd a Glow-worm	15
The Fops are painted Butterflies, That flutter for a Day, First from a Worm they take their Rise, And in a Worm decay	20
The Flatterer an Earwig grows, Thus Worms suit all Conditions, Misers are Muckworms, Silk-worms Beaus, And Death-watches Physicians	
That Statesmen have the Worm, is seen By all their winding Play, Their Conscience is a Worm within, That gnaws them Night and Day	25
Ah Moore ' thy Skill were well employ'd, And greater Gain would rise, If thou could'st make the Courtier void The Worm that never dies!	30
O learned Friend of Abchurch-Lane, Who sett'st our Entrails free! Vain is thy Art, thy Powder vain, Since Worms shall eat ev'n thee	35
Our Fate thou only can'st adjourn Some few short Years, no more! Ev'n Button's Wits to Worms shall turn, Who Maggots were before	40

A Roman Catholick Version of the First Psalm

FOR THE USE OF A YOUNG LADY [written c 1716, published (piratically) 1716]

The Maid is Blest that will not hear Of Masquerading Tricks, Nor lends to Wanton Songs an Ear, Nor Sighs for Coach and Six

To Please her shall her Husband strive With all his Main and Might, And in her Love shall Exercise Himself both Day and Night

5

TO

15

20

She shall bring forth most Pleasant Fruit,

He Flourish still and Stand,

Ev'n so all Things shall prosper well,

That this Maid takes in Hand

No wicked Whores shall have such Luck Who follow their own Wills, But Purg'd shall be to Skin and Bone, With Mercury and Pills

For why? the Pure and Cleanly Maids Shall All, good Husbands gain But filthy and uncleanly Jades Shall Rot in *Drury-Lane*

A burlesque of Sternhold's version of Psalm 1 20 Drury-Lane] Notorious as the haunt of prostitutes in Pope's day

Epitaph On Sir William Trumbull

One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King William III, who having resigned his Place, died in his Retirement at Easthamsted in Berkshire, 1716

[written 1716, published, Works, 1717]

A pleasing form, a firm, yet cautious mind, Sincere, tho' prudent, constant, yet resign'd,

MINOR VERSE	301
Honour unchang'd, a principle profest, Fix'd to one side, but mod'rate to the rest, An honest Courtier, yet a Patriot too, Just to his Prince, yet to his Country true, Fill'd with the sense of age, the fire of youth, A scorn of wrangling, yet a zeal for truth, A gen'rous faith, from superstition free,	5
A love to peace, and hate of tyranny, Such this man was, who now, from earth remov'd, At length enjoys that liberty he lov'd	10
Sandys's Ghost Or a Proper New Ballad	
on the New Ovid's Metamorphosis	
AS IT WAS INTENDED TO BE TRANSLATED BY PERSONS OF QUALITY	
[written c 1717, published, PSM, 1727]	
Ye Lords and Commons, Men of Wit And Pleasure about Town, Read this, e'er you translate one Bit Of Books of high Renown	
Beware of <i>Latin</i> Authors all! Nor think your Verses Sterling, Tho' with a Golden Pen you scrawl, And scribble in a <i>Berlin</i>	5
For not the Desk with silver Nails, Nor Bureau of Expence, Nor Standish well japan'd, avails To writing of good Sense	10
Hear how a Ghost in dead of Night, With saucer Eyes of Fire, In woful wise did sore affright A Wit and courtly 'Squire	15

Title Sandys] George Sandys (1578–1644), poet, published a translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, 1621–6
8 Berlin] A four-wheeled covered carriage with a hooded seat behind 11 Standish] inkstand

Rare Imp of <i>Phæbus</i> , hopeful Youth! Like Puppy tame that uses To fetch and carry, in his Mouth, The Works of all the Muses	20
Ah! why did he write Poetry, That hereto was so civil, And sell his Soul for Vanity, To Rhyming and the Devil?	
A Desk he had of curious Work, With glitt'ring Studs about, Within the same did Sandys lurk, Tho' Ovid lay without	25
Now as he scratch'd to fetch up Thought, Forth popp'd the Sprite so thin, And from the Key-Hole bolted out, All upright as a Pin,	30
With Whiskers, Band, and Pantaloon, And Ruff compos'd most duly, This 'Squire he dropp'd his Pen full soon, While as the Light burnt bluely	35
Ho! Master Sam, quoth Sandys' Sprite, Write on, nor let me scare ye, Forsooth, if Rhymes fall in not right, To Budgel seek, or Carey	40
I hear the Beat of <i>Jacob</i> 's Drums, Poor <i>Ovid</i> finds no Quarter! See first the merry P—— comes In haste, without his Garter	
Then Lords and Lordings, 'Squires and Knights, Wits, Witlings, Prigs and Peers, Garth at St James's, and at White's, Beats up for Volunteers	, 46

³⁷ Master Sam] Samuel Molyneux, the astronomer (see p 479, 1 21n)
41 Jacob] Jacob Tonson the publisher, who is drumming up volunteers
for the translation of Ovid
43 P—] Pelham, Thomas, Duke of Newcastle
47 Garth] Sir Samuel Garth, the editor of this translation

MINOR VERSE	303
What Fenton will not do, nor Gay, Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan, Tom B—n—t or Tom D'Urfy may, John Dunton, Steel, or any one	50
If Justice <i>Philip</i> 's costive Head Some frigid Rhymes disburses, They shall like <i>Persian</i> Tales be read, And glad both Babes and Nurses	55
Let W-rw—k's Muse with Ash—t join, And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's Tickell and Addison combine And P—pe translate with Jervis	60
L—himself, that lively Lord Who bows to ev'ry Lady, Shall join with F—in one Accord, And be like Tate and Brady	
Ye Ladies too draw forth your Pen, I pray where can the Hurt lie? Since you have Brains as well as Men, As witness Lady W—l-y	65
Now, <i>Tonson</i> , list thy Forces all, Review them, and tell Noses, For to poor <i>Ovid</i> shall befal A strange <i>Metamorphosis</i>	70
A Metamorphosis more strange Than all his Books can vapour, 'To what, (quoth 'Squire) shall Ovid change?' Quoth Sandys To Waste-Paper	75
50 Stanyan] Temple Stanyan (d 1752), author and politician contributed to Book XII of the Metamorphoses 52 John Dunton] Eccentric bookseller and satirist (1659-1733) 61 L] Richard Lumley, second Earl of Scarbrough (16887-63 F] Probably Philip Frowde (see p 245) 64 Tate and Brady] The rather pedestrian versifiers of the Prince of t	1740)

Epigram On the Toasts of the Kit-Cat Club,

ANNO 1716 [published, *PSM*, 1732]

Whence deathless Kit-Cat took its Name, Few Criticks can unriddle,
Some say from Pastry Cook it came,
And some from Cat and Fiddle
From no trim Beau's its Name it boasts,
Gray Statesman, or green Wits,
But from this Pell-mell Pack of Toasts,
Of old Cats and young Kits

5

Prologue to The Three Hours after Marriage

[written 1717, published 1717]

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious Rules, The Great Ones are thought mad, the Small Ones Fools Yet sure the Best are most severely fated, For Fools are only laugh'd at, Wits are hated Blockheads with Reason Men of Sense abhor, 5 But Fool 'gainst Fool, is barb'rous Civil War Why on all Authors then should Criticks fall? Since some have writ, and shewn no Wit at all Condemn a Play of theirs, and they evade it, Cry, damn not us, but damn the French who made it, 10 By running Goods, these graceless Owlers gain, Theirs are the Rules of France, the Plots of Spain But Wit, like Wine, from happier Climates brought, Dash'd by these Rogues, turns English common Draught They pall Mohere's and Lopez sprightly strain, 15 And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain How shall our Author hope a gentler Fate, Who dares most impudently—not translate It had been civil in these ticklish Times, To fetch his Fools and Knaves from foreign Climes, 20 Spaniard and French abuse to the World's End, But spare old England, lest you hurt a Friend

Title] A comedy by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot II Owlers] Smugglers, whose exploits were much in the papers about

¹⁵ Lopez] Lopez de Vega (1562-1635), the famous Spanish dramatist

If any Fool is by our Satyr bit,	
Let him hiss loud, to show you all—he's hit	
Poets make Characters, as Salesmen Cloaths,	25
We take no Measure of your Fops and Beaus,	
But here all Sizes and all Shapes you meet,	
And fit your selves—like Chaps in Monmouth-Street	
Gallants look here, this *Fool's-Cap has an Air-	
Goodly and smart,—with Ears of Issachar	30
Let no One Fool engross it, or confine	
A common Blessing! now 'tis yours, now mine	
But Poets in all Ages, had the Care	
To keep this Cap, for such as will, to wear,	
Our Author has it now, for ev'ry Wit	35
Of Course resign'd it to the next that writ	
And thus upon the Stage 'tis fairly †thrown,	
Let him that takes it, wear it as his own	

28 Chaps Chapmen, cheap salesmen
 Monmouth-Street The famous second-hand clothes market
 29 *Fool's-Cap *Shews a Cap with Ears [Stage direction]

37 fairly †thrown] †Flings down the Cap and Exit [Stage direction]

The Court Ballad

[written 1717, published (piratically?) 1717]

To the Tune of 'To all you Ladres now at Land,' &c

To one fair Lady out of court
And two fair Ladies in
Who think the Turk and Pope a sport
And Wit and Love no Sin,
Come these soft lines with nothing Stiff in
To Bellenden Lepell and Griffin
With a fa

What passes in the dark third row
And what behind the Scene,
Couches and crippled Chairs I know,
And Garrets hung with green,
I know the Swing of sinful Hack,
Where many a Damsel cries oh lack
With a fa

³ The Turk] Ulric, the little Turk, who belonged to George I 6 Ladies in waiting to Princess Caroline

Then why to court should I repair Where's such ado with Townsend To hear each mortal stamp and swear And ev'ry speech in Z—nds end, To hear 'em rail at honest Sunderland And rashly blame the realm of Blunderland With a fa	20
Alas, like Shutz I cannot pun Like Clayton court the Germans Tell Pickenburg how slim she's grown Like Meadows run to sermons, To court ambitious men may roam, But I and Marlbro' stay at home With a fa	25
In truth by what I can discern, Of Courtiers from you Three, Some Wit you have and more may learn, From Court than Gay or me, Perhaps in time you'll leave High Diet, And Sup with us on Mirth or Quiet, With a fa	3°
In Leister fields, in house full nigh, With door all painted green, Where Ribbans wave upon the tye, (A Milliner's I ween) There may you meet us, three to three, For Gay can well make two of me With a fa	40
But shou'd you catch the Prudish itch, And each become a coward,	

16 An allusion to Townshend's dismissal from the office of Secretary of State

19 Lord Sunderland had helped to turn Townshend out of office

20 Blunderland Ireland

22 Perhaps an allusion to Augustus Schutz, equerry to the Prince of Wales

23-5 Mrs Clayton, Ladv Bucquenbourg, Miss Meadows, ladies of the court

27 M—o'] The Duke of Marlborough had a paralytic stroke and fell into semile decay in 1716

36 Lesster fields] Now Lescester Square, where the Prince of Wales lived

MINOR VERSE	307
Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich And sometimes Mistress Howard, For Virgins, to keep chaste, must go Abroad with such as are not so With a fa	45
And thus fair Maids, my ballad ends, God send the King safe landing, And makes all honest ladies friends, To Armies that are Standing Preserve the Limits of these nations,	50
And take off Ladies Limitations With a fa	55

45 Lady Rich, wife of Field-Marshal Sir Robert Rich
 46 Mrs Howard, Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George II

Epigrams,

Occasion'd by An Invitation to Court [written 1717, published (piratically) 1717]

1

In the Lines that you sent, are the Muses and Graces, You have the Nine in your Wit, and Three in your Faces

II

They may talk of the Goddesses in Ida Vales, But you show your Wit, whereas they show'd their Tails

III

You Bellendene, Griffin, and little La Pell, By G-d you all lie like the D-l in Hell, To say that at Court there's a Dearth of all Wit, And send what Argyle, would he write, might have writ

ΙV

Adam had fallen twice, if for an apple The D—l had brought him Bellendene and La Pell

These epigrams were intended to form a pendant to The Court Ballad

v

On Sunday at Six, in the Street that's call'd Gerrard, You may meet the Two Champions who are no Lord S—d

VΙ

They say Argyll's a Wit, for what? For writing? no,—for writing not

Epistle to a Lady

In this strange Town a different Course we take, Refine ourselves to Spirit, for your Sake For Want of you, we spend our random Wit on The first we find with Needham, Brooks, or Briton Hackney'd in Sin, we beat about the Town, And like sure Spaniels, at first Scent lie down Were Virtue's self in Silks,—faith keep away! Or Virtue's Virtue scarce would last a Day

5

Thus, Madam, most Men talk, and some Men do
The rest is told you in a Line or two 10
Some strangely wonder you're not fond to marry—
A double Jest still pleases sweet Sir Harry—
Small-Pox is rife, and Gay in dreadful fear—
The good Priests whisper—Where's the Chevalier?
Much in your Absence B—'s Heart endures, 15
And if poor Pope is cl-pt, the Fault is yours

Originally published as a suppressed conclusion of To a Young Lady, on leaving the Town after the Coronation More probably related to The Court Ballad and the preceding epigrams See Rev of Eng Stud (1958) IX 146-51

4 Mother Needham kept a brothel Nothing is known of Brooks and Briton

Occasion'd by some Verses of his Grace the Duke of Buckingham

[written 1717, published, Works, 1717]

Muse, 'tis enough at length thy labour ends, And thou shalt live, for Buckingham commends Let crowds of criticks now my verse assail,
Let *Denms* write, and nameless numbers rail
This more than pays whole years of thankless pain,
5 Time, health, and fortune, are not lost in vain
Sheffield approves, consenting Phæbus bends,
And I and Malice from this hour are friends

Verses Sent to Mrs T B with his Works

BY AN AUTHOR

[written 1717, published 1721]

This Book, which, like its Author, You By the bare Outside only knew, (Whatever was in either Good, Not look'd in, or, not understood) Comes, as the Writer did too long, 5 To be about you, right or wrong, Neglected on your Chair to lie, Nor raise a Thought, nor draw an Eye, In peevish Fits to have you say, See there ' you're always in my Way ' IO Or, if your Slave you think to bless, I like this Colour, I profess! That Red is charming all will hold, I ever lov'd it-next to Gold

Can Book, or Man, more Praise obtain?

What more could G—ge or S—te gain?

Sillier than Gildon coud'st thou be,
Nay, did all Jacob breath in thee,
She keeps thee, Book! I'll lay my Head,
What? throw away a Fool in Red
No, trust the Sex's sacred Rule,
The gaudy Dress will save the Fool

Title Mrs T B] Probably Mistress Teresa Blount
16 G—ge or S—te] Perhaps 'George or Senate'
17 G-ld-d] Charles Gildon, see p 369, l 250n
18 J-c-b] Giles Jacob (1686-1744) Compiler of The Poetical Register,
1720

A Hymn Written in Windson Forest

[written 1717, published 1831]

All hail! once pleasing, once inspiring Shade,
Scene of my youthful Loves, and happier hours!
Where the kind Muses met me as I stray'd,
And gently pressd my hand, and said, Be Ours!—
Take all thou e're shalt have, a constant Muse
At Court thou may'st be lik'd, but nothing gain,
Stocks thou may'st buy and sell, but always lose,
And love the brightest eyes, but love in vain!

5

Poems 1718-1729

Epistle to Robert Earl of Oxford, and Earl Mortimer

[written 1721, published, Parnell's Poems, 1722]

Such were the Notes, thy once-lov'd Poet sung,	
'Till Death untimely stop'd his tuneful Tongue	
Oh just beheld, and lost! admir'd, and mourn'd!	
With softest Manners, gentlest Arts, adorn'd!	
Blest in each Science, blest in ev'ry Strain!	5
Dear to the Muse, to HARLEY dear-in vain!	
For him, thou oft hast bid the World attend,	
Fond to forget the Statesman in the Friend,	
For Swift and him, despis'd the Farce of State,	
The sober Follies of the Wise and Great,	10
Dextrous, the craving, fawning Crowd to quit,	
And pleas'd to 'scape from Flattery to Wit	
Absent or dead, still let a Friend be dear,	
(A Sigh the Absent claims, the Dead a Tear)	
Recall those Nights that clos'd thy toilsom Days,	15
Still hear thy Parnell in his living Lays	_
Who careless, now, of Int'rest, Fame, or Fate,	
Perhaps forgets that OXFORD e'er was Great,	
Or deeming meanest what we greatest call,	
Beholds thee glorious only in thy Fall,	20
And sure if ought below the Seats Divine	
Can touch Immortals, 'tis a Soul like thine	
A Soul supreme, in each hard Instance try'd,	
Above all Pain, all Passion, and all Pride,	
The Rage of Pow'r, the Blast of publick Breath,	25
The Lust of Lucre, and the Dread of Death	
In vain to Desarts thy Retreat is made,	
The Muse attends thee to the silent Shade	
'Tis hers, the brave Man's latest Steps to trace,	
Re-judge his Acts, and dignify Disgrace	30
When Int'rest calls off all her sneaking Train,	
And all th' Oblig'd desert, and all the Vain,	
She waits, or to the Scaffold, or the Cell,	
When the last ling'ring Friend has bid farewel	
Ev'n now she shades thy Evening Walk with Bays,	35

Title] This Epistle was sent to the Earl of Oxford with Dr Parnelle's Poems published by our Author, after the said Earl's Imprisonment in the Tower and Retreat into the Country, in the year, 1721 [P]
27 Desarts] 1 e his family seat at Brampton-Bryan in Herefordshire

(No Hireling she, no Prostitute to Praise) Ev'n now, observant of the parting Ray, Eyes the calm Sun-set of thy Various Day, Thro' Fortune's Cloud One truly Great can see, Nor fears to tell, that MORTIMER is He

40

To Mrs M B on her Birth-day

[written 1723, published 1724]

Oh be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send, Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure, and a Friend Not with those Toys the female world admire. Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire With added years if Life bring nothing new, 5 But like a Sieve let ev'ry blessing thro', Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er, And all we gain, some sad Reflection more, Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear, 'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year IO Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content, And the gay Conscience of a life well spent, Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry Grace, Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear, Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy, In some soft Dream, or Extasy of 10v Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb, And wake to Raptures in a Life to come 20

Title Mrs M B] 1 e Martha Blount (see p 559, n)

The Dunciad Variorum

WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS

[written 71719-28, published 1728, as Variorum, 1729]

ADVERTISEMENT

It will be sufficient to say of this Edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and compleat copy of the DUNCIAD, than has hitherto appeared I cannot answer but some mistakes may have slipt into it, but a vast number of others will be prevented, by the Names being now not only set at length, but justified by the authorities and reasons given I make no doubt, the Author's own motive to use real rather than feign'd names, was his care to preserve the Innocent from any false Applications, whereas in the former editions which had no more than the Initial letters, he was made, by Keys printed here, to hurt the inoffensive, and (what was worse) to abuse his friends, by an impression at Dublin

The Commentary which attends the Poem, was sent me from several hands, and consequently must be unequally written, yet will it have one advantage over most commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or a remote distance of time and the reader cannot but derive one pleasure from the very Obscurity of the persons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a Secret, which most people love to be let into, tho' the Men or the Things be ever so inconsiderable or trivial

Of the Persons it was judg'd proper to give some account for since it is only in this monument that they must expect to survive, (and here survive they will, as long as the English tongue shall remain such as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it seem'd but humanity to bestow a word or two upon each, just to tell what he was, what he writ, when he liv'd, or when he dy'd

If a word or two more are added upon the chief Offenders, 'tis only as a paper pinn'd upon the breast, to mark the Enormities for which they suffer'd, lest the Correction only should be remember'd, and the Crime forgotten

In some Articles, it was thought sufficient barely to transcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much

better acquainted with them than any of the Authors of this Comment can pretend to be Most of them had drawn each other's Characters on certain occasions, but the few here inserted, are all that could be saved from the general destruction of such Works

Of the part of Scriblerus I need say nothing his Manner is well enough known, and approv'd by all but those who are too much con-

cern'd to be judges

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify those who either never read, or may have forgotten them, together with some of the Parodies, and Allusions to the most excellent of the Moderns If any man from the frequency of the former, may think the Poem too much a Cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the same thing in jest, which Boileau did in earnest, and upon which Vida, Fracastorius. and many of the most eminent Latin Poets professedly valued themselves

A Letter to the Publisher

OCCASIONED BY THE PRESENT EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct Edition of the DUNCIAD, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary, and it is yet with more, that I am informed it will be attended with a COMMENTARY a work so necessary, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approv'd of the first appearance of this Poem

Such Notes as have occurr'd to me I herewith send you, you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear ingag'd by humanity, to some care of an orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately publish'd, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I shall ever esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to Truth than to him or any man living, ingag'd me in

Enquiries, of which the inclos'd Notes are the fruit

I perceiv'd that most of these authors had been (doubtless very wisely) the first Aggressors they had try'd till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other, no body was either concern'd, or surpriz'd, if this or that Scribler was prov'd a Dunce

but every one was curious to read what could be said to prove Mr Pope one, and was ready to pay something for such a discovery A stratagem which wou'd they fairly own, might not only reconcile them to me, but screen them from the resentment of their lawful superiors, whom they daily abuse, only (as I charitably hope) to get that by them, which they cannot get from them

I found this was not all ill success in that had transported them to personal abuse, either of himself, or (what I think he could less forgive) of his friends. They had call'd men of virtue and honour Bad Men, long before he had either lessure or inclination to call them Bad Writers and some had been such old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their persons as well as their slanders, till they were pleas'd to revive them

Now what had Mr Pope done before to incense them? He had published those works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the least mention is made of any of them. And what has he done since? He has laugh'd and written the Dunciad What has that said of them? a very serious truth which the publick had said before, that they were dull and what it had no sooner said, but they themselves were at great pains to procure or even purchase room in the prints, to testify under their hands to the truth of it

I should still have been silent, if either I had seen any inclination in my friend to be serious with such accusers, or if they had only attack'd his writings since whoever publishes, puts himself on his trval by his country But when his moral character was attack'd. and in a manner from which neither Truth nor Virtue can secure the most Innocent, in a manner which though it annihilates the credit of the accusation with the just and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuser, (I mean by authors without Names) Then I thought, since the danger is common to all, the concern ought to be so, and that it was an act of justice to detect the Authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the same, who for several years past, have made free with the greatest Names in Church and State, expos'd to the world the private misfortunes of Families, abus'd all even to Women, and whose prostituted papers (for one or other Party, in the unhappy Divisions of their Country) have insulted the Fallen, the Friendless, the Exil'd, and the Dead

Besides this, which I take to be a publick concern, I have already confess'd I had a private one I am one of that number who have long lov'd and esteem'd Mr Poff, and had often declared it was not his Capacity or Writings (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent

Man, that we most esteem'd and lov'd in him Now if what these people say were believ'd, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave, either impos'd on my self, or imposing on them So that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies, as he is himself

I am no Author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight, and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance I had still been in the dark, if a Gentleman¹ had not procur'd me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them, which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost You may in some measure prevent it, by preserving at least their* Titles, and discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the conceal'd authors

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too obscure for Satyre The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the Satyre, and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates,² popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors and of domesticks within, most wrongfully chastized, if the Meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of Law can pronounce judgment only on open Facts, Morality alone can pass censure on Intentions of mischief, so that for secret calumny or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no publick punishment left, but what a good writer inflicts

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are Poor That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Baily for lesser crimes than defamation, for 'tis the case of almost all who are try'd there, but sure it can here be none, since no man will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood. But Poverty here is the accident, not the subject he who describes malice and villary to be pale and meagre, expresses not the least anger against paleness or leanness, but against malice and villary. The apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor, but is he therefore justified in

¹ a Gentleman (Probably Richard Savage)

^{*} Which we have done in a List in the Appendix. No

² assassinates (1 e assassins)

vending poison? Not but poverty itself becomes a just subject of satyre, when it is the consequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling, for then it increases the publick burden, fills the streets and high-ways with Robbers, and the garrets with Clippers, Coiners, and Weekly Journalists

But admitting that two or three of these, offend less in their morals, than in their writings, must poverty make nonsense sacred? If so, the fame of bad authors would be much better taken care of, than that of all the good ones in the world, and not one of a hundred had ever been call'd by his right name

They mistake the whole matter It is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get 'em out of it. For men are not bunglers because they are poor, but they are poor because they are bunglers

Is it not pleasant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their persons and characters were too sacred for Satyre, and the publick objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for Ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it must be allow'd, our author by and in this poem, has mercifully given 'em a little of both

There are two or three, who by their rank and fortune have no benefit from the former objections (supposing them good) and these I was sorry to see in such company But if without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his interest and reputation are equally embark'd, they cannot certainly, after they had been content to print themselves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them?

Other, I'm told, pretend to have been once his Friends², surely they are their enemies who say so, since nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done but of this I can't persuade my self, when I consider the constant and eternal aversion of all bad writers to a good one

Such as claim a merit from being his Admirers, I wou'd gladly ask, if it lays him under any personal obligation? at that rate he would be the most oblig'd humble servant in the world I dare swear, for these in particular, he never desir'd them to be his Admirers, nor promis'd in return to be theirs, that had truly been a sign he was of their acquaintance, but wou'd not the malicious world have suspected such an approbation of some motive worse than ignorance, in the Author of the Essay on Criticism? Be it as it will, the reasons of their Admiration and of his Contempt are

¹ two or three <e g Thomas Burnet, George Duckett, Sir Richard Blackmore >

² Friends (e.g. James Moore Smythe Cf Ep to Arbuthnot, 346)

equally subsisting, for His Works and Theirs are the very same that they were

One therefore of their accusations I believe may be just, 'That he has a contempt for their writings' And there is another which would probably be sooner allow'd by himself, than by any good judge beside, 'That his own have found too much success with the publick' But as it cannot consist with his modesty to claim this as a justice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the publick, to defend its own judgment

There remains what in my opinion might seem a better plea for these people, than any they have made use of If Obscurity or Poverty were to exempt a man from satyr, much more should Folly or Dulness, which are still more involuntary, nay as much so as personal deformity But even this will not help them Deformity becomes the object of ridicule when a man sets up for being handsome and so must Dulness when he sets up for a Wit They are not ridicul'd because Ridicule in itself is or ought to be a pleasure, but because it is just, to undeceive or vindicate the honest and unpretending part of mankind from imposition, because particular interest ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally Fools ought never to be made so in complaisance to a few who are Accordingly we find that in all ages, all vain pretenders. were they ever so poor or ever so dull, have been constantly the topicks of the most candid Satyrists, from the Codrus of IUVENAL to the Damon of BOILEAU

Having mention'd BOILEAU, the greatest Poet and most judicious Critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet perhaps more admirable for his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the resemblance betwixt Him and our Author in Qualities, Fame, and Fortune, in the distinctions shewn to them by their Superiors, in the general esteem of their Equals, and in their extended reputation amongst Foreigners, in the latter of which ours has met with the better fortune, as he has had for his Translators persons of the most eminent rank and abilities in their respective Nations * But the resemblance holds in nothing more, than in their being equally abus'd by the ignorant

^{*} Essay on Criticism in *French* Verse by General *Hamilton* The same in Verse also by Monsieur *Roboton*, Counsellor and Privy Secretary to King *George* I

Rape of the Lock, in French, Paris, 1728

^{——} In Italian Verse, by the Abbe Conti, a Noble Venetian, and by the Marquess Rangom, Envoy Extraordinary from Modena to King George II

Others of his Works by Salvim of Florence, &c His Essays and Dissertations on Homer, in French, Paris 1728

pretenders to Poetry of their times, of which not the least memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them What Boileau has done in almost all his Poems, our Author has only in this I dare answer for him he will do it in no more, and on his principle of attacking few but who had slander'd him, he could not have done it at all had he been confin'd from censuring obscure and worthless persons, for scarce any other were his enemies. However, as the parity is so remarkable, I hope it will continue to the last, and if ever he shall give us an edition of this Poem himself, I may see some of 'em treated as gently (on their repentance or better merit) as Perault and Quinault were at last by Boileau 1

In one point I must be allow'd to think the character of our English Poet the more amiable He has not been a follower of fortune or success He has liv'd with the Great without Flattery, been a friend to Men in power without Pensions, from whom as he ask'd, so he receiv'd no favour but what was done Him in his friends As his Satyrs were the more just for being delay'd, so were his Panegyricks, bestow'd only on such persons as he had familiarly known, only for such virtues as he had long observ'd in them, and only at such times as others cease to praise if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of Power or out of Fashion † A Satyr therefore on writers so notorious for the contrary, became no man so well as himself, as none (it is plain) was so little in Their friendships, or so much in that of those whom they had most abus'd, namely the Greatest and Best of All Parties Let me add a further reason, that tho' ingag'd in their friendships, he never espous'd their animosities, and can almost singly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man, which thro' Guilt, thro' Shame, or thro' Fear, thro' variety of Fortune, or change of Interests, he was ever unwilling to own

I shall conclude with remarking what a pleasure it must be to every reader of humanity, to see all along, that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own Ill nature, but only punishing that of others. To his Poem those alone are capable to do Justice, who to use the words of a great Writer, know how hard it is

¹ BOILEAU (See A Treatise of the Sublime By Mr Boileau, 1712,

pp 96-7, 169-78 \
† As Mr Wycherley, at the time the Town declaim'd against his Book of Poems Mr Walsh, after his death Sir William Trumbull, when he had resign'd the Office of Secretary of State, Lord Bolingbroke at his leaving England after the Queen's death Lord Oxford in his last decline of Life Mr Secretary Craggs at the end of the South-Sea Year, and after his death Others, only in Epitaphs

(with regard both to his Subject and his Manner) VETUSTIS DARE NOVITATEM, OBSOLETIS NITOREM, OBSCURIS LUCEM, FASTIDITIS GRATIAM 1 I am,

Your most humble Servant,

WILLIAM CLELAND 2

St James's Dec 22, 1728

DENNIS, REM ON PR ARTH

I Cannot but think it the most reasonable thing in the world, to distinguish Good writers, by discouraging the Bad Nor is it an ill-natur'd thing, in relation even to the very persons upon whom the Reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them, a little the sooner, of a short Profit and a transitory Reputation. But then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are so very unfit, and to have recourse to something in which they may be more successful

The Persons whom Boileau has attack'd in his writings, have been for the most part Authors, and most of those Authors, Poets And the censures he hath pass'd upon them have been confirm'd by all Europe [Character of Mr P 1716]

GILDON, PREF TO HIS NEW REHEARS

It is the common cry of the *Poetasters* of the Town, and their Fautors, that it is an *Ill-natur'd thing* to expose the *Pretenders* to Wit and Poetry The Judges and Magistrates may with full as good reason be reploach'd with *Ill-nature*, for putting the Laws in execution against a Thief or Impostor—The same will hold in the Republick of Letters, if the Criticks and Judges will let every *Ignorant Pretender* to Scribling, pass on the World

THEOBALD, LETT TO MIST, JUN 22, 1728

ATTACKS may be levelled, either against Failures in Genius, or against the Pretensions of writing without one

¹ GRATIAM (Pliny, Natural History, Preface § 15)

² CLELAND] This Gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the University of Utrecht, with the Earl of Mar He served in Spain under Larl Rivers After the Peace, he was made one of the Commissioners of the Customs in Scotland, and then of Taxes in England, in which having shewn himself for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, though without any other assistance of Fortune, he was suddenly displaced by the Minister in the sixty eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741 He was a person of Universal Learning, and an enlarged Conversation, no man had a warmer heart for his Friend, or a sincerer attachment to the Constitution of his Country (See p 810)

CONCANEN, DED TO THE AUTH OF THE DUNC

A Satyre upon Dulness, is a thing, that has been used and allowed in All Ages

Out of thine own Mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribler !

Testimomes of Authors Concerning our Poet and his Works

M SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S

Before we present thee with our exercitations on this most delectable Poem (drawn from the many volumes of our Adversaria on modern Authors) we shall here, according to the laudable usage of editors, collect the various judgments of the Learned concerning our Poet Various indeed, not only of different authors, but of the same author at different seasons. Nor shall we gather only the Testimonies of such eminent Wits, as would of course descend to posterity, and consequently be read without our collection, but we shall likewise with incredible labour seek out for divers others, which, but for this our diligence, could never at the distance of a few months appear to the eye of the most curious Hereby thou may'st not only receive the delectation of Variety, but also arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumspect comparison of the Witnesses with each other, or of each with himself Hence also thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections, not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the Person as well as Genius, and of the Fortune as well as Merit, of our Author In which if I relate some things of little concern peradventure to thee, and some of as little even to him, I entreat thee to consider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to insist upon such, and how material they seem to themselves, if to none other Forgive me, gentle reader, if (following learned example) I ever and anon become tedious allow me to take the same pains to find whether my author were good or bad, well or ill-natured, modest or arrogant, as another, whether his author was fair or brown, short or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a cassock

We purposed to begin with his Life, Parentage, and Education But as to these, even his cotemporaries do exceedingly differ One saith^a, he was educated at home, another^b, that he was bred at St Omer's by Jesuits, a third^c, not at St Omer's, but at Oxford, a

a Giles Jacob's Lives of Poets, vol 11 in his Life

b Dennis's Reflect of the Essay on Crit

^e Dunciad dissected, p 4

fourthd, that he had no University education at all Those who allow him to be bred at home, differ as much concerning his Tutor One saithe, he was kept by his father on purpose, a seconde, that he was an itinerant priest, a thirdg, that he was a parson, oneh calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome, another, a monk As little do they agree about his Father, whom onek supposeth, like the Father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant, another 1, a husbandman, anotherm, a hatter, &c Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblicus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely a Dæmon For thus Mr Gildonⁿ 'Certain it is, that his original is not from Adam, but the Devil, and that he wanteth nothing but horns and tail to be the exact resemblance of his infernal Father' Finding, therefore, such contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this sort of generation) not being fond to enter into controversy, we shall defer writing the life of our Poet, 'till authors can determine among themselves what Parents or Education he had, or whether he had any Education or Parents at all

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works, tho' not less uncertain the judgments concerning them, beginning with his ESSAY on CRITICISM, of which hear first the most ancient of Critics,

MR JOHN DENNIS

'His precepts are false or trivial, or both, his thoughts are crude and abortive, his expressions absurd, his numbers harsh and unmusical, his rhymes trivial and common,—instead of majesty, we have something that is very mean, instead of gravity, something that is very boyish, and instead of perspicuity and lucid order, we have but too often obscurity and confusion' And in another place 'What rare numbers are here! Would not one swear that this

- d Guardian, No 40 (An essay written by Pope himself)
- Dunciad dissected, p 4
- g Farmer P and his son
- h Dunc dissect
- 1 Characters of the times, p 45
- k Female Dunc p ult
- ¹ Dunc dissect

m Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729

n Character of Mr P and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, printed for S Popping, 1716 p 10 Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad (first edit said to be printed for A Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel, though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p 4 and 8) that it was writ by Dennis only

youngster had espoused some antiquated muse, who had sued out a divorce from some superannuated sinner, upon account of impotence, and who, being poxed by her former spouse, has got the gout in her decrepid age, which makes her hobble so damnably o' No less peremptory is the censure of our hypercritical Historian

MR OLDMIXON

'I dare not say any thing of the Essay on Criticism in verse, but if any more curious reader has discovered in it something new which is not in Dryden's prefaces, dedications, and his essay on dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, I should be very glad to have the benefit of the discovery^p '

He is followed (as in fame, so in judgment) by the modest and simple-minded

MR LEONARD WELSTED,

Who, out of great respect to our poet not naming him, doth yet glance at his Essay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticisms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth^q 'As to the numerous treatises, essays, arts, &c both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this ground-work, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite Most of their pieces are nothing but a pert, insipid heap of common place Horace has even in his Art of Poetry thrown out several things which plainly shew, he thought an Art of Poetry was of no use, even while he was writing one'

To all which great authorities, we can only oppose that of

MR ADDISON

"The Art of Criticism (saith he) which was published some months since, is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another, like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose-writer. They are some of them uncommon, but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explain'd with that ease and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known and the most receiv'd, they are placed in so beautiful a light, and illustrated with such apt allusions, that they have in

[°] Reflections critical and satyrical on a Rhapsody called An Essay on Criticism Printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo

^p Essay on Criticism in prose, octavo, 1728 by the author of the Critical History of England

^q Preface to his Poems, p 18, 53

r Spectator, Nº 253

them all the graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was before acquainted with them, still more convinc'd of their truth and solidity And here give me leave to mention what Monsieur Boileau has so well enlarged upon in the preface to his works. That wit and fine writing doth not consist so much in advancing things that are new, as in giving things that are known an agreeable turn. It is impossible for us who live in the latter ages of the world, to make observations in criticism, morality, or any art or science, which have not been touch'd upon by others, we have little else left us, but to represent the common sense of mankind in more strong, more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will find but few precepts in it, which he may not meet with in Aristotle, and which were not commonly known by all the poets of the Augustan age. His way of expressing, and applying them, not his invention of them is what we are chiefly to admire

'Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the same kind of sublime, which he observes in the several passages that occasioned them. I cannot but take notice that our English author has after the same manner exemplify'd several of the precepts in the very precepts themselves' He then produces some instances of a particular beauty in the numbers, and concludes with saying, that 'there are three poems in our tongue of the same nature, and each a masterpiece in its kind, The Essay on Translated Verse, the Essay on the Art of Poetry, and the Essay on Criticism' 1

Of WINDSOR FOREST, positive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR JOHN DENNIS,

'gThat it is a wretched rhapsody, impudently writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John Denham. The author of it is obscure, is ambiguous, is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous'

But the author of the Dispensary

DR GARTH,2

in the preface to his poem of Claremont, differs from this opinion 'Those who have seen these two excellent poems of Cooper's Hill, and Windsor Forest, the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr Pope, will shew a great deal of candour if they approve of this'

Of the Epistle of ELOISA, we are told by the obscure writer of a

² Dr Garth] <(1661-1719), physician and poet >

 $^{^1 \, \}langle \text{By the Earl of Roscommon} \, , \, \text{by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham} \, \rangle$

⁸ Letter to B B <1 e Barton Booth? at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717

poem called Sawney^t, 'That because Prior's Henry and Emma charm'd the finest tastes, our author writ his Eloise, in opposition to it, but forgot innocence and virtue. If you take away her tender thoughts, and her fierce desires, all the rest is of no value'. In which, methinks, his judgment resembleth that of a French taylor on a Villa and gardens by the Thames. All this is very fine, but take away the river, and it is good for nothing'

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR PRIOR

himself, saying in his Almav,

O Abelard ' ill fated youth,
Thy tale will justify this truth
But well I weet thy cruel wrong
Adorns a nobler Poet's song
Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
With kind concern and skill has weav'd
A silken web, and ne'er shall fade
Its colours gently has he laid
The mantle o'er thy sad distress,
And Venus shall the texture bless, &c

Come we now to his translation of the ILIAD, celebrated by numerous pens, yet shall it suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT

Who (tho' otherwise a severe censurer of our author) yet styleth this a 'laudable translation' ' That ready writer

MR OLDMIXON,

in his forementioned Essay, frequently commends the same And the painful

MR LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it^x, 'The spirit of Homer breathes all through this translation—I am in doubt, whether I should most admire the justness to the original, or the force and beauty of the language, or the sounding variety of the numbers But when I find all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet says of one of his heroes,

^t Printed 1728, p 12

v Alma, Cant 2 (287-96)

W In his Essays, vol 1 printed for E Curl

^{*} Censor, vol 11 n 33

That he alone rais'd and flung with ease a weighty stone, that two common men could not lift from the ground, just so, one single person has performed in this translation, what I once despaired to have seen done by the force of several masterly hands' Indeed the same gentleman appears to have chang'd his sentiment in his Essay on the Art of sinking in reputation, (printed in Mist's Journal, March 30, 1728) where he says thus 'In order to sink in reputation, let him take it into his head to descend into Homer (let the world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) and pretend to do him into English, so his version denote his neglect of the manner how' Strange Variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8

'That this translation of the Iliad was not in all respects conformable to the fine taste of his friend Mr Addison, insomuch that he employed a *younger muse*, in an undertaking of this kind, which he supervised himself' Whether Mr Addison did find it conformable to his taste, or not, best appears from his own testimony the year following its publication, in these words

MR ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, Nº 40

'When I consider myself as a British freeholder, I am in a particular manner pleased with the labours of those who have improved our language with the translations of old Greek and Latin authors —We have already most of their Historians in our own tongue, and what is more for the honour of our language, it has been taught to express with elegance the greatest of their Poets in each nation. The illiterate among our own countrymen may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the most perfect Epic performance. And those parts of Homer which have been published already by Mr. Pope, give us reason to think that the Iliad will appear in English with as little disadvantage to that immortal poem.'

As to the rest, there is a slight mistake, for this younger muse was an elder Nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our author) employ'd by Mr Addison to translate it after him, since he saith himself that he did it before. Contrariwise that Mr Addison engaged our author in this work appeareth by declaration thereof in the preface to the Iliad, printed some time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713 where he declares it is his opinion, that no other person was equal to it

Next comes his Shakespear on the stage 'Let him (quoth one, whom I take to be

Vid pref to Mr Tickel's translation of the first book of the Iliad, 4to

MR THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE, 8, 1728)

'publish such an author as he has least studied, and forget to discharge even the dull duty of an editor. In this project let him lend the bookseller his name (for a competent sum of money) to promote the credit of an exorbitant subscription. Gentle reader, be pleased to cast thine eye on the *Proposal* below quoted, and on what follows (some months after the former assertion) in the same Journalist of June 8 'The bookseller proposed the book by subscription, and raised some thousands of pounds for the same. I believe the gentleman did not share in the profits of this extravagant subscription.'

'After the Iliad, he undertook (saith

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728)

the sequel of that work, the Odyssey, and having secured the success by a numerous subscription, he employed some *underlings* to perform what, according to his proposals, should come from his own hands 'To which heavy charge we can in truth oppose nothing but the words of

MR POPE'S PROPOSAL FOR THE ODYSSEY, (printed by J Watts, Jan 10, 1724)

'I take this occasion to declare that the subscription for Shakespear belongs wholly to Mr Tonson And that the benefit of this Proposal is not solely for my own use, but for that of two of my friends, who have assisted me in this work' But these very gentlemen are extolled above our poet himself in another of Mist's Journals, March 30, 1728 saying, 'That he would not advise Mr Pope to try the experiment again of getting a great part of a book done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the declension of the whole' Behold! these Underlings are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun without declaration of such assistance, verily those who set it on foot, or (as their term is) secured it, to wit, the right honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the right honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify the same is a falshood

Sorry I am, that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728

'Mr Addison raised this author from obscurity, obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his powerful interests with those great men to this rising bard, who frequently levied by that means unusual contributions on the public' Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of The Duncial dissected reporteth, 'Mr Wycherley had before introduced him into a familiar acquaintance with the greatest Peers and brightest Wits then living'

'No sooner (saith the same Journalist) was his body lifeless, but this author, reviving his resentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend, and, what was still more heinous, made the scandal public 'Grievous the accusation unknown the accuser! the person accused no witness in his own cause, the person, in whose regard accused, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whose friendship, yea any one gentleman whose subscription Mr Addison procured to our author, let him stand forth, that truth may appear! Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas In verity, the whole story of the libel is a lye, witness those persons of integrity, who several years before Mr Addison's decease, did see and approve of the said verses, in no wise a libel, but a friendly rebuke sent privately in our author's own hand to Mr Addison himself, and never made public, 'till after their own Journals, and Curl had printed the same One name alone, which I am here authorised to declare, will sufficiently evince this truth, that of the right honourable the Earl of BURLINGTON

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of some authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiarism, from the inventive and quaint-conceited

JAMES MOORE SMITH GENT

'²Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miscellanies, I found five lines which I thought excellent, and happening to praise them, a gentleman produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) published last year, where were the same verses to a tittle ¹

'These gentlemen are undoubtedly the first plagiaries, that pretend to make a reputation by stealing from a man's works in his own life-time, and out of a Public print' Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the said Mr James Moore Smith, in a letter to our author himself, who had informed

² Daily Journal, March 18, 1728

¹ tittle (They appeared in Moral Es 11 243-8 (p 568) For James Moore Smythe see A 11 46 >

him, a month before that play was acted, Jan 27, 1726, that 'These verses, which he had before given him leave to insert in it, would be known for his, some copies being got abroad. He desires, nevertheless, that, since the lines had been read in his comedy to several, Mr P would not deprive it of them,' &c Surely if we add the testimonies of the Lord BOLINGBROKE, of the Lady to whom the said verses were originally addressed, of Hugh Bethel Esq and others, who knew them as our author's, long before the said gentleman composed his play, it is hoped, the ingenuous that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the suffrage of so honourable personages

And yet followeth another charge, insinuating no less than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the said

MR JAMES MOORE SMITH

'aThe Memoirs of a Parish clerk was a very dull and unjust abuse of a person² who wrote in defence of our Religion and Constitution, and who has been dead many years' This seemeth also most untrue, it being known to divers that these memoirs were written at the seat of the Lord Harcourt in Oxfordshire, before that excellent person (bishop Burnet's) death, and many years before the appearance of that history, of which they are pretended to be an abuse Most true it is, that Mr Moore had such a design, and was himself the man who prest Dr Arbuthnot and Mr Pope to assist him therein, and that he borrowed those Memoirs of our author, when that History came forth, with intent to turn them to such abuse But being able to obtain from our author but one single hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himself to keep the said Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance A noble person there is, into whose company Mr Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the conversation of Mr Moore to have turned upon the 'Contempt he had for the work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was of a design he declared himself to have of exposing it' This noble person is the Earl of PETERBOROUGH

Here in truth should we crave pardon of all the foresaid right honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same, and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as

¹ Lady (Martha Blount)

^a Daily Journal, April 3, 1728 ^a person (Bishop Burnet, who died in 1715)

witnesses that cannot be controverted, not to dispute, but to decide Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him Of the first class, the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines

"bAnd yet so wond'rous, so sublime a thing, As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing, Unless I justly could at once commend A good companion, and as firm a friend, One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed, Can all desert in sciences exceed'

So also is he decyphered by the honourable

SIMON HARCOURT

"Say, wond'rous youth, what column wilt thou chuse, What laurel'd arch, for thy triumphant Muse? Tho' each great ancient court thee to his shrine, Tho' ev'ry laurel thro' the dome be thine, Go to the good and just, an awful train! Thy soul's delight ——'

Recorded in like manner for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

MR WALTER HART,

in this apostrophe

'dO' ever worthy, ever crown'd with praise! Blest in thy life and blest in all thy lays Add, that the Sisters ev'ry thought refine, And ev'n thy life, be faultless as thy line Yet envy still with fiercer rage pursues, Obscures the virtue, and defames the Muse A soul like thine, in pain, in grief, resign'd, Views with just scorn the malice of mankind'

The witty and moral satyrist

b Verses to Mr P on his translation of Homer

c Poem prefix'd to his works

In his Poems, printed for B Lintot

DR EDWARD YOUNG,

wishing some check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our poet to undertake a task so worthy of his virtile

'eWhy slumbers Pope, who leads the Muse's train, Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?

MR MALLET.

In his epistle on Verbal Criticism

'Whose life, severely scan'd, transcends his lays, For wit supreme is but his second praise'

MR HAMMOND,

That delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy x₁v

> 'Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age, In low pursuit of self-undoing wrong, And trace the author thro' his moral page, Whose blameless life still answers to his song?

MR THOMSON.

In his elegant and philosophical poem of the Seasons

'Altho' not sweeter his own Homer sings, Yet is his *life* the more endearing song '1

To the same tune also singeth that learned clerk of Suffolk

MR WILLIAM BROOME

'Thus, nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause, From thy own hee transcribe th' unerring laws'

And, to close all, hear the reverend Dean of St Patrick's

'A Soul with ev'ry virtue fraught, By Patriots, Priests, and Poets taught

e Universal Passion, Satyr 1 <35-6>
1 endearing song < Winter, ll 554-5>
In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyssey < To Mr Pope, On his Works,' 1726 The 'learned clerk' was Rector of Oakley Magna, and Vicar of Eye, Suffolk >

Whose filial Piety excells
Whatever Grecian story tells
A genius for each bus'ness fit,
Whose meanest talent is his Wit,'1 &c

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other side, and shewing his Character drawn by those with whom he never conversed, and whose countenances he could now know, though turned against him First again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

MR JOHN DENNIS,

Who, in his Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, thus describeth him 'A little affected hypocrite, who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth, friendship, good-nature, humanity, and magnanimity He is so great a lover of falshood, that, whenever he has a mind to calumniate his cotemporaries, he brands them with some defect which is just contrary to some good quality, for which all their friends and their acquaintance commend them He seems to have a particular pique to People of Quality, and authors of that rank—He must derive his religion from St Omer's '—But in the Character of Mr P and his writings (printed by S Popping, 1716) he saith, 'Though he is a professor of the worst religion, yet he laughs at it, but that nevertheless, he is a virulent Papist, and yet a Pillar for the Church of England'

Of both which opinions

MR LEWIS THEOBALD

seems also to be, declaring, in Mist's Journal of June 22, 1728 'That, if he is not shrewdly abused, he made it his practice to cackle to both parties in their own sentiments' But, as to his pique against People of quality, the same Journalist doth not agree, but saith (May 8, 1728) 'He had, by some means or other, the acquaintance and friendship of the whole body of our nobility'

However contradictory this may appear, Mr Dennis and Gildon, in the character last cited, make it all plain, by assuring us, 'That he is a creature that reconciles all contradictions, he is a beast, and a man, a Whig, and a Tory, a writer (at one and the same time) of Guardians and Examiners, an Assertor of liberty, and of the dispensing power of kings, a Jesuitical professor of truth, a base and a foul pretender to candour' So that, upon the whole account, we must conclude him either to have been a great hypocrite, or a very

¹ Wit,' &c ('A Libel on D— D— And a Certain Great Lord' (1730), 75 ff >

⁸ The Names of two weekly Papers

honest man, a terrible imposer upon both parties, or very moderate to either

Be it as to the judicious reader shall seem good. Sure it is, he is little favoured of certain authors, whose wrath is perilous For one declares he ought to have a price set on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beasth Another protests that he does not know what may happen, advises him to insure his person, says he has bitter enemies, and expresly declares it will be well if he escapes with his hfei One desires he would cut his own throat, or hang himselfk But Pasquin seemed rather inclined it should be done by the Government, representing him engaged in grievous designs with a Lord of Parliament, then under prosecution1 Mr Dennis himself hath written to a Minister, that he is one of the most dangerous persons in this kingdomm, and assureth the public, that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country, a monster, that will, one day, shew as daring a soul as a mad Indian, who runs a muck to kill the first Christian he meetsⁿ Another gives information of Treason discovered in his poem^o Mr Curl boldly supplies an imperfect verse with Kings and Princesses^p And one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publishes at length the Two most SACRED NAMES in this Nation, as members of the Dunciadq!

This is prodigious! yet it is almost as strange, that in the midst of these invectives his greatest Enemies have (I know not how) born testimony to some merit in him

MR THEOBALD,

in censuring his Shakespear, declares, 'He has so great an esteem for Mr Pope, and so high an opinion of his genius and excellencies, that, notwithstanding he professes a veneration almost rising to Idolatry for the writings of this inimitable poet, he would be very loth even to do him justice, at the expence of that other gentleman's character.'

- h Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728
- ¹ Smedley, Pref to Gulliveriana, p 14, 16
- k Gulliveriana, p 332
- 1 Anno 1723
- m Anno 1729
- n Preface to Rem on the Rape of the Lock, p 12 and in the last page of that treatise
- ^o Page 6, 7 of the Preface, by Concanen, to a book intitled A Collection of all the Letters, Essays, Verses, and Advertisements, occasioned by Pope and Swift's Miscellanies Printed for A Moore, octavo, 1728
 - p Key to the Dunciad, 3d edit p 18
- ^q A List of Persons, &c at the end of the forementioned Collection of all the Letters, Essays, &c
 - Introduction to his Shakespear restored, in quarto, p 3

MR CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at last came to wish from his heart, 'That Mr Pope would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epistles by his hand, for it is certain we see the original of Sappho to Phaon with much more life and likeness in his version, than in that of Sir Car Scrope And this (he adds) is the more to be wished, because in the English tongue we have scarce any thing truly and naturally written upon Love.' He also, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to answer what Mr Pope hath said in his preface to that poet

MR OLDMIXON

calls him a great master of our tongue, declares 'the purity and perfection of the English language to be found in his Homer, and, saying there are more good verses in Dryden's Virgil than in any other work, excepts this of our author only'.

The Author of a Letter to MR CIBBER

says, 'Pope was so good a versifier [once] that his predecessor Mr Dryden, and his cotemporary Mr Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers is equal to any body's And, that he had all the merit that a man can have that way' And

MR THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out,

'But in his other works what beauties shine! While sweetest Music dwells in ev'ry line These he admir'd, on these he stamp'd his praise, And bade them live to brighten future days"?

So also one who takes the name of

H STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verses to Duncan Campbell, t in that poem, which is wholly a satyr on Mr Pope, confesseth,

''Tis true, if finest notes alone could show (Tun'd justly high, or regularly low)

^{*} Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Essay, octavo, 1721, p 97, 98

* In his prose Essay on Criticism

Printed by J Roberts, 1742 p 11 (A Letter to Mr C—b—r, On his Letter to Mr P— The author was Lord Hervey)

[™] Battle of Poets, folio, p 15 [™] Printed under the title of the Progress of Dulness, duodecimo, 1728

That we should fame to these mere vocals give, Pope more than we can offer should receive For when some gliding river is his theme, His lines run smoother than the smoothest stream,' &c

MIST'S JOURNAL, JUNE 8, 1728

Although he says, 'The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit,' yet that same paper hath these words 'The author is allowed to be a perfect master of an easy and elegant versification In all his works we find the most happy turns, and natural similes, wonderfully short and thick sown'

The Essay on the Dunciad also owns, p 25 it is very full of beautiful images But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be said on this Poem, is bestowed by our Laureate,

MR COLLEY CIBBER.

who 'grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ,' but adds, 'it was a victory over a parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almost cowardice to conquer —A man might as well triumph for having killed so many silly flies that offended him Could he have let them alone, by this time, poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion,' Here we see our excellent Laureate allows the justice of the satyr on every man in it, but himself, as the great Mr Dennis did before him

The said

MR DENNIS AND MR GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works (the forecited Character, p 5) do in concert^z confess, 'That some men of good understanding value

y Cibber's Letter to Mr Pope, p 9, 12

² In concert] Hear how Mr Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place, As to my writing in concert with Mr Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one line in concert with any one man whatsoever And these two Letters from Mr Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in concert with each other

—The height of my Ambition is to please Men of the best Judgment, and finding that I have entertained my Master agreeably, I have the extent of the Reward of my Labour

Sir,

I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent Pamphlet 'till this day I am infinitely satisfied and pleased with it, and hope you will meet with that encouragement your admirable performance deserves, &c

'Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such compliments to

him for his rhymes' And (p 17) 'That he has got, like Mr Bays in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr Dryden) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing smooth verse'

Of his Essay on Man, numerous were the praises bestowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the same was not written by him, as it was printed anonymously

Thus sang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS

'Auspicious bard' while all admire thy strain, All but the selfish, ignorant, and vain, I, whom no bribe to servile flatt'ry drew, Must pay the tribute to thy merit due Thy Muse, sublime, significant, and clear, Alike informs the Soul, and charms the Ear,' &c

And

MR LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote^a to the unknown author, on the first publication of the said Essay 'I must own, after the reception which the vilest and most immoral ribaldry hath lately met with, I was surprised to see what I had long despaired, a performance deserving the name of a poet Such, Sir, is your work It is, indeed, above all commendation, and ought to have been published in an age and country more worthy of it If my testimony be of weight any where, you are sure to have it in the amplest manner,' &c &c &c

Thus we see every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his most inveterate Enemies, and to the success of them all they do unanimously give testimony But it is sufficient, instar omnium, to behold the great critic, Mr Dennis, sorely lamenting it, even from the Essay on Criticism to this day of the Dunciad! 'A most notorious instance (quoth he) of the depravity of genius and taste, the approbation this Essay meets with —I can safely affirm, that I never attacked any of these writings, unless they had success infinitely beyond their merit —This, though an empty, has been a popular scribler The epidemic madness of the times has given him reputation. —If, after the cruel treatment so many extraordinary men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, Ben Johnson, Milton, Butler, Otway,

another, has not been used to write in partnership with him to whom he sends them? Dennis, Rem on the Dunc p 50 Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself

^a In a Letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733 ^b Dennis, Pref to his Reflect on the Essay on Criticism

c Pref to his Rem on Homer

and others) have received from this country, for these last hundred years, I should shift the scene, and shew all that penury changed at once to riot and profuseness, and more squandered away upon one object, than would have satisfied the greater part of those extraordinary men, the reader to whom this one creature should be unknown, would fancy him a prodigy of art and nature, would believe that all the great qualities of these persons were centered in him alone —But if I should venture to assure him, that the People of England had made such a choice—the reader would either believe me a malicious enemy, and slanderer, or that the reign of the last (Queen Anne's) Ministry was designed by fate to encourage Foolsd'

But it happens, that this our Poet never had any Place, Pension, or Gratuity, in any shape, from the said glorious Queen, or any of her Ministers All he owed, in the whole course of his life, to any court, was a subscription, for his Homer, of 200 l, from King George I, and 100 l from the prince and princess

However, lest we imagine our Author's Success was constant and universal, they acquaint us of certain works in a less degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they assure us he is the writer Of this sort Mr DENNISe ascribes to him two Farces. whose names he does not tell, but assures us that there is not one jest in them And an imitation of Horace, whose title he does not mention, but assures us it is much more execrable than all his works? The DAILY JOURNAL, May II, 1728 assures us, 'He is below Tom Durfey in the Drama, because (as that writer thinks) the Marriage Hater matched, and the Boarding School are better than the What-d'-ye-call-it,' which is not Mr P's, but Mr Gay's Mr GILDON assures us, in his New Rehearsal, p 48 'That he was writing a play of the Lady Jane Grey,' but it afterwards proved to be Mr Row's We are assured by another, 'He wrote a pamphlet called Dr Andrew Tripes,' which proved to be one Dr Wagstaff's Mr THEOBALD assures us, in Mist of the 27th of April, 'That the

One hundred pounds a year, I think wou'd do For me, if single—Or if marry'd, two

¹ What this vast sum was Mr Dennis himself in another place informs us (pref to his Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p 15) to wit, a hundred a year Whereby we see how great he supposed the moderation of those extraordinary men, even greater than that of his friend Mr Giles Jacob, who said of himself

d Rem on Homer, p 8, 9

e Ibid p 8 (The two farces are What D'ye Call It, 1715, and Three Hours after Marriage, 1717)

¹ Character of Mr Pope, p 7 8 Character of Mr Pope, p 6

treatise of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr Pope is the author of it' The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion, and says. 'the whole, or greatest part, of the merit of this treatise must and can only be ascribed to Gulliverh' [Here, gentle reader! cannot I but smile at the strange blindness and positiveness of men, knowing the said treatise to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus 1

We are assured, in Mist of June 8, 'That his own Plays and Farces would better have adorned the Dunciad, than those of Mr Theobald, for he had neither genius for Tragedy nor Comedy' Which whether true or not, is not easy to judge, in as much as he hath attempted neither Unless we will take it for granted, with Mr Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's Play abused, was an infallible proof the Play was his own, the said Mr Cibber thinking it impossible for a man to be much concerned for any but himself 'Now let any man judge (saith he) by this concern, who was the true mother of the childi?

But from all that hath been said, the discerning reader will collect. that it little availed our author to have any Candour, since when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited, as little to have any Modesty, since, when he declined writing in any way himself, the presumption of others was imputed to him. If he singly enterprised one great work, he was taxed of Boldness and Madness to a prodigyk If he took assistants in another, it was complained of, and represented as a great injury to the public1 The loftiest heroics, the lowest ballads, treatises against the state or church, satyrs on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, squabbles with book-sellers, or even full and true accounts of monsters, poisons, and murders, of any hereof was there nothing so good, nothing so bad, which hath not at one or other season been to him ascribed If it bore no author's name, then lay he concealed, if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed If it resembled any of his styles, then was it evident, if it did not, then disguised he it on set purpose Yea, even direct oppositions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been supposed in him inherent Surely a most rare and singular character! Of which let the reader make what he can

Doubtless most Commentators would hence take occasion to turn all to their Author's advantage, and from the testimony of his very Enemies would affirm, That his Capacity was boundless, as

h Gulliv p 336
 Cibber's Letter to Mr P p 19
 k Burnet's Homerides, p 1 of his translation of the Iliad
 The London and Mist's Journals, on his undertaking of the Odyssey

well as his Imagination, that he was a perfect master of all Styles, and all Arguments, and that there was in those times no other Writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, save he himself But as this is not our own sentiment, we shall determine on nothing, but leave thee, gentle reader, to steer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuse whether thou wilt incline to the Testimonies of Authors avowed, or of Authors concealed, of those who knew him, or of those who knew him not

Martinus Scriblerus, of the Poem

This Poem, as it celebrateth the most grave and antient of things, Chaos, Night and Dulness, so is it of the most grave and antient kind *Homer*, (saith *Aristotle*) was the first who gave the *Form*, and (saith *Horace*) who adapted the *Measure*, to heroic poesy But even before this, may be rationally presumed from what the antients have left written, was a piece by *Homer* composed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet For of Epic sort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter surely not unpleasant, witness what is reported of it by the learned Archbishop *Eustathuss*, in Odyss K And accordingly *Aristotle* in his poetic, chap 4 doth further set forth, that as the Iliad and Odyssey gave example to Tragedy, so did this poem to Comedy its first Idæa

From these authors also it shou'd seem, that the Hero or chief personage of it was no less obscure, and his understanding and sentiments no less quaint and strange (if indeed not more so) than any of the actors in our poem MARGITES was the name of this personage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the First, and surely from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of so spreading a tree, and so numerous a posterity The poem therefore celebrating him, was properly and absolutely a Dunciad, which tho' now unhappily lost, yet is its nature sufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforesaid And thus it doth appear, that the first Dunciad was the first Epic poem, written by Homer himself, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyssey

Now forasmuch as our Poet had translated those two famous works of *Homer* which are yet left, he did conceive it in some sort of his duty to imitate that also which was lost And was therefore induced to bestow on it the same Form which *Homer*'s is reported to have had, namely that of Epic poem, with a title also framed after the antient *Greek* manner, to wit, that of *Dunciad*

Wonderful it is, that so few of the moderns have been stimulated to attempt some Dunciad! Since in the opinion of the multitude, it

might cost less pain and oil, than an imitation of the greater Epic But possible it is also that on due reflection, the maker might find it easier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute or a Godfry, with just pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, a Flecknoe, or a Tibbald

We shall next declare the occasion and the cause which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in those days, when (after providence had permitted the Invention of Printing as a scourge for the Sins of the learned) Paper also became so cheap, and printers so numerous, that a deluge of authors cover'd the land Whereby not only the peace of the honest unwriting subject was daily molested, but unmerciful demands were made of his applause. vea of his money, by such as would neither earn the one, or deserve the other At the same time, the Liberty of the Press was so unlimited, that it grew dangerous to refuse them either For they would forthwith publish slanders unpunish'd, the authors being anonymous, nay the immediate publishers thereof lay sculking under the wings of an Act of Parliament, assuredly intended for better purposes

a Now our author living in those times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honest satyrist, to dissuade the dull and punish the malicious, the only way that was left. In that publicspirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greatest service he was capable (without much hurt or being slain) to render his dear country First, taking things from their original, he considereth the Causes creative of such authors, namely Dulness and Poverty, the one born with them, the other contracted, by neglect of their proper talent thro' self concert of greater abilities. This truth he wrapp'd in an Allegory (as the constitution of Epic poesy requires) and feigns, that one of these Goddesses had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inspir'd all such writers and such works c He proceedeth to shew the qualities they bestow on these authors, and the effects they produce dThen the materials or stock

¹ an Act of Parliament (By 'An act for laying several duties upon all sope and paper ', 10 Anne, C 19, exill, it was laid down, 'That during the [same] term of two and thirty years, no person whatsoever shall sell, or expose to sale, any [such] pamphlet, without the true respective name or names, and place or places of abode, of some known person or persons, by or for whom the same was really printed or published, written or printed thereupon . The law was frequently ignored, either by the device of printing the name of a fictitious publisher on the title-page, or by printing the name of a genuine publisher (e.g. Anne Dodd) without obtaining his or her consent > b Ibid ch 7

^a Vid Bossu, du poeme Epique, ch 8

Book I Verse 32, &c

d Verse 45 to 52

with which they furnish them, and (above all) that self-opinion which causeth it to seem to themselves vastly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their setting up in this sad and sorry merchandize The great power of these Goddesses acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of industry, so is the other of plodding) was to be exemplify'd in some one, great and remarkable action 8 And none cou'd be more so than that which our poet hath chosen, the introduction of the lowest diversions of the rabble in Smithfield to be the entertainment of the court and town, or in other words, the Action of the Dunciad is theh Removal of the Imperial seat of Dulness from the City to the polite world, as that of the Æneid is the Removal of the empire of Trov to Latium But as Homer, singing only the Wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole history of the Trojan war, in like manner our author hath drawn into this single action the whole history of Dulness and her children To this end she is represented at the very! opening of the poem, taking a view of her forces, which are distinguish'd into these three kinds, Party writers, dull poets, and wild criticks

A *Person* must be fix'd upon to support this action, who (to agree with the said design) must be such an one as is capable of being all three. This *phantom* in the poet's mind, must have a *name* k. He seeks for one who hath been concerned in the *Journals*, written bad *Plays* or *Poems*, and published low *Criticisms*. He finds his name to be *Tibbald*, and he becomes of course the Hero of the poem

The Fable being thus according to best example one and entire, as contain'd in the proposition, the Machinary is a continued chain of Allegories, setting forth the whole power, ministry, and empire of Dulness, extended thro' her subordinate instruments, in all her various operations

This is branched into *Episodes*, each of which hath its Moral apart, tho' all conducive to the main end. The crowd assembled in the second book demonstrates the design to be more extensive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other Episodes, of the Patrons, Encouragers, or Paymasters of such authors, as occasion shall bring them forth. And the third book, if well consider'd, seemeth to embrace the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to some or other vile class of writers. The first concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of *More*, the second the libellous Novellist, whom he styleth *Eliza*, the third the flattering Dedicator, the fourth the bawling Critick or noisy Poet, the fifth the dark

¹ Verse 95 to 104 ^k Bossu, ch 8 Vide Aristot Poetic c 9

and dirty Party-writer, and so of the rest, assigning to each some proper name or other, such as he cou'd find

As for the Characters, the publick hath already acknowledged how justly they are drawn. The manners are so depicted, and the sentiments so peculiar to those to whom applied, that surely to transfer them to any other, or wiser, personages, wou'd be exceeding difficult. And certain it is, that every person concerned, being consulted apart, will readily own the resemblance of every portrait, his own excepted.

The Descriptions are singular, the Comparisons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour. The purity and chastity of Diction is so preserved, that in the places most suspicious not the words but only the images have been censured, and yet are those images no other than have been sanctified by antient and classical authority (tho' as was the manner of those good times, not so curiously wrapped up) yea and commented upon by most grave doctors, and approved criticks

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby subjected to such severe indispensable rules as are laid on all Neotericks, a strict imitation of the antient, insomuch that any deviation accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been censured by the sound critick. How exact that Imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general structure, but by particular allusions infinite, many whereof have escaped both the commentator and poet himself, yea divers by his exceeding diligence are so alter'd and interwoven with the rest, that several have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abused, as altogether and originally his own

In a word, the whole poem proveth itself to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection at that exact time of life when years have ripened the judgment, without diminishing the imagination, which by good criticks is held to be punctually at forty ² For, at that season it was that Virgil finished his Georgies, and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age composing his Arthurs, declared the same to be the very Acme and pitch of life for Epic poesy tho' since he hath altered it to sixty,* the year in which he published his Alfred True it is, that the talents for Criticism, namely smartness, quick censure, vivacity of remark, certainty of asseveration, indeed all but acerbity, seem rather the gifts of Youth than of riper age But it is far otherwise in Poetry,

¹ Neotericks (1 e Moderns)

² forty (Pope was born on May 21, 1688 the Dunciad was published on May 18, 1728)

^{*} See his Essay on Heroic poetry

witness the works of Mr Rymer and Mr Dennis, who beginning with criticism, became afterwards such Poets as no age hath parallel'd With good reason therefore did our author chuse to write his Essay on that subject at twenty, and reserve for his maturer years, this great and wonderful work of the Dunciad

Dunciados Periocha or, Arguments to the Books

BOOK THE FIRST

The Proposition of the subject The Invocation, and the Inscription Then the Original of the great empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof The beloved seat of the Goddess is described, with her chief attendants and officers, her functions, operations, and effects Then the poem hasts into the midst of things, presenting her on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her sons, and the glories past, and to come She fixes her eye on Tibbald to be the instrument of that great event which is the subject of the poem. He is described pensive in his study, giving up the cause, and apprehending the period of her empire from the old age of the present monarch Settle Wherefore debating whether to betake himself to law or politicks, he raises an altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings As the pyle is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies in person and puts it out, by casting upon it the poem of Thule She forthwith reveals her self to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds all her arts, and initiates him into her mysteries, then announcing the death of Settle that night, anoints, and proclaims him Successor

BOOK THE SECOND

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with publick Games and sports of various kinds, (not instituted by the Hero, as by *Eneas* in *Virgil*, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person, in like manner as the games *Pythia*, *Isthmia*, &c were anciently said to be by the Gods, and as *Theus* herself appearing according to *Homer* Odyss 24 proposed the prizes in honour of her son *Achilles* Hither flock the Poets and Criticks, attended (as is but just) with their Patrons and Book-sellers. The Goddess is first

pleased for her disport to propose games to the latter, and setteth up the phantom of a poet which the booksellers contend to overtake The races described, with their divers accidents Next, the game for a Poetess Afterwards the exercises for the Poets, of Tickling, Vociferating, Diving the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian poets, the third of profund, dark, and dirty authors Lastly, for the Criticks, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise not of their parts but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, one in verse and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here most lively set forth Till the whole number, not of criticks only, but of spectators, actors, and all present fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games

BOOK THE THIRD

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest. the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap, a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors. politicians, inamorato's, castle-builders, chymists and poets. He is immediately carry'd on the wings of fancy to the Elizian shade. where on the banks of Lethe the souls of the dull are dip'd by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he is himself destin'd to perform He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews him the past triumphs of the empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future How small a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how soon those conquests were stop'd, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great Britain, shews by what aids, and by what persons, it shall be forthwith brought to her empire These he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and produgies appear, utterly surprizing and unknown to the King himself, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing On this subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmix'd with concern, that his own times were but the types of these, He prophecies how first the nation shall be overrun with farces, opera's, shows, and the throne of Dulness advanced over both the Theatres Then how her sons shall preside in the seats of arts and sciences, till in conclusion all shall return to their original Chaos A scene, of which the present Action of the Dunciad is but a Type or Foretaste, giving a Glimpse or *Pisgah-sight* of the promis'd Fulness of her Glory, the Accomplishment whereof will, in all probability, hereafter be the Theme of many other and greater Dunciads

The Dunciad,* in Three Books with Notes Variorum

BOOK THE FIRST

Books and the Man I sing, the first who brings The Smithfield Muses to the Ear of Kings Say great Patricians! (since your selves inspire These wond'rous works, so Jove and Fate require)

*The Dunciad, Sic MS It may be well disputed whether this be a right Reading Ought it not rather to be spelled Duncead, as the Etymology evidently demands? Dunce with an e, therefore Duncead with an e That accurate and punctual Man of I etters, the Restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's [as Shak'spear] which is utterly unpardonable Nor is the neglect of a Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear, the alteration whereof in a learned language is an Atchivement that brings honour to the Critick who advances it, and Dr B(entley) will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort, as long as the world shall have any Esteem for the Remains of Menander and Philemon Theobald

I have a just value for the Letter E, and the same affection for the Name of this Poem, as the forecited Critic for that of his Author, yet cannot it induce me to agree with those who would add yet another e to it, and call it the Duncetade, which being a French and foreign Termination, is no way proper to a word entirely English, and Vernacular One E therefore in this case is right, and two E's wrong, yet upon the whole I shall follow the Manuscript, and print it without any E at all, mov'd thereto by Authority, at all times with Criticks equal if not superior to Reason In which method of proceeding, I can never enough praise my very good friend, the exact Mr Tho Hearne, who, any word occur which to him and all mankind is evidently wrong, yet keeps he it in the Text with due reverence, and only remarks in the Margin, sic MS In like manner we shall not amend this error in the Title itself, but only note it obiter, to evince to the learned that it was not our fault, nor any effect of our own Ignorance or Inattention SCRIBLERUS

r Books and the Man I sing, etc.] Wonderful is the stupidity of all the former Criticks and Commentators on this Poem! It breaks forth at the very first line The Author of the Critique prefix'd to Sawney, a Poem,

Say from what cause, in vain decry'd and curst, Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first? In eldest time, e'er mortals writ or read, E'er Pallas issued from the Thund'rer's head, Dulnes o'er all possess'd her antient right,

p 5 hath been so dull as to explain *The Man who brings*, &c not of the Hero of the Piece, but of our Poet himself, as if he vaunted that *Kings* were to be his Readers (an Honour which tho' this Poem hath had, yet knoweth he how to receive it with more Modesty) <For James Ralph, author of *Sawney* (1728), see A iii 159 >

We remit this Ignorant to the first lines of the Eneid, assuring him, that

Virgil there speaketh not of himself, but of Æneas

Arma virumq, cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris, Italiam fato profugus, Lavinaq, venit Litora multum ille & terris jactatus et alto &c

I cite the whole three verses that I may by the way offer a Conjectural Emendation, purely my own, upon each First, oris should be read arrs, it being as we see Æn 2 513, from the altar of Jupiter Hercæus that Æneas fled as soon as he saw Priam slain. In the second line I would read flatu for fato, since it is most clear it was by Winds that he arrived at the Shore of Italy, Jaciatus in the third, is surely as improper apply'd to terris, as proper to alto. To say a man is tost on land, is much at one with saying he walks at sea Risum teneatis amici? Correct it, as I doubt not it ought to be, Vexatus Scriblerus

This Poem was writ in 1727 In the next year an imperfect Edition was published at Dublin, and re-printed at London in 12° Another at Dublin, and re-printed at London in 8°, and three others in 12° the same year But there was no perfect Edition before that of London in 4° 1728, which was attended with the following Notes

We are willing to acquaint Posterity that this Poem (as it here stands) was presented to

King George the Second and his Queen, by the hands of Sir R Walpole,

on the 12th of March 1728

2 The Smithfield-Muses] Smithfield is the place where Bartholomew Fair was kept, whose Shews, Machines, and Dramatical Entertainments, formerly agreeable only to the Taste of the Rabble, were, by the Hero of this Poem and others of equal Genius, brought to the Theatres of Covent-Garden, Lincolns inn-Fields, and the Hay-Market, to be the reigning Pleasures of the Court and Town This happened in the Year 1725, and continued to the Year 1728 See Book 3 Vers 191, &c

3 Say great Patricians (since your selves inspire

These Wond'rous Works]—Ovid Met 1(2)
—Du cæptis (nam vos Mutastis & illas)

6 Alluding to a verse of Mr Dryden's not in Mac Flecno (as it is said ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, pag $\,$ r $\,$) but in his verses to Mr Congreve (1 48)

And Tom the Second reigns like Tom the First

Pope is probably glancing at George II, who had succeeded his father less than a year before the *Dunciad* was published

The 'great Patricians' of 1 3 are the Whig aristocracy, who were mainly responsible for bringing the Hanoverians to England in 1714 >

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK I	351
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave, Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave, Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind, She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind	10
Still her old empire to confirm, she tries,	15
For born a Goddess, Dulness never dies	_
O thou! whatever Title please thine ear,	
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!	
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,	
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy Chair,	20
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,	
Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind,	
From thy Bæotia tho' Her Pow'r retires,	
Grieve not at ought our sister realm acquires	
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread,	25
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead	
Where wave the tatter'd ensigns of Rag-Fair,	
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air,	

10 Daughter of Chaos, &c] The beauty of this whole Allegory being purely of the Poetical kind, we think it not our proper business as a Scholiast, to meddle with it, but leave it (as we shall in general all such) to the Reader remarking only, that Chaos (according to Hesiod, Θεογονία) was the Progenitor of all the Gods SCRIBL

18 Bickerstaff (Isaac Bickerstaff, a pseudonym used by Swift in some of his lighter satires, e.g. those on Partridge the Astrologer The name was

later adopted by Steele for his Tatler >

21 Or praise the Court, &c] Ironice, alluding to Gulliver's Representations of both—The next line relates to the Papers of the Drapier against the currency of Wood's Copper Coin in Ireland, which upon the great discontent of the people, his Majesty was graciously pleased to recal

23 From thy Bæotia] Bæotia of old lay under the Raillery of the neighbouring Wits, as Ireland does now, tho' each of those nations produced one of the greatest Wits, and greatest Generals, of their age <The wit produced by Bœotia was Pindar, the general, Epaminondas Ireland had produced two famous wits in Swift and Congreve, her great general is presumably James Butler, Duke of Ormonde >

24 Grieve not, my Swift etc] Ironice iterum The Politicks of England and Ireland were at this time by some thought to be opposite, or interfering with each other Dr Swift of course was in the interest of the latter,

our Author of the former

26 A new Saturnian Age of Lead] The ancient Golden Age is by Poets stiled Saturnian, but in the Chymical language, Saturn is Lead

27 Rag-fair] Rag-fair is a place near the Tower of London, where old

cloaths and frippery are sold

28-31 &c A yaumang rum &c] Hear upon this place the forecited Critick on the Dunciad (i.e. James Ralph) These lines (saith he) have no Construction, or are Nonsense The two shivering Sisters must be the sister Caves of Poverty and Poetry, or the Bed and Cave of Poverty and

Keen, hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness
Here in one bed two shiv'ring sisters lye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry
This, the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnunc's, or her own Guild-hall
Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls,
And destin'd here th' imperial seat of Fools
Hence springs each weekly Muse, the living boast
Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post,

Poetry must be the same, (questionless) and the two Sisters the Lord knows who? O the Construction of Grammatical Heads! Virgil writeth thus En 1 $\langle 166-8 \rangle$ —

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum Intus aquæ dulces, vivoq, sedilia saxo, Nympharum domus ——

May we not say in like manner, "The Nymphs must be the Waters and the Stones, or the Waters and the Stones must be the houses of the Nymphs" Insulse! The second line, Intus aque, &c is in a parenthesis (as are the two lines of our Author, Keen hollow Winds, &c) and it is the Antrum, and the yawning Ruin, in the line before that parenthesis, which

are the Domus, and the Cave

Let me again, I beseech thee Reader, present thee with another Conjectural Emendation on Virgil's Scopulis pendentibus. He is here describing a place, whither the weary Mariners of Eneas repaired to dress their Dinner—Fessi—frugesq, receptas Et torrere parant flamms. What has Scopulis pendentibus here to do? Indeed the aquæ dulces and sedilia are something, sweet Waters to drink, and Seats to rest on The other is surely an error of the Copyists Restore it, without the least scruple, Populis prandentibus

But for this and a thousand more, expect our Edition of Virgil, a

Specimen whereof see in the Appendix (IV) SCRIBLERUS

32 The cave of Poverty (In 1714 Theobald had published The Cave of Poverty, A Poem Written in Imitation of Shakespeare)

33 This the Great Mother &c] Æn 1(12, 15-18)

Urbs antiqua fuit—
Quam funo fertur terris magis omnibus unam
Posthabita coluisse Samo hic illius arma,
Hic currus fuit hoc regnum Dea gentibus esse
(Siqua fata sinant) jam tum tenditq, fovetq,

33 The Great Mother] Magna mater, here applyed to Dulness The Quadrunc's was a name given to the ancient Members of certain political

Clubs, who were constantly enquiring, Quid nunc? what news?

38 Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post] Two Booksellers, of whom see Book 2 (49 ff) The former was fined by the Court of King's-Bench for publishing obscene books, the latter usually adorn'd his shop with Titles in red letters

Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the soft sing-song on Cecilia's day,
Sepulchral lyes our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grubstreet race
'Twas here in clouded majesty she shone,
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her Throne,
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger, and who thirst, for scribling sake

39 Hence hymning Tyburn—Hence, &c]

—Genus unde Latinum

Albaniq, patres, atq, altæ moema Romæ

Virg (Aen 16-7)

39 Hence hymning Tvburn's elegiac lay It is an ancient English custom for the Malefactors to sing a Psalm at their Execution at Tyburn, and no less customary to print Elegies on their deaths, at the same time, or before

VERSE 40 and 42, Allude to the annual Songs composed to Musick on St Cecilia's Feast, and those made by the Poet-Laureat for the time being to be sung at Court, on every New-Years-Day, the words of which are happily drown'd in the voices and Instruments

Verse 41 Is a just Satyr on the Flatteries and Falsehoods admitted to

be inscribed on the walls of Churches in Epitaphs

I must not here omit a Reflection, which will occur perpetually through this Poem, and cannot but greatly endear the Author to every attentive Observer of it I mean that *Candour* and *Humanity* which every where appears in him, to those unhappy Objects of the Ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets He here imputes all scandalous rhimes, scurrilous weekly papers, lying news, base flatteries, wretched elegies, songs, and verses (even from those sung at Court, to ballads in the streets) not so much to Malice or Servility as to Dulness, and not so much to Dulness as to Necessity, And thus at the very commencement of his Satyr, makes an Apology for all that are to be satyrized

43 In clouded Majesty she shone Milton, (Par Lost, iv 606-7)

___The Moon

Rising in clouded Majesty ----

44 Four guardian Virtues (The four Cardinal Virtues were a recurring feature of the pageantry on a Lord Mayor's Day > 45-6 That knows no fears] Horat (Lib II, Sat vii 84)

Quem neq, pauperies, neq, mors, neq, vincula terrent

48 Who hunger, and who thirst] 'This is an infamous Burlesque on a Text in Scripture, which shews the Author's delight in Prophaneness,' (said Curl upon this place) But 'tis very familiar with Shakespeare to allude to Passages of Scripture Out of a great number I'll select a few, in which he both alludes to, and quotes the very Texts from holv Writ In All's well that ends well, I am no great Nebucadnezzar, I have not much Skill in Grass Ibid They are for the flowry Way that leads to the broad Gate, and the great Fire Mat 7 13 Much ado about nothing All, all, and moreover God saw him when he was hid in the Garden, Gen 3 8 (in

,

Prudence, whose glass presents th' approaching jayl	
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,	50
Where in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,	
And solid pudding against empty praise	
Here she beholds the Chaos dark and deep,	
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,	
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm Third-day	55
Call forth each mass, a poem or a play	
How Hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,	
How new-born Nonsense first is taught to cry,	
Maggots half-form'd, in rhyme exactly meet,	
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet	60
Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes,	
And ductile dulness new meanders takes,	

a very 10cose Scene) In Love's Labour lost, he talks of Sampson's carrying the Gates on his Back, in the Merry Wives of Windsor of Goliah and the Weaver's Beam, and in Henry 4 Falstaff's Soldiers are compared to Lazarus and the Prodigal Son, &c The first part of this Note is Mr CURL's The rest is Mr THEOBALD's Shakespear Restor'd Appendix. **Þ 144**

49 glass (The perspective glass through which Prudence was repre-

sented in art as gazing >

53 Here she beholds, &c] That is to say, unformed things, which are either made into Poems or Plays, as the Booksellers or the Players bid most These lines allude to the following in Garth's Dispensary, Cant 6 **<44-7>**

Within the chambers of the Globe they spy The beds where sleeping Vegetables lie Till the glad summons of a genial ray Unbinds the Glebe, and calls them out to day

55 'Till genial Jacob (Jacob Tonson (16567-1736), the leading publisher of his generation. The third day of a play's run was regularly set apart for the author's benefit >

59-60 Maggots (Maggot has two senses in this context (a) grub,

(b) 'a whimsical or perverse fancy' >

61 Here one poor Word a hundred clenches makes It may not be amiss to give an instance or two of these Operations of Dulness out of the Authors celebrated in the Poem A great Critick formerly held these Clenches (puns) in such abhorrence, that he declared, 'He that would Pun, would pick a Pocket 'Yet Mr Dennis's Works afford us notable Examples in this kind 'Alexander Pope hath sent abroad into the world as many Bulls as his Namesake Pope Alexander' - 'Let us take the initial and final letters of his Surname, viz, A P-E, and they give you the Idea of an Ape ——Pope comes from the Latin word Popa, which signifies a little Wart, or from Poppysma, because he was continually popping out squibs of wit, or rather Po-pysmata, or Po-pisms' DENNIS Daily-Journal June 11 1728

62 And ductile dulness] A Parody on another in Garth Cant 1 (26)

How ductile matter new mæanders takes

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK I	355
There motley Images her fancy strike, Figures ill'pair'd, and Similes unlike She sees a Mob of Metaphors advance, Pleas'd with the Madness of the mazy dance How Tragedy and Comedy embrace,	65
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race, How Time himself stands still at her command, Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers, Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers,	70
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, There painted vallies of eternal green, On cold December fragrant chaplets blow, And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow All these and more, the cloud-compelling Queen	75
Beholds thro' fogs that magnify the scene She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues, With self-applause her wild creation views, Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fool's colours gilds them all	80

68 How Farce and Epic, &c] Allude to the Transgressions of the Unities, in the Plays of such Poets For the Miracles wrought upon Time and Place, and the mixture of Tragedy, Comedy, Farce and Epic, See Pluto and Proseipine, Penelope, &c as yet extant (Theobald wrote A Dramatic Entertainment, Call'd Harlequin a Sorcerer With the Loves of Pluto and Proserpine (1725) Penelope An English Opera, by John Mottley, assisted by Thomas Cooke, was acted at the Haymarket in May, 1728 For Cooke, see 11 130n >

'Twas on the day, when Thorold, rich and grave, Like Cimon triumph'd, both on land and wave

71 Ægypt glads with Showers] In the lower Ægypt Rain is of no use, the overflowing of the Nyle being sufficient to impregnate the soil -These six verses represent the inconsistencies in the description of Poets, who heap together all glittering and gawdy Images, tho' incompatible in one season, or in one scene—See the Guardian N° 40 printed in the Appendix (V), Parag 6 See also Eusden's whole Works (if to be found) It would not have been unpleasant, to have given Examples of all these Species of bad writing, from these Authors, but that it is already done in our Treatise

of the Bathos SCRIBL 77 The Cloud-compelling Queen] From Homer's Epithet of Jupiter,

υεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς

Twas on the Day when Thorold] Sir George Thorold Lord Mayor of London, in the Year 1720 The Procession of a Lord Mayor is made partly by land, and partly by water \(\text{Thorold, Lord Mayor in 1719, died on} \) Oct 29, 1722 >-Cimon the famous Atheman General obtained a Victory by sea, and another by land, on the same day, over the Persians and Bai barians

(Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)
Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er,
But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more
Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay,
Yet eat in dreams the custard of the day,
While pensive Poets painful vigils keep,
Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep
Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls,
What City-Swans once sung within the walls,
Much she revolves their arts, their ancient praise,
And sure succession down from Heywood's days

85 Pomps (In the sense of $\pi o \mu \pi \eta$, a procession)

86 Glad Chains] The Ignorance of these Moderns! This was altered in one Edition to Gold Chains, shewing more regard to the metal of which the chains of Aldermen are made, than to the beauty of the Latinism and Grecism, nay of figurative speech itself—Lætas segetes, glad, for making glad &c Scr

88 But liv'd in Settle's Numbers] A beautiful manner of speaking, usual with the Poets in praise of Poetry, in which kind nothing is finer than those lines of Mr Addison (A Letter from Italy, 31-6)

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng, I look for sti eams immortaliz'd in song, That lost in silence and oblivion lye, Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry, Yet run for ever, by the Muses skill, And in the smooth description murmur still

Settle was alive at this time, and Poet to the City of London His office was to compose yearly panegyricks upon the Lord Mayors, and Verses to be spoken in the Pageants But that part of the shows being by the frugality of some Lord Mayors at length abolished, the employment of City Poet ceas'd, so that upon Settle's demise, there was no successor to that place <He died in 1724 > This important point of time our Poet has chosen, as the Crisis of the Kingdom of Dulness, who thereupon decrees to remove her imperial seat from the City, and over-spread the other parts of the Town To which great Enterprize all things being now ripe, she calls the Hero of this Poem

Mr Settle was once a writer in some vogue, particularly with his Party, for he was the author or publisher of many noted Pamphlets in the time of King Charles the second. He answered all Dryden's political Poems, and being cry'd up on one side, succeeded not a little in his Tragedy of the Empress of Morocco (the first that was ever printed with Cuts) 'Upon this he grew insolent, the Wits writ against his Play, he replied, and the Town judged he had the better. In short Setile was then thought a formidable Rival to Mr Dryden, and not only the Town, but the University of Cambridge, was divided which to prefer, and in both places the younger sort inclined to Elkanah' Dennis Pref to Rem on Hom

For the latter part of his History, see the third Book, verse (281n) 96 John Heywood] Whose Enterludes were printed in the time of Henry the eighth (Pope seems to be confusing John Heywood with the

She saw with joy the line immortal run,
Each sire imprest and glaring in his son,
So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear 100
She saw old Pryn in restless Daniel shine,
And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line,
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the Mighty Mad in Dennis rage

later dramatist, Thomas Heywood (d 1650?), who, like Settle after him composed the Lord Mayor's pageants for many years >

roi Old Prynn in restless Daniel] William Prynn and Daniel de Foe were writers of Verses, as well as of Politicks, as appears by the Poem of the latter De jure Divino, and others, and by these lines in Cowley's Miscellanies of the former

—One lately did not fear (Without the Muses leave) to plant Verse here But it produc'd such base, rough, crabbed hedge-Rhymes, as e'en set the hearers ears on edge Written by William Prvnn Esqui-re, the Year of our Lord, six hundred thirty three Brave Jersey Muse' and he's for his high stile Call'd to this day the Homer of the Isle

Both these Authors had a resemblance in their fates as well as writings, having been a-like sentenc'd to the Pillory (William Prynne (1600-69) was pilloried for writing *Histrio-mastix* (1633), and had his ears cut off Defoe stood in the pillory in 1703 for writing *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* >

Of Eusden and Blackmore, see (111 319n, 11 258n) And Philips, (see 111 322n)

103 like Tate's poor page] Nahum Tate (1652-1715) was Poet-Laureate, a cold writer, of no invention, but sometimes translated tolerably when befriended by Mr Dryden In his second part of Absalom and Achitophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which strongly shine through the insipidity of the rest Something parallel may be observed of another Author here mention'd

104 And all the mighty Mad] This is by no means to be understood literally, as if Mr D were really mad, Not that we are ignorant of the Narrative of Dr R Norris, but it deserveth no more regard than the Popupon P and the like idle Trash, written by James Moor, or other young and light Persons, who themselves better deserve to be blooded, scarified, or whipped, for such their ungracious merriment with their Elders No—it is spoken of that Excellent and Divine Madness, so often mentioned by Plato, that poetical rage and enthusiasm, with which no doubt Mr D hath, in his time, been highly possessed, and of those extraordinary Inits and motions whereof he himself so feelingly treats in the Preface to Pr Arth [See Notes on Book 2, verse 256] SCRIBL (The Narrative of Dr Robert Norris (1713), which Pope ironically condemns as 'idle trash,' was almost certainly his own A Popp upon Pope (1728) is believed to be the work of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

104 And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage] This Verse in the surreptrious Editions stood thus, And furious D—foam, &c which, in that

printed in Ireland, was unaccountably filled up with the great name of Dryden Mr Theobald in the Censor, Vol 2 No 33 (Jan 5, 1717) also calls him by the Name of Furius 'The modern Furius is to be look'd on as more the object of Pity, than of that which he daily provokes, laughter and contempt Did we really know how much this poor Man (I wish that reflection on Poverty had been spar'd) suffers by being contradicted, or which is the same thing in effect, by hearing another praised, we should in compassion sometimes attend to him with a silent nod, and let him go away with the triumphs of his ill-nature ' '-Poor Furius (again) when any of his cotemporaries are spoken well of, quitting the ground of the present dispute steps back a thousand years to call in the succour of the Ancients His very Panegyrick is spiteful, and he uses it for the same reason as some Ladies do their commendations of a dead Beauty, who never would have had their good word, but that a living one happened to be mentioned in their company His applause is not the tribute of his Heart, but the sacrifice of his Revenge,' &c Indeed his pieces against our Poet are somewhat of an angry character, and as they are now scarce extant, a taste of his stile may be satisfactory to the curious 'A young squab, short Gentleman, whose outward form though it should be that of downright Monkey. would not differ so much from human shape, as his unthinking immaterial part does from human understanding —He is as stupid and as venemous as a hunchbacked Toad -A Book through which folly and ignorance, those bretheren so lame and impotent, do ridiculously look very big, and very dull, and strut, and hobble cheek by jowl, with their arms on kimbo. being led, and supported, and bully-backed by that blind Hector, Impudence' Reflect on the Essay on Crit Page 26 20 30

It would be unjust not to add his Reasons for this Fury, they are so strong and so coercive 'I regard him (saith he) as an Enemy, not so much to me, as to my King, to my Country, to my Religion, and to that Liberty which has been the sole felicity of my life A vagary of fortune, who is sometimes pleased to be frolicksome, and the epidemick Madness of the times, have given him Reputation, and Reputation (as Hobbs says) is Power, and that has made him dangerous Therefore I look on it as my duty to King George, whose faithful subject I am, to my Country, of which I have appeared a constant lover, to the Laws, under whose protection I have so long lived, and to the Liberty of my Country, more dear than life to me, of which I have now for forty years been a constant asserter, &c I look upon it as my duty, I say, to do-you shall see what-to pull the Lion's skin from this little Ass, which popular error has thrown round him, and to show, that this Author who has been lately so much in vogue. has neither sense in his thoughts, nor english in his expressions DENNIS, Rem on Hom Pref p 2 and p 91 &c) (Quoted mainly from the Preface The words 'you shall see what' are Pope's own >

Besides these publick-spirited reasons, Mr D had a private one, which by his manner of expressing it in page 92, appears to have been equally strong. He was even in bodily fear of his Life, from the machinations of the said Mr P 'The story (says he) is too long to be told, but who would be acquainted with it, may bear it from Mr Curll my Bookseller—However, what my reason has suggested to me, that I have with a just confidence said, in defiance of his two clandestine weapons, his Slander and his Poyson' Which last words of his Book plainly discover, Mr D—his suspicion was that of being poysoned, in like manner as Mr Curl had been before him Of which fact see A full and true account of a horrid and barbarous revenge by Poyson on the body of Edmund Curl, printed in 1716, the year antecedent to that wherein these Remarks of Mr Dennis were

In each she marks her image full exprest, But chief, in Tibbald's monster-breeding breast,

105

published But what puts it beyond all question, is a passage in a very warm treatise in which Mr D was also concerned, price two pence, called, A true character of Mr Pope and his writings, printed for S Popping, 1716 in the tenth page whereof he is said 'to have insulted people on those calamities and diseases, which he himself gave them by administring Poyson to them', and is called (p 4) a lurking waylaying coward, and a stabber in the dark Which (with many other things most lively set forth in that piece) must have render'd him a terror, not to Mr Dennis only,

but to all Christian People

For the rest, Mr John Dennis was the Son of a Sadler in London, born in 1657 He paid court to Mr Dryden, and having obtained some correspondence with Mr Wycherly and Mr Congreve, he immediately obliged the publick with their Letters He made himself known to the Government by many admirable Schemes and Projects, which the Ministry, for reasons best known to themselves, constantly kept private For his character as a writer, it is given us as follows 'Mr Dennis is excellent at pindarick writings, perfectly regular in all his performances, and a person of sound Learning That he is master of a great deal of Penetration and Judgment, his criticisms (particularly on Prince Arthur) do sufficiently demonstrate' From the same account it also appears, that he writ Plays 'more to get Reputation than Money' DENNIS of himself See Jacob's

Lives of Dram Poets, page 68 69 compared with page 286

106 But chief in Tibbald Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and Son to an Attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent He was Author of many forgotten Plays, Poems, and other pieces, and of several anonymous Letters in praise of them in Mist's Journal He was concerned in a Paper call'd the Censor, and a translation of Ovid, as we find from Mr Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 9 10 'There is a notorious Ideot, one hight Whachum, who from an underspur-leather to the Law, is become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who has lately burlesqu'd the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c This Fellow is concerned in an impertinent Paper called the Censor' But notwithstanding this severe character, another Critick says of him 'That he has given us some Pieces which met with approbation, and that the Cave of Poverty is an excellent Poem' Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol 2 p 211 He had once a mind to translate the Odyssey, the first Book whereof was printed in 1717 by B Lintott, and probably may yet be seen at his Shop What is still in memory, is a piece now about a year old, it had the arrogant Title of Shakespear Restored Of this he was so proud himself, as to say in one of Mist's Journals, June 8 'That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable' And in another, April 27 "That whatever care for the future might be taken either by Mr P or any other assistants, he would still give above 500 Emendations that shall escape them all' During the space of two years, while Mr Pope was preparing his Edition of Shakespear, and published Advertisements, requesting all lovers of the Author to contribute to a more perfect one, this Restorer (who had then some correspondence with him, and was solliciting favours by Letters) did wholly conceal his design, 'till after its publication (which he was since not asham'd to own, in a Daily Journal of Nov 26, 1728) And then an outcry was made in the Prints, that our Author had joined with the Bookseller to raise an extravagant subscription,

Sees Gods with Dæmons in strange league ingage, And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage She ev'd the Bard, where supperless he sate, And pin'd, unconscious of his rising fate, IIO Studious he sate, with all his books around, Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound! Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there, Then writ, and flounder'd on, in mere despair He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay, 115 Where vet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lav. Volumes, whose size the space exactly fill'd, Or which fond authors were so good to gild, Or where, by sculpture made for ever known, The page admires new beauties, not its own 120

in which he had no share, of which he had no knowledge, and against which he had publickly advertised in his own Proposals for *Homer* Probably that proceeding elevated him to the Dignity he holds in this Poem, which he seems to deserve no other way better than his brethren, unless we impute it to the share he had in the Journals, cited among the *Testimonies of Authors* prefixed to this work

106 Tibbald's monster-breeding breast, Sees Gods with Dæmons, &c] This alludes to the extravagancies of the Farces of that author, in which he alone could properly be represented as successor to Settle, who had written Pope Joan, St George for England, and other pieces for Bartlemew-

Fair (See A 111 281n) See book 3 vers 229, &c

roy—Supper-less he sate] It is amazing how the sense of this line hath been mistaken by all the former Commentators, who most idly suppose it to imply, that the Hero of the Poem wanted a supper. In truth a great absurdity! Not that we are ignorant that the Hero of Homer's Odyssey is frequently in that circumstance, and therefore it can no way derogate from the grandeur of Epic Poem to represent such Hero under a Calamity, to which the greatest not only of Criticks and Poets, but of Kings and Warriors, have been subject. But much more refin'd, I will venture to say, is the meaning of our author. It was to give us obliquely a curious precept, or what Bossu calls a disguised sentence, that 'Temperance is the life of Study' The language of Poesy brings all into Action, and to represent a Critic encompast with books, but without a supper, is a picture which lively expresseth how much the true Critic prefers the diet of the mind to that of the body, one of which he always castigates and often totally neglects, for the greater improvement of the other Scriblerus

115 He roll'd his eyes that witness'd huge dismay] Milt (Par Lost, 1 56-7)—Round he throws his eyes That witness'd huge affliction and dismay The progress of a bad Poet in his thoughts being (like the progress of the Devil in Milton) thro' a Chaos, might probably suggest this imitation

120 —Admires new beauties not its own Virg Geo 2 (82)
Miraturq, novas frondes, & non sua poma

VERSE id &c] This library is divided into two parts, the one (his polite learning) consists of those books which seem'd to be the models of his poetry, and are preferr'd for one of these three reasons (usual with collectors of Libraries) that they fitted the shelves, or were gilded for

Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat,
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire,
A Gothic Vatican' of Greece and Rome

125
Well-purg'd, and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome
But high above, more solid Learning shone,
The Classicks of an Age that heard of none,
There Caxton slept, with Wynkin at his side,
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide

130

shew, or adorned with pictures The other class our author calls solid Learning, old bodies of Philosophy, old Commentators, old English Printers, or old English Translations, all very voluminous, and fit to erect Altars to Dulness

121—Ogilby the great] John Ogilby <1600-76> was one, who from a late initiation into literature, made such a progress as might well stile him the Prodigy of his time! sending into the world so many large Volumes! His translations of Homer and Virgil, done to the life, and with such excellent Sculptures! and (what added great grace to his works) he printed them all on special good Paper, and in a very good Letter WINSTANLY, Lives of Poets

122 There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines compleat] The Dutchess of Newcastle was one who busied herself in the ravishing delights of Poetry, leaving to posterity in print three ample Volumes of her studious endeavours WINSTANLY, ibid Langbaine reckons up eight Folio's of her Grace's, which were usually adorn'd with gilded Covers, and had her

Coat of Arms upon them

125 Vatican The word was frequently used for the Vatican Library > 126 —Worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome] It was printed in the surreptitious Editions, W-ly, W-s, who were Persons eminent for good life, the one writ the Life of Christ in verse, the other some valuable pieces in the lyrick kind on pious subjects. The line is here restor'd according to its Original $\langle W-y$ is the Rev. Samuel Wesley, 1662–1735. Pope had probably no grievance against him, and introduced him only as a poetaster W-s is Isaac Watts (1674–1748), one of the most popular poets of his day. It was probably his popularity with humble readers that landed him in the Dunciad

George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal against the vices of the times, and abused the greatest Personages in power, which brought upon him frequent correction. The Marshalsea and Newgate were no strangers to him Winstanly Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honester man Blome's books are remarkable for their cuts (In writing contemptuously of Withers (1588–1667), Pope was following a tradition already well-established. He was not making an individual or peculiar judgment Francis Quarles (1592–1644), the author of Emblemes (1635) was popular with the lower orders, but generally despised by the cultured reader Richard Blome (d. 1705) was the publisher, and possibly the compiler, of numerous folios on heraldry, genealogy, geography, etc.

129 Caxton] A Printer in the time of Edw 4 Rich 3 and Henry 7 Wynkin de Word, his successor in that of Henry 7 and 8 The former translated into prose Virgil's Æneis as a History, of which he speaks in his

There sav'd by spice, like mummies, many a year, Old Bodies of Philosophy appear De Lyra here a dreadful front extends, And there, the groaning shelves Philemon bends Of these twelve volumes, twelve of amplest size, 135 Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pyes, Inspir'd he seizes These an altar raise An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays That altar crowns A folio Common-place Founds the whole pyle, of all his works the base, 140 Ouarto's, Octavo's, shape the less'ning pyre, And last, a little Ajax tips the spire Then he 'Great Tamer of all human art! First in my care, and nearest at my heart Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend, 145 With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end! O thou, of business the directing soul, To human heads like byass to the bowl. Which as more pond'rous makes their aim more true, Obliquely wadling to the mark in view 150 O ever gracious to perplex'd mankind! Who spread a healing mist before the mind.

Proeme in a very singular manner, as of a book hardly known Vid Append Tibbald quotes a rare passage from him in Mist's Journal of March 16, 1728 concerning a straunge and mervayllouse beaste called Sagittarye, which he would have Shakespear to mean rather than Teucer, the Archer celebrated by Homer (See Appendix III, p 438n)

133 Nich de Lyra, or Harpsfeld, a very voluminous Commentator, whose works in five vast Folio's were printed in 1472 (Pope has confused Nicholas de Lyra (d 1340), the author of the 'five vast Folio's' with Nicholas Harpsfield (1519'-75), theologian, who wrote Historia Anglicana

Ecclesiastica >

134 Philemon Holland, Dr in Physick He translated so many books, that a man would think he had done nothing else, insomuch that he might be call'd Translator General of his age. The books alone of his turning into English, are sufficient to make a Country Gentleman a compleat Library WINSTANLY

138 hecatomb (The epithet 'unsully'd' is probably intended to refer to the sacrifices in classical epic the purity of the heifers offered on the altar is often stressed But Theobald's poems were also 'unsully'd' in the sense that they had never been thumbed by any reader >

142 A little Ajax] In duodecimo translated from Sophocles by Tibbald (It is doubtful if this translation (1714) was by Theobald >

146 With whom my Muse began with whom shall end] Virg Ecl 8 (11) A te principium, tibi desinet—from Theoc (Id xvii i)

'Εκ Διός αρχώμεσθα καὶ ες Δία λήγετε Μοῖσαι

So Horace <Ep 1 1, 1>, Prima dicte mihi, summa dicende camæna

	303
And, lest we err by Wit's wild, dancing light, Secure us kindly in our native night	
Ah! still o'er Britain stretch that peaceful wand,	I 55
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land	
Where rebel to thy throne if Science rise,	
She does but shew her coward face and dies	
There, thy good Scholiasts with unweary'd pains	
	160
Here studious I unlucky moderns save,	
Nor sleeps one error in its father's grave,	
Old puns restore, lost blunders nicely seek,	
And crucify poor Shakespear once a week	
and a market at the second of	165
With all such reading as was never read,	_ ,

-6-

THE DIMOTAR MARKARIA

162-3 Nor sleeps one error—Old puns restore, lost blunders, &c] As where he laboured to prove Shakespear guilty of terrible Anacromsms, or low Conundrums, which Time had cover'd, and conversant in such authors as Caxton and Wynkm, rather than in Homer or Chaucer Nay so far had he lost his reverence to this incomparable author, as to say in print, He deserved to be whipt An insolence which nothing sure can parallel! but that of Denms, who can be proved to have declared before Company, that Shakespear was a Rascal O tempora! O mores! Scriblerus

164 And crucify poor Shakespear once a week] For some time, once a week or fortnight, he printed in Mist's fournal a single remark or poor conjecture on some word or pointing of Shakespear, either in his own name, or in letters to himself as from others without name Upon these somebody

made this Epigram,

'Trs generous Tibald' in thee and thy brothers, To help us thus to read the works of others Never for this can just returns be shown, For who will help us e'er to read thy own?

He since publish'd an Edition of Shakespeare with numerous alterations of the Text, upon bare Conjectures, either of his own, or of any others who sent them to him To which Mr M (Mallet) alludes in those Verses of his very fine poem on that occasion $\langle On\ Verbal\ Criticism \rangle$

He with low Industry goes gleaning on,
From good, from bad, from mean, neglecting none
His brother Bookworm so, on shelf or stall,
Will feed alike on Woolston or on Paul
Such the grave Bird in Northern Seas is found
(Whose name a Dutchman only knows to sound)
Where'er the King of fish moves on before,
This humble friend attends from shore to shore,
With eye still earnest, and with bill declin'd,
He picks up what his Patron drops behind,
With such choice cates his palate to regale,
And is the careful Tibbald of a Whale

166 With all such reading as was never read Such as Caxton above mentioned, the three destructions of Trov by Wynkin, and other like classicks

For thee supplying, in the worst of days, Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays, For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it. And write about it, Goddess, and about it, 170 So spins the silkworm small its slender store. And labours, 'till it clouds itself all o'er Not that my quill to Critiques was confin'd, My Verse gave ampler lessons to mankind, So gravest precepts may successless prove. 175 But sad examples never fail to move As forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly, And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro' the sky, As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe, The wheels above urg'd by the load below, tRo Me. Emptiness and Dulness could inspire, And were my Elasticity and Fire Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, Heav'n had decreed to spare the Grubstreet-state. But see great Settle to the dust descend. 185 And all thy cause and empire at an end! Cou'd Troy be sav'd by any single hand, His gray-goose-weapon must have made her stand But what can I? my Flaccus cast aside.

168 Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays] As to Cook's Hesiod, where sometimes a note, and sometimes even half a note, are carefully owned by him And to Moore's Comedy of the Rival Modes, and other authors of the same rank These were people who writ about the year 1726 < James Moore Smythe's comedy, The Rival Modes, was first performed on Jan 27, 1727 Thomas Cooke's translation of Hesiod was published in 1728 >

177 As forc'd from wind-guns] The Thought of these four verses is found in a poem of our author's of a very early date (namely writ at Fourteen Years old and soon after printed, intitled, To the Author of a

Poem call'd Successio,) where they stand thus,

The heaviest Muse the swiftest course has gone,
As Clocks run fastest when most Lead is on
So forc'd from Engines Lead itself can fly,
And pond'rous Slugs move nimbly thro' the Sky

183 Had heav'n decreed such works a longer date, &c] Virg Æn 2 (641-2)

Me sı cœlıcolæ volussent ducere vıtam Has mıhı servassent sedes —

187 Could Troy be saved —His gray-goose-weapon] Virg ibid (291-292)

—St Pergama dextra
Defends possent, etsam hac defensa fussent
189 My Flaccus] A familiar manner of speaking used by modern

200

Criticks of a favourite Author Mr T might as justly speak thus of Horace, as a French wit did of Tully seeing his works in a library, Ah! mon cher Ciceron! Je le connois bien c'est le meme que Marc Tulle

Or shipp'd with Ward to ape and monkey lands.

190 Take up th'Attorney's Guide] In allusion to his first profession of

an Attorney

191 Or rob the Roman geese &c] Relates to the well-known story of the geese that saved the Capitol, of which Virgil, En 8 (655-6) Atq. hic auratis volitans argenteus anser Porticibus, Gallos in limine adesse canebat A passage I have always suspected Who sees not the Antithesis of auratis and argenteus to be unworthy the Virgilian Majesty? and what absurdity to say, a Goose sings? canebat? Virgil gives a contrary character of the voice of this silly Bird, in Ecl 9 (36)—argutos interstrepere anser olores Read it therefore adesse strepebat And why auratis porticibus? Does not the very verse preceding this inform us, Romuleo recens horrebat regia culmo? Is this Thatch in one line, and Gold in another, consistent? I scruple not (repugnantibus omnibus manuscriptis) to correct it, auritis Horace uses the same epithet in the same sense $\langle Od \mid x_{11} \mid 11-12 \rangle$,

—Auritas fidibus canoris Ducere quercus

And to say, that Walls have Ears, is common even to proverb SCRIBL 104 Mighty Mist | Nathaniel Mist was publisher of a famous Tory Paper (see notes on 1 (lib) 3) in which this Author was sometimes permitted to have a part (See A 111 28n, 272n, 286n)

195 Curtius (M Curtius, the Roman youth who leapt, armed and mounted, into the gulf which had opened in the Forum, circa 360 B C >

197 Adieu my Children [This is a tender and passionate Apostrophe to his own Works which he is going to sacrifice, agreeable to the nature of man in great affliction, and reflecting like a parent, on the many miserable fates to which they would otherwise be subject

> -Felix Priameia virgo! Fussa mori quæ sortitus non pertulit ullos, Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile! Nos patriâ incensâ, diversa per æquora vectæ, &c Virg Æn 3, (321, 323-5)

200 Ward] Edward Ward, a very voluminous Poet in Hudibrastick Verse, but best known by the London Spy, in Prose He has of late Years kept a publick house in the City (but in a genteel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor (Ale) afforded his guests a pleasurable entertainment, especially those of the High-Church party JACOB Lives of Poets

Or wafting ginger, round the streets to go. And visit alehouse where ye first did grow' With that, he lifted thrice the sparkling brand, And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand Then lights the structure, with averted eyes, 205 The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice The opening clouds disclose each work by turns, Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns. In one quick flash see Proserpine expire, And last, his own cold Æschvlus took fire 210

vol 2 p 225 Great numbers of his works are yearly sold into the Plantations He wrote a wretched thing against our Author, call'd Durgen -Ward in a Book call'd Apollo's Maggot, declar'd this account to be a great Falsity, protesting that his publick house was not in the City, but in Moorfields (see p 428)

202 And visit Alehouse] Waller on the Navy (To the King on his Navy.

25-26>

Those towers of Oak o'er fertile plains may go, And visit Mountains where they once did grow

203 He lifted thrice the sparkling brand, And thrice he dropt it] Ovid of Althea on the like occasion, burning her Offspring, Met 8 (462-3)

> Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem, Cæbta quater tenuit —

208 Now flames old Memnon, &c] Virg Æn 2 (310-12)

—Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam Vulcano superante, domus, jam proximus ardet Ucalegon

208-0 Memnon Rodrigo Proserbine Memnon, a Hero in the Persian Princess, very apt to take fire, as appears by these lines with which he begins the Play

By heav'n it fires my frozen blood with rage, And makes it scald my aged Trunk-

(The Persian Princess (1717), by Theobald > Rodrigo, the chief personage of the Perfidious Brother, a play written between T and a Watchmaker (This tragedy was published in 1715 as being by Mr Theobald) The following year Henry Meystayer, a watchmaker, published a different version of the play with a dedication to Theobald, in which he claimed that the play was substantially his > The Rape of Proserpine, one of the Farces of this Author, in which Ceres sets fire to a Corn-field, which endangered the burning of the Play-house (At the close of Scene V, the following stage-direction occurs 'Ceres here snatches flaming Branches from her Train, and sets the Corn etc on Fire '-This pantomime was acted at Covent Garden in 1725 >

210 His own cold Æschylus] He had been (to use an expression of our Poet), about Æschylus for ten years, and had received Subscriptions for the same, but then went about other Books The character of this tragic Poet is Fire and Boldness in a high degree, but our Author supposes it

Then gush'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies
Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head,
Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed,
Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre
Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire
Her ample presence fills up all the place,
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face,
Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs

to be very much cooled by the translation, Upon sight of a specimen of it, was made this Epigram,

Alas! poor Æschylus! unlucky Dog! Whom once a Lobster kill'd, and now a Log

But this is a grievous error, for *Æschylus* was not slain by the fall of a Lobster on his head, but of a Tortoise, *teste* Val Max 1 9 cap 12 SCRIBL (Theobald contracted with Lintot in 1713 to translate Aeschylus for ten guineas It never appeared See also A iii 311n)

212 When the last blaze] See Virgil, Aen 2, where I would advise the reader to peruse the story of Troy's destruction, rather than in Wynkm But I caution him alike in both, to beware of a most grievous error, that of thinking it was brought about by I know not what Trojan Horse, there never having been any such thing For first it was not Trojan, being made by the Greeks, and secondly it was not a Horse, but a Mare This is clear from many verses in Virgil,

Uterum armato milite complent— Inclusos Utero Danaos—

Can a horse be said Utero gerere? Again,

Uteroq, recusso Insonuere cavæ— Atq, utero somtum quater arma dedere

Nay is it not expressly said,

Scandit fatalis machina muros Foeta armis—

How is it possible the word fæta can agree with a horse, and indeed can it be conceived, that the chaste and Virgin Goddess Pallas would employ her self in forming and fashioning the Male of that species, But this shall be proved to a Demonstration in our Virgil Restored SCRIBLER

214 Thule] An unfinished Poem of that name, of which one sheet was printed fifteen Years ago, by A Ph a Northern Author It is an usual method of putting out a fire, to cast wet sheets upon it Some Criticks have been of opinion, that this sheet was of the nature of the Asbestos, which cannot be consumed by fire, but I rather think it only an allegorical allusion to the coldness and heaviness of the writing < Thule, by Ambrose Philips, was published in the Freethinker, No IX (1718) Philips is called a Northern Author' because Pope wishes to suggest that he is a cold writer Cf A 1 103n But the phrase makes a punning allusion to Thule, and perhaps to his well-known 'winter-piece,' An Epstle to the Earl of Dorset'

219 Great in her charms! as when on Shrieves and May'rs She looks, and breathes herself into their airs]

She looks, and breathes her self into their airs She bids him wait her to the sacred Dome, Well-pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his Home So spirits ending their terrestrial race, Ascend, and recognize their native place	220
Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,	225
And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat	
Here to her Chosen all her works she shows,	
Prose swell'd to verse, Verse lostring into prose,	
How random Thoughts now meaning chance to find	i
Now leave all memory of sense behind	230
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,	_
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away	
How Index-learning turns no student pale,	
Yet holds the Eel of science by the Tail	
How, with less reading than makes felons 'scape,	235
Less human genius than God gives an ape,	
Small thanks to France and none to Rome or Greece	e.
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,	-,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Congreve, and Corneille,	
Can make a Cibber, Johnson, or Ozell	240
	-40

Alma parens confessa Deam, qualisq, videri Cœlicolis & quanta solet—Virg Æn 2 —Et lætos oculis afflarat honores—Id Æn 1 <591>

where he no sooner enters, but he Reconnoitres the place of his original as Plato says the Spirits shall do, at their entrance into the celestial Regions His Dialogue of the Immortality of the Soul was translated by T in the familiar modern stile of Prithee Phædo, and For God's sake Socrates printed for B Lintot, 1713

226 And in sweet numbers celebrates the seat] He writ a Poem call'd the Cave of Poverty, which concludes with a very extraordinary Wish, 'That some great Genius, or man of distinguished merit may be starved, in order to celebrate her power, and describe her Cave' It was printed in octavo,

1715

235 makes felons 'scape ('Benefit of clergy' was still available for criminals By an act of 5 Anne c 6, it was allowed without the traditional

reading test >

240 Can make a Cibber] Mr Colly Cibber, an Author and Actor, of a good share of wit, and uncommon vivacity, which are much improved by the conversation he enjoys, which is of the best JACOB Lives of Dram Poets p 8 Besides 2 Volumes of Plays in 4°, he has made up and translated several others Mr Jacob omitted to remark, that he is particularly admirable in Tragedy

240 —Johnson Charles Johnson (1679-1748), famous for writing a Play every season, and for being at Button's every day He had probably thriven better in his Vocation had he been a small matter leaner He may justly be called a Martyr to obesity, and to have fallen a victim to the

The Goddess then o'er his anointed head, With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed, And lo! her Bird (a monster of a fowl! Something betwixt a H*** and Owl) Perch'd on his crown 'All hail! and hail again, 245 My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign Know, Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise, Is gather'd to the Dull of antient days, Safe, where no criticks damn, no duns molest, Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest 250 I see a King! who leads my chosen sons To lands, that flow with clenches and with puns 'Till each fam'd Theatre my empire own, 'Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!

rotundity of his parts CHA of the TIMES, printed by CURL, pag 19 Some of his Plays are Love in a Forest (Shakespear's As you like it) Wife's Relief (Shirley's Gamester) The Victim (Racine's Iphigenia) The Sultaness (Racine's Bajazet, the prologue of which abused Dr Arbuthnot, Mr Pope, and Mr Gay) The Cobler of Preston, his own

240 —And Ozell] Mr John Ozell, if we credit Mr Jacob, did go to School in 'Leicestershire, where somebody left him something to live on, when he shall retire from business. He was designed to be sent to Cambridge in order for Priesthood, but he chose rather to be placed in an Office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the same by his skill in Arithmetick, and writing the necessary hands He has oblig'd the world with many translations of Fiench Plays' JACOB Lives of Dram Poets,

p 198 (See Pope's Errata, p 428)
244 A H—r] A strange Bird from Switzerland (John James Heidegger, a Swiss who became manager of the opera-house at Haymarket > Here, in the Dublin edition, was absurdly inserted the name of an eminent Lawyer and Member of Parliament, who was a man of wit, and a friend of the author (1 e John Hungerford (d 1729), who unsuccessfully defended Christopher Layer, the Jacobite, in 1722 >

250 Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest] Charles Gildon (1665-1724), a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age. He published Blount's blasphemous books against the Divinity of Christ, the Oracles of reason, &c (1693) He signalized himself as a Critic, having written some very bad plays, abused Mr P very scandalously in an anonymous Pamphlet of the Life of Mr Wycherly printed by Curl, in another called the New Rehearsal printed in 1714, in a third entitled the compleat Art of English Poetry, in 2 Volumes, and others >

250 -Banks] Was author of the play of the Earl of Essex. Ann Boleyn, &c He followed the law as a sollicitor, like Tibbald \ John

Banks wrote seven plays between 1677 and 1696 >

250 -Hon Edward Howard, Author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Waller, &c (Howard, who was known as 'foolish Ned,' was the author of six plays The Brittish Princes An Heroick Poem, published in 1669, was much ridiculed by the wits >

I see! I see!—' Then rapt, she spoke no more
'God save King Tibbald!' Grubstreet alleys roar
So when Jove's block descended from on high,
(As sings thy great fore-father, Ogilby,)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, God save King Log! 260

258 As sings thy great fore-father Ogilby] See his Æsop Fab (1651) where this excellent hemystic is to be found. Our author shows here and elsewhere, a prodigious Tenderness for a bad writer We see he selects the only good passage perhaps in all that ever Ogilby writ, which shows how candid and patient a reader he must have been. What can be more kind and affectionate than these words in the preface to his Poems, 4° 1717 where he labours to call up all our humanity and forgiveness toward them, by the most moderate representation of their case that has ever been given by any Author? 'Much may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets What we call a Gemus is hard to be distinguished, by a man himself, from a prevalent inclination And if it be never so great, he can at first discover it no other way, than by that strong propensity, which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. He has no other method but to make the experiment by writing, and so appealing to the judgment of others And if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made the Object of Ridicule! I wish we had the humanity to reflect, that even the worst Authors might endeavour to please us, and in that endeavour, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them, but for their obstinacy in persisting, and even that may admit of alleviating circumstances For their particular friends may be either ignorant, or unsincere, and the rest of the world too well-bred, to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of'

But how much all Indulgence is lost upon these people may appear from the just Reflection made on their constant Conduct and constant Fate in the following Epigram

Ye little wits, that gleam'd a-while, When P-pe vouchsaf'd a ray, Alas' depriv'd of his kind smile, How soon ye fade away!
To compass Phoebus Car about Thus empty Vapours rise, Each lends his Cloud, to put Him out That rear'd him to the Skies Alas' those Skies are not your Sphere There, He shall ever burn Weep, weep and fall' for Earth ye were, And must to Earth return

End of the First Book

The Dunciad

BOOK THE SECOND

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone Henley's gilt Tub, or Fleckno's Irish Throne. Or that, where on her Curlls, the Public pours All-bounteous, fragrant grains, and golden show'rs, Great Tibbald sate The proud Parnassian sneer,

Two things there are, upon which the very Basis of all verbal Criticism is founded and supported. The first, that the Author could never fail to use the very best word, on every occasion The second, that the Critick cannot chuse but know, which it is This being granted, whenever any doth not fully content us, we take upon us to conclude, first that the author could never have us'd it. And secondly, that he must have used That very one which we conjecture in its stead

We cannot therefore enough admire the learned Scriblerus, for his alteration of the Text in the two last verses of the preceding book, which

in all the former editions stood thus

Hoarse Thunder to its bottom shook the bog And the loud nation croak'd, God save K Log!

He has with great judgment transposed these two epithets, putting hoarse to the Nation, and loud to the Thunder And this being evidently the true reading, he vouchsafed not so much as to mention the former, For which assertion of the just right of a Critick, he merits the acknowledgement of all sound Commentators

1 High on a gorgeous seat] Parody of Milton (Par Lost, 11 1-5),

High on a throne of royal state, that far Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind, Or where he gorgeous East with richest hand Show'rs on her Kings barbaric pearl and gold, Satan exalted sate,-

2 Henley's gilt Tub] The pulpit of a Dissenter is usually called a Tub but that of Mr Orator Henley was covered with velvet, and adorned with gold He had also a fair altar, and over it this extraordinary inscription, The Primitive Eucharist See the history of this person, book 3 verse 195

2 Or Fleckno's Irish Throne] Richard Flecknoe (d 1678?) was an Irish Priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it) the Mechanick part of Priesthood He printed some Plays, Poems, Letters and Travels I doubt not our Author took occasion to mention him in respect to the Poem of Mr Dryden, to which this bears some resemblance, tho' of a character more different from it than that of the Æneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the Defaite des Bouts rimeès of Sarazin

3 Or that, where on her Curls etc] Edm Curl stood in the Pillory at

Charing-Cross, in March, 1727-8

N B Mr Curl loudly complain'd of this Note as an Untruth, protesting 'that he stood in the Pillory not in March but in February' another on Verse 144 Saying, 'he was not tost in a Blanket, but a Rug' Curliad in 12° 1729 pag 19 and 25 (See p 429)

4 grains (The refuse malt left after brewing By 'golden show'rs'

Pope no doubt intends to suggest the yolk of rotten eggs >

The conscious simper, and the realous leer. Mix on his look All eves direct their rays On him, and crowds grow foolish as they gaze Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd. With scarlet hats, wide waving, circled round, IO Rome in her Capitol saw Ouerno sit. Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of Wit To grace this honour'd day, the Queen proclaims By herald hawkers, high, heroic Games She summons all her sons An endless band 15 Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land. A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags, In silks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags, From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets, On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots, 20 All who true dunces in her cause appear'd, And all who knew those dunces to reward Amid that Area wide she took her stand. Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand, But now, so ANNE and Piety ordain, 25 A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call, The field of glory is a field for all, Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke, And gentle Dulness ever loves a 10ke 30 A Poet's form she plac'd before their eves,

11 Querno] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who hearing the great encouragement which Leo the tenth gave to Poets, travelled to Rome with a Harp in his hand, and sung to it twenty thousand verses of a Poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a Buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel, a jest, which the Court of Rome and the Pope himself entred into so far, as to hold a solemn Festival on his Coronation, at which it is recorded the Poet himself was so transported, as to weep for joy. He was ever after a constant frequenter of the Pope's Table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verses without number Paulus Jovius, Elog Vir doct ch 72 Some idea of his Poetry is given us by Fam Strada in his Prolusions (For further details about Camillo Querno, see 'Of the Poet Laureate,' p 802 f >

14 hawkers (The 'hawker' frequently cried newspapers and news in the streets >

17 bags (1 e bag-wigs, in which the hair was enclosed in an ornamental bag >

27 Stationers (1 e booksellers)

31 A Poet's Form & c This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, En 10 $\langle 636-40 \rangle$

Tum dea nube cava, tenuem sine viribus umbram, In faciem Æneæ (visu mirabile monstrum)

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK II	373
And bad the nimblest racer seize the prize,	
No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,	
In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,	
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,	35
Twelve starveling bards of these degen'rate days	-
All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair,	
She form'd this image of well-bodied air,	
With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,	
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead,	40
And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,	•
But senseless, lifeless! Idol void and vain!	
Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,	
A Fool, so just a copy of a Wit,	
So like, that criticks said and courtiers swore,	15
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom, More	77

Dardanus ornat telis, clypeumque jubasque
Divim assimilat capitis——Dat inania verba,
Dat sine mente sonum——

The Reader will observe how exactly some of these verses suit with their allegorical application here to a Plagiary There seems to me a great propriety in this Episode, where such an one is imag'd by a phantom that deludes the grasp of the expecting Bookseller

33-42 adust] (1 e atrabilious, sallow)

35 But such a bulk etc] Virg (Aen XII, 899–900)
Vix illud lecti bis sex—

Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus

43 Never was dash'd out, &c] Our author here seems willing to give some account of the possibility of Dulness making a Wit, (which could be done no other way than by chance) The fiction is the more reconcil'd to probability by the known story of Apelles, who being at a loss to express the foam of Alexander's horse, dash'd his pencil in despair at the picture,

and happen'd to do it by that fortunate stroke

46 And call'd the phantom, More] Curl in his Key to the Dunciad, affirm'd this to be James Moore Smyth, Esq, and it is probable (considering what is said of him in the Testimonies) that some might fancy our author obliged to represent this gentleman as a Plagiary, or to pass for one himself His case indeed was like that of a man I have heard of, who as he was sitting in company, perceived his next neighbour had stollen his handkerchief 'Sir' (said the Thief, finding himself detected) 'do not expose me, I did it for mere want be so good but to take it privately out of my pocket again, and say nothing' The honest man did so, but the other cry'd out, 'See Gentlemen' what a Thief we have among us! look, he is stealing my handkerchief'

Some time before, he had borrowed of Dr Arbuthnot a paper call'd an Historico-physical account of the South-Sea, and of Mr Pope the Memoirs of a Parish Clark, which for two years he kept, and read to the Rev Dr Young, — Billers, Esq, and many others, as his own Being apply'd to for them, he pretended they were lost, but there happening to be another copy of the latter, it came out in Swift and Pope's Miscellanies Upon this, it seems he was so far mistaken as to confess his proceeding by

All gaze with ardour some, a Poet's name, Others, a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame But lofty Lintot in the circle rose,

an endeavour to hide it unguardedly printing (in the *Daily Journal* of *Apr* 3 1728) 'That the contempt which he and others had for those pieces' (which only himself had shown, and handed about as his own) 'occasion'd their being lost, and for that cause only, not return'd' A fact, of which as none but he could be conscious, none but he could be the publisher of it The Plagiarisms of this person gave occasion to the following Epigram

M—re always smles whenever he recites
He smles (you think) approving what he writes,
And yet in this no Vanity is shown,
A modest man may like what's not his own

This young Gentleman's whole misfortune was too inordinate a passion to be thought a Wit Here is a very strong instance, attested by Mr Savage son of the late Earl Rivers, who having shown some verses of his in manuscript to Mr Moore, wherein Mr Pope was call'd first of the tuneful train, Mr Moore the next morning sent to Mr Savage to desire him to give those verses another turn, to wit, 'That Pope might now be the first, because Moore had left him unrival'd in turning his style to Comedy' This was during the rehearsal of the Rival Modes, his first and only work, the Town condemn'd it in the action, but he printed it in 1726—7 with this modest Motto.

Hic cæstus, artemque repono

The smaller pieces which we have heard attributed to this author, are, An Epigram on the Bridge at Blenheim, by Dr Evans, Cosmelia, by Mr Pit, Mr Jones, &c The Mock-marriage of a mad Divine, with a Cl— for a Parson, by Dr W (i.e. Dr Wagstaff?) The Saw-pit, a Simile, by a Friend (The Italies here possibly indicate that Dr Robert Freind (1667–1751) is intended Certain Physical works on Sir James Baker, and some unown'd Letters, Advertisements and Epigrams against our author in the Daily Journal (See 'A List of Books, Papers 'p 435 For Sir James Baker, see below, ii 279n)

Nothwithstanding what is here collected of the Person imagin'd by Curl to be meant in this place, we cannot be of that opinion, since our Poet had certainly no need of vindicating half a dozen verses to himself which every reader had done for him, since the name itself is not spell'd Moore but More, and lastly, since the learned Scriblerus has so well

prov'd the contrary

46 The Phantom, More] It appears from hence that this is not the name of a real person, but fictitious, More from μωρός, stultus, μωρια, stultuta, to represent the folly of a Plagiary Thus Erasmus Admonut me Mori cognomen tibi, quod tam ad Moriæ vocabulum accedit quam es ipse a re alienus Dedication of Moriæ Encomion to Sir Tho More, the Farewell of which may be our Author's to his Plagiary Vale More! & Moriam tuam gnaviter defende Adieu More, and be sure strongly to defend thy own folly Scriblerus

48 sword-knot (A foppish adornment, such as a ribbon or tassel, to

the sword >

49 But lofty Lintot] We enter here upon the episode of the Booksellers persons, whose names being more known and famous in the learned

'This prize is mine, who tempt it, are my foes With me began this genius, and shall end' He spoke, and who with Lintot shall contend? Fear held them mute Alone untaught to fear,

Stood dauntless Curl, 'Behold that rival here!

world than those of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need less explanation The action of Mr Lintot here imitates that of Dares in Virgil (Aen, v 381 ff), rising just in this manner to lay hold on a Bull This eminent Bookseller printed the Rival Modes above-mentioned

54, &c] Something like this is in Homer, Il 10 ver 220 of Diomed Two different manners of the same author in his Similes, are also imitated in the two following, the first of the Bailiff, is short, unadorn'd, and (as the Critics well know) from familiar life, the second of the Waterfowl more extended, picturesque, and from rural life The 55th verse is

likewise a literal translation of one in Homer

54 Stood dauntless Curl, &c] We come now to a character of much respect, that of Mr Edmond Curl As a plain repetition of great actions is the best praise of them, we shall only say of this eminent man, that he carried the Trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at, and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profession. He possest himself of a command over all authors whatever, he caus'd them to write what he pleas'd, they could not call their very names their own He was not only famous among these, he was taken notice of by the State, the Church, and the Law, and received particular marks of distinction from each

It will be own'd that he is here introduc'd with all possible dignity he speaks like the intrepid Diomed, he runs like the swift-footed Achilles, if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Nisus, and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praises) he is favour'd of the Gods He says but three words, and his prayer is heard, a Goddess conveys it to the seat of Jupiter Tho' he loses the prize, he gains the victory, the great Mother her self comforts him, she inspires him with expedients, she honours him with an immortal present (such as Achilles receives from Thetis and Æneas from Venus) at once instructive and prophetical After this, he is unrival'd and

triumphant

The tribute our author here pays him, is a grateful return for several unmerited obligations Many weighty animadversions on the Publick affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on Private persons, has he given to his name If ever he ow'd two verses to any other, he ow'd Mi Curl some thousands He was every day extending his fame, and inlarging his writings witness innumerable instances but it shall suffice only to mention the Court-Poems, which he meant to publish as the work of the true writer, a Lady of quality, but being first threaten'd, and afterwards punish'd, for it by Mr Pope, he generously transferr'd it from her to him. and has now printed it twelve years in his name. The single time that ever he spoke to \hat{C} was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owes all the favours since received from him So true is the saying of Dr Sydenham, that 'any one shall be, at some time or other, the better or the worse, for having but seen or spoken to a good, or a bad man' (Curll published Court Poems on March 23, 1716 In the Advertisement the reader is given to understand that they may be the work either of 'a LADY of Quality' (1 e Lady Mary Wortley Montagu), or of 'Mr GAY,' or of 'the Judicious

The race by vigor, not by vaunts is won, 55 So take the hindmost Hell '-He said, and run Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind, He left huge Lintot, and out-stript the wind As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse, On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops, 60 So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head, Wide as a windmill all his figure spread, With legs expanded Bernard urg'd the race, And seem'd to emulate great Jacob's pace Full in the middle way there stood a lake, 65 Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make, (Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop.) Here fortun'd Curl to slide, loud shout the band, And Bernard! Bernard! rings thro' all the Strand 70

Translator of HOMER' (1 e Pope) The publication was unauthorized Pope's reply was the famous emetic administered to Curll >

56 So take the hindmost Hell] Horace de Art <417>

Occupet extremum scabies, mili turpe relinqui est 60 On feet, and wings, &c] Milton (Par Lost, 11 947–50),

O'er bog, o'er steep, thro' strait, rough, dense, or rare, With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way, And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies

66 Curl's Corinna] This name it seems was taken by one Mrs T-(1 e Thomas), who procured some private Letters of Mr Pope's, while almost a boy, to Mr Cromwell, and sold them without the consent of either of those gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12° 1727 He has discover'd her to be the publisher in his Key, p II But our Poet had no thought of reflecting on her in this passage, on the contrary, he has been inform'd she is a decent woman and in misfortunes. We only take this opportunity of mentioning the manner in which those Letters got abroad, which the author was asham'd of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excusable from the youth and inexperience of the writer (Curll justified his publication of the letters on the grounds that 'Mr Cromwell made a free present of them to the Gentlewoman and when she had an Inclination to dispose of them otherwise, I see no reason she had to ask either Mr Cromwell's or Mr Pope's leave for so doing '>

69 Here fortun'd Curl to slide] Virg Æn 5 (329-30, 333) of Nisus

Labitur infelix, cæsis ut forte juvencis Fusus humum viridesq, super madefecerat herbas— Concidit, immundoque fimo, sacroque cruore

70 And Bernard, Bernard] Virg Ecl 6 (44)
—Ut littus, Hyla, Hyla, omne sonaret

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK II	377
Obscene with filth the Miscreant lies bewray'd,	
Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had lay'd,	
Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)	
The caitiff Vaticide conceiv'd a prayer	
'Hear Jove! whose name my bards and I adore,	75
As much at least as any God's, or more,	
And him and his if more devotion warms,	
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms'	
A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas,	
Where from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease	80
There in his seat two spacious Vents appear,	
On this he sits, to that he leans his ear,	
And hears the various Vows of fond mankind,	
Some beg an eastern, some a western wind	
All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,	85
With reams abundant this abode supply,	

71 Obscene with filth, &c] Tho' this incident may seem too low and base for the dignity of an Epic Poem, the learned very well know it to be but a copy of Homer and Virgil, the very words ονθος and Fimus are used by them, tho' our Poet (in compliance to modern nicety) has remarkably enrich'd and colour'd his language, as well as rais'd the versification, in these two Episodes Mr Dryden in Mac-Fleckno has not scrupled to mention the Morning Toast at which the fishes bite in the Thames, Pissing Ally, Reliques of the Bum, Whipstich, Kiss my ——, &c but our author is more grave, and (as a fine writer (Addison) says of Virgil in his Georgics) tosses about his Dung with an air of Majesty If we consider that the Exercises of his Authors could with justice be no higher than Tickling, Chatt'ring, Braying, or Diving, it was no easy matter to invent such Games as were proportion'd to the meaner degree of Booksellers In Homer and Virgil, Ajax and Nisus, the persons drawn in this plight are Heroes. whereas here they are such, with whom it had been great impropriety to have join'd any but vile ideas, besides the natural connection there is, between Libellers and common Nusances Nevertheless I have often heard our author own, that this part of his Poem was (as it frequently happens) what cost him most trouble, and pleas'd him least but that he hoped 'twas excusable, since levell'd at such as understand no delicate sature Thus the politest men are sometimes obliged to swear, when they happen to have to do with Porters and Oyster-wenches

74 Vaticide (The poet was often called vates Curll was a vaticide because he was a murderer of poets, either by paying them too little, or

by producing inaccurate editions of their works

78 the Bible, the Pope's Arms] The Bible, Curl's sign, the Cross-keys, I intot's

79 See Lucian's Icaro-Memppus where this Fiction is more extended A place there is, betwixt earth, air and seas Ovid Met 12 (39-40)

Orbe locus medio est, inter terrasq, fretumq Cælestesq, plagas—— Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distills In office here fair Cloacina stands, And ministers to Jove with purest hands, 90 Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r, And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! Oft, as he fish'd her nether realms for wit. The Goddess favour'd him, and favours yet Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force, 95 As oil'd with magic juices for the course, Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along, Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race, Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face IOO And now the Victor stretch'd his eager hand Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand, A shapeless shade it melted from his sight, Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night! To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care, 105 His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift,

88 Alludes to Homer, Iliad 5

—ρέε δ' ἄμβροτου αἶμα θέοιο, 'Ιχώρ οιος πέρ τε ρέει μακαρεσσι θεοῖου A stream of nectarous humour issuing flow'd, Sanguin, such as celestial Spirits may bleed Milton ⟨Par Lost, vi 332-3⟩

89 Cloacina] The Roman Goddess of the Common-shores

93 Oft as he fish'd, &c] See the Preface to Swift and Pope's Miscellanies ('It has been humourously said, that some have fished the very Jakes, for Papers left there by Men of Wit 'Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, 1727, 1 12)

96 As oil'd with magic juices] Alluding to the opinion that there are Ointments us'd by Witches to enable them to fly in the air, &c

100 the brown dishonours] Virg En 5 (357-8)

Turpia membra fimo—

103 A shapeless shade, &c] Virg Æn 6 <701-2>

Effugit imago

Par levibus ventis, volucrique simillima somno

105 To seize his papers (Cf. Pope's note to 11 66)

106 Hus papers light, &c] Virg (Aen, vi 74-5) of the Sybil's leaves,

Carmina—turbata volent rapidis Ludibria Ventis

The persons mentioned in the next line are some of those, whose Writings, Epigrams or Jests, he had own'd

107 sonnets (1 e short poems >

And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift
Th' embroider'd Suit, at least, he deem'd his prey,
That suit, an unpaid Taylor snatch'd away!

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ
Heav'n rings with laughter Of the laughter vain,
Dulness, good Queen, repeats the jest again
Three wicked imps of her own Grubstreet Choir
She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior,
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run Delusive thought!
Breval, Besaleel, Bond, the Varlets caught

108 Evans (Abel Evans (1679-1737) clergyman and minor poet > 110 An unpaid Taylor] This line has been loudly complain'd of (in Mist, June 8 (1728) Deduc to Sawney (by James Ralph), and others) as a most inhuman satire on the Poverty of Poets but it is thought our author would be acquitted by a Jury of Taylors To me this instance seems unluckily chosen, if it be a satire on any body, it must be on a bad PAYMASTER, since the person they have here apply'd it to was a man of Fortune (Moore Smythe had run through his fortune by 1727, and was unable to meet his creditors Pope is, in fact, sneering at his poverty The printing of 'PAYMASTER' in capitals is accounted for by the fact that his grandfather, William Smythe, paymaster of the band of Gentlemen-Pensioners, had obtained for him the reversion to this place on condition that he assumed the additional name of Smythe > Not but Poets may well be jealous of so great a prerogative as Non-payment which Mr Dennis so far asserts as boldly to pronounce, that 'if Homer himself was not in debt, it was because no body would trust him' (Pref to Rem on the Rape of the Lock, p 15)

whose names will reach posterity, we shall not give any account of them, but proceed to those of whom it is necessary ——Besaleel Morris was author of some Satyrs on the Translators of Homen (Mr Tickel and our author) with many other things printed in News-papers —Bond writ a Satyr against Mr P—Capt Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expose Mr P Mr Gay, Dr Arb and

some Ladies of quality Curl, Key, p 11

117 Mears, Warner, Wilkins Booksellers and Printers of much

anonymous stuff

that we were in an error in our assertion on verse 46 of this Book, that More was a fictitious name, since these persons are equally represented by the Poet as phantoms So at first sight it may seem, but be not deceived, Reader! these also are not real persons 'Tis true Curl declares Breval a Captain, author of a Libel call'd The Confederates But the same Curl first said it was written by Joseph Gay Is his second assertion to be credited any more than his first? He likewise affirms Bond to be one who writ a Satire on our Poet, but where is such a Satire to be found? where was such a Writer ever heard of? As for Besales!, it carries Forgery in the very name, nor is it, as the others are, a surname Thou may'st depend on it no such authors ever lived All phantoms! SCRIBLERUS

Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone, He grasps an empty Joseph for a John!

So Proteus, hunted in a nobler shape,
Became when seiz'd, a Puppy, or an Ape
To him the Goddess 'Son' thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illusion on the town
As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade,
(Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Mary's)
Be thine, my stationer' this magic gift,
Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift,

120

120 Joseph Gay, a fictitious name put by Curl before several pamphlets, which made them pass with many for Mr Gay's ('Joseph Gay' first appeared in 1716, when the name was used to conceal the authorship of a poem, The Hoop-Petticoat, by Francis Chute Later, J D Breval's The Confederates (1717) was said to be by Joseph Gay, and several other compositions published in 1718–19 were attributed to this imaginary author)

124 And turn this whole illusion &c] It was a common practice of this Bookseller, to publish vile pieces of obscure hands under the names of eminent authors

127-8 hapless Monsieur Lady Mary's (See Sober Advice, 1 53n,

p 669 >

130 Cook shall be Prior] The man here specify'd was the son of a Muggletoman, who kept a Publick-house at Braintree in Esser He writ a thing call'd The Battle of Poets (1725), of which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and wherein our author was attack'd in his moral character, in relation to his Homer and Shakespear He writ moreover a Farce of Penelope, in the preface of which also he was squinted at (Penelope, A Dramatic Opera (1728) was the joint work of Cooke and John Mottley (1692-1750) and some malevolent things in the British, London and Daily Journals At the same time the honest Gentleman wrote Letters to Mr P in the strongest terms protesting his innocence His chief work was a translation of Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes, and half-notes, as hath already been said

And Concanen, Swift] Matthew Concanen, an Irishman, an anonymous slanderer, and publisher of other men's slanders, particularly on Dr Swift to whom he had obligations, and from whom he had received both in a collection of Poems for his benefit and otherwise, no small assistance, To which Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) alludes in his Metam of Scriblerus, p 7 accusing him of having 'boasted of what he had not written, but others had revis'd and done for him' He was also author of several scurrilities in the British and London Yournals, and of a pamphlet call'd a Supplement to the Profund, wherein he deals very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently blaming Mr Broome's verses as his, (for which he might indeed seem in some degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but those of the Duke of Buckingham, and others To this rare piece, some-body humorously caus'd him to take for his motto, De profunds clamaci

He was since a hired Scribler in the Daily Courant, where he pour'd

So shall each hostile name become our own, And we too boast our Garth and Addison' With that she gave him (piteous of his case, Yet smiling at his ruful length of face)

forth much Billingsgate against the Lord Bolingbroke and others, after which this man was surprizingly promoted to administer Justice and Law

ın Jamaica

132 And we too boast our Garth and Addison] Nothing is more remarkable than our author's love of praising good writers He has celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, Mr Dryden, Mr Congreve, Mr Wycherley, Dr Garth, Mr Walsh, Duke of Buckingham, Mr Addison, Lord Lansdown, in a word, almost every man of his time that deserv'd it It was very difficult to have that pleasure in a poem on This subject, yet he found means to insert their panegyrick, and here has made even Dulness out of her own mouth pronounce it It must have been particularly agreeable to him to celebrate Dr Garth, both as his constant friend thro' life, and as he was his predecessor in this kind of Satire The Dispensary attack'd the whole Body of Apothecaries, a much more useful one undoubtedly than that of the bad Poets (if in truth this can be call'd a Body, of which no two members ever agreed) It also did what Tibbald says is unpardonable, drew in parts of private character, and introduced persons independent of his Subject Much more would Boileau have incurr'd his censure, who left all subjects whatever on all occasions, to fall upon the bad Poets, which it is to be fear'd wou'd have been more immediately His concern

But certainly next to commending good Writers, the greatest service to learning is to expose the bad, who can only that one way be made of any use to it. This truth is very well set forth in these lines, addrest to our

Author

The craven Rook, and pert Jackdaw,
(Tho' neither Birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hang'd, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us, which way blows the wind
Thus dirty Knaves or chatt'ring Fools,
String up by dozens in thy Lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules
And point Instruction ev'ry way
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive
One potent drop let this but shed,
And ev'ry Rogue that stunk alive
Becomes a precious Mummy dead

Yet smiling at his ruful length of face]

Virg Æn 5 <358, 350-1>

——Risit pater optimus illi Me liceat casum miserari insontis amici—— Sic fatus, tergum Gætuli immane leonis, &c

134 Ruful length of face] 'The decrepid person or figure of a man are no reflections upon his Genus An honest mind will love and esteem a man of worth, tho' he be deform'd or poor Yet the author of the Dunciad hath libell'd a person for his ruful length of face! MIST'S JOURN June 8 This Genus and man of worth whom an honest mind should love, is Mr Curl True it is, he stood in the Pillory, an accident which will lengthen the face

of any man tho' it were ever so comely, therefore is no reflection on the natural beauty of Mr Curl But as to reflections on any man's Face, or Figure, Mr Dennis saith excellently, 'Natural deformity comes not by our fault, 'tis often occasioned by calamities and diseases, which a man can no more help, than a monster can his deformity There is no one misfortune, and no one disease, but what all the rest of men are subject to—But the deformity of this Author (viz Pope) is visible, present, lasting, unalterable, and peculiar to himself it is the mark of God and Nature upon him, to give us warning that we should hold no society with him, as a creature not of our original, nor of our species. And they who have refused to take this warning which God and Nature have given them, and have in spite of it by a senseless presumption, ventur'd to be familiar with him, have severely suffer'd, &c 'Tis certain his original is not from Adam, but from the Devil,' &c Dennis and Gildon Charact of Mr P 8° 1716

It is admirably observ'd by Mr Dennis against Mr Law (The Stage Defended, 1726, p 33 'That the language of Billingsgate can never be the language of Charity, nor consequently of Christianity 'I should else be tempted to use the language of a Critick For what is more provoking to a Commentator, than to behold his author thus pourtrayed? Yet I consider it really hurts not Him, whereas maliciously to call some others dull, might do them prejudice with a world too apt to believe it Therefore tho' Mr D may call another a little ass or a young toad, far be it from us to call him a toothless lion, or an old serpent Indeed, had I written these notes (as was once my intent) in the learned language, I might have given him the appellations of Balatro, Calceatum caput, or Scurra in trivus, being phrases in good esteem, and frequent usage among the best learned But in our mother-tongue were I to tax any Gentleman of the Dunciad, surely it should be in words not to the vulgar intelligible, whereby christian charity, decency, and good accord among authors, might be preserved Scriblerus

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shows his Humanity But it was far otherwise with the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always Personal They went so far as to libel an eminent Sculptor for making our author's Busto in marble, at the request of Mr Gibbs the Architect which Rhimes had the undeserv'd honour to be answer'd in an Impromptu by the Earl of B—

Well, Sir, suppose, the Busto's a damn'd head, Suppose, that Pope's an Elf, All he can say for't is, he neither made The Busto nor Himself

And by another Person of Quality,

Rvsbrake, to make a Pope of Stone, Must labour hard and sore, But it would cost him labour none, To make a Stone of Moor

⟨John Michael Rysbrack (1693–1770) came to England in 1720 from Holland, and soon established himself as a favourite sculptor—The 'Moor' of the second epigram is James Moore Smythe ⟩ Their Scurrilities were of that nature as provoked every honest man but Mr Pope, yet never to be lamented, since they occasion'd the following amiable Verses ⟨by D Lewis (1683?–1760)⟩

While Malice, Pope, denies thy page It's own celestial Fire. A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed, Instructive work! whose wry-mouth'd portraiture Display'd the fates her confessors endure

135

While Critics, and while Bards in rage Admiring won't admire,

While wayward Pens thy worth assail, And envious Tongues decry, These Times tho' many a Friend bewail, These Times bewail not I

But when the World's loud Praise is thine, And Spleen no more shall blame, When with thy Homer Thou shalt shine In one establish'd Fame,

When none shall rail, and ev'ry Lay Devote a Wreath to Thee, That Day (for come it will) that Day Shall I lament to see

135 A shaggy Tap'stry] A sorry kind of Tapestry frequent in old Inns, made of worsted or some coarser stuff like that which is spoken of by Doctor Donne (Satire iv, 225-6 Cf also E on C, 587 (p 162))—Faces as frightful as theirs who whip Christ in old hangings The imagery woven in it alludes to the mantle of Cloanthus in En 5 (250-7)

136 On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed] Of Codrus the Poet's bed see Juvenal, describing his poverty very copiously Sat 3 v 203, &c

Lectus erat Codro, &c
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short Wife's short legs hung dangling out
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd
And to support this noble Plate, there lay
A bending Chiron, cast from honest clay
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd,
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And on Heroic Verse luxuriously were fed
'Tis true, poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost

Dryd

But Mr Concanen in his dedication of the Letters Advertisements &c to the Author of the Dunciad, assures us, that 'Juvenal never satyrized the poverty of Codrus'

John Dunton was a broken Bookseller and abusive scribler he writ Neck or Nothing (1713), a violent satyr on some Ministers of State, The danger of a death-bed repentance, a libel on the late Duke of Devonshire and on the Rt Rev Bishop of Peterborough &c

138 confessors (Accented by Pope, as by Shakespeare, on the first

syllable >

Earless on high, stood un-abash'd Defoe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the scourge, below
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worsted still look'd black and blue
Himself among the storied Chiefs he spies,
As from the blanket high in air he flies,
'And oh! (he cry'd,) what street, what lane, but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blanketings and blows?

I46
In ev'ry loom our labours shall be seen
And the fresh vomit run for ever green!'
See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd,

140 Tutchin] John Tutchin, author of some vile verses, and of a weekly paper call'd the Observator He was sentenc'd to be whipp'd thiro' several towns in the west of England, upon which he petition'd King James II to be hanged When that Prince died in exile, he wrote an invective against his memory, occasioned by some humane Elegies on his death He liv'd to the time of Queen Anne (Tutchin, a stubborn Whig, died in 1707, after being attacked in the street by ruffians He published in 1685 Poems on several Occasions (the 'vile verses'), and 1701 the invective to which Pope alludes The British Muse or Tyranny exposed A Satire, occasioned by all the fulsome and lying Poems and Elegies that have been written on the Death of the late King James >

141 Ridpath, Roper] Authors of the Flying Post and Post-Boy, two scandalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternately were cudgell'd, and deserv'd it < They died within one day of each other on Feb 5 and Feb 6, 1726 George Ridpath was proprietor of

the Whig Flying Post, Abel Roper of the Tory Post-Boy>

143 Hunself among the storied chiefs he spies, &c] Virg Æn 1 (488, 459-60)

Se quoq principibus permintum agnovit Achivis— Constitit & lacrymans Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate! Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

143 Himself he spies, &c] The history of Curl's being toss'd in a blanket, and whipp'd by the scholars of Westminster, is ingeniously and pathetically related in a poem entituled Neck or Nothing (By Samuel Wesley the Younger, then head usher of Westminster School In 1716 Curl had published, without authority, a volume which he called The Posthumous Works of Dr South, and had included in it a funeral oration in Latin, spoken by John Barber, Captain of the School, and son of the famous Alderman Barber, the printer For this offence he was tossed in a blanket by the Westminster boys, made to apologize to young Barber, and finally kicked out of the School Yard amid 'the Huzza's of the Rabble' > Of his purging and vomiting, see A full and true account of a horrid revenge on the body of Edm Curl, &c (in the 3d vol of Swift and Pope's Miscellanies)

148 And the fresh vomit & c] A parody on these of a late noble author (Lord Halifax, Epistle to Lord Dorset),

His bleeding arm had furnish'd all their rooms, And run for ever purple in the looms

149 See in the circle next, Eliza plac'd] In this game is expos'd in the most contemptuous manner, the profligate licenciousness of those shame-

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK II	385
Two babes of love close clinging to her waste,	150
Fair as before her works she stands confess'd,	-
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kırkall dress'd	
The Goddess then 'Who best can send on high	
The salient spout, far-streaming to the sky,	
His be you Juno of majestic size,	155
With cow-like-udders, and with ox-like eyes	
This China-Jordan, let the chief o'ercome	
Replenish, not ingloriously, at home'	
Chetwood and Curl accept the glorious strife,	
(Tho' one his son dissuades, and one his wife)	160

less scriblers (for the most part of That sex, which ought least to be capable to such malice or impudence) who in libellous Memoirs and Novels, reveal the faults and misfortunes of both sexes, to the ruin or disturbance, of publick fame or private happiness. Our good Poet, (by the whole cast of his work being obliged not to take off the Irony) where he cou'd not show his Indignation, hath shewn his Contempt as much as possible having here drawn as vile a picture, as could be represented in the colours of Epic poesy Scriblerus

149 Eliza Haywood] This woman was authoress of those most scandalous books, call'd The Court of Carimama (1727), and The new Utopia (1725) For the two Babes of Love, See Curl, Key, p 12 But whatever reflection he is pleas'd to throw upon this Lady, surely 'twas what from him she little deserv'd, who had celebrated his undertakings for Reformation of Manners, and declared her self 'to be so perfectly acquainted with the sweetness of his disposition, and that tenderness with which he consider'd the errors of his fellow-creatures, that tho' she should find the little inadvertencies of her own life recorded in his papers, she was certain it would be done in such a manner as she could not but approve,' Mrs Haywood, Hist of Clar (ma) printed in the Female Dunciad, p 18

150 Two babes of love &c] Virg Æn 5 <285>
Cressa genus, Pholoe, gemmique sub ubere nati

152 Kirkall, the Name of a Graver This Lady's Works were printed in four Volumes duod with her picture thus dress'd up, before them (Elisha Kirkall (1682?-1742) He introduced a new method of chiaroscuro engraving in 1722)

This Juno—

With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes]

In allusion to Homer's Βοῶπις ποτνια "Ηρη

157 This China Jordan, &c] Virg En 5 <314>
Tertius, Argolica hac galea contentus abito

This China Jordan In the games of Homer Il 23 <262-5>, there are set together as prizes, a Lady and a Kettle, as in this place Mrs Haywood and a Jordan But there the preference in value is given to the Kettle, at which Mad Dacter is justly displeas'd Mrs H here is treated with distinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two

150 Chetwood the name of a Bookseller, whose Wife was said to have as great an influence over her husband, as Boileau's Perruquiere See Lutrin Cant 2—Henry Curl, the worthy son of his father Edmund

This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigor and superior size First Chetwood lean'd against his letter'd post, It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most So Jove's bright bow displays its watry round, 165 (Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd) A second effort brought but new disgrace, For straining more, it flies in his own face, Thus the small jett which hasty hands unlock, Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock 170 Not so from shameless Curl Impetuous spread The stream, and smoaking, flourish'd o'er his head So, (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns,) Eridanus his humble fountain scorns, Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn, 175 His rapid waters in their passage burn

161 This on his manly confidence relies, That on his vigor] Virg Æn 5 <430-1 >

Ille melior motu, fretusque juventa, Hic membris & mole valens——

165 So Jove's bright bow—Sure sign——] The words of Homer of the Rainbow, in Iliad XI (27-8)

ἄς τε Κρονιων

'Εν νέεφι στήριξε, τερας μεροπων ανθρωπων

Which Mad Dacier thus renders, Arcs merveilleux, que le fils de Satuin a fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les âges un signe a tous les mortels 173 So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus] Virgil mentions these two qualifications of Eridanus, Geor 4 (371-3)

Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu, Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta In mare purpureum violentior effluit amnis

The Poets fabled of this River Eridanus, that it flow'd thro' the skies Denham, Cooper's Hill (11 193-4)

Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast, Whose Fame like thine in lesser currents lost, Thy nobler stream shall visit Jove's abodes, To shine among the stars, and bathe the Gods,

175 Thro' half the heavens he pours th' exalted urn] In a manuscript Dunciad (where are some marginal corrections of some gentlemen some time deceas'd) I have found another reading of these lines, thus,

And lifts his urn thro' half the heav'ns to flow, His rapid waters in their passage glow

This I cannot but think the right For first, tho' the difference between burn and glow may seem not very material to others, to me I confess the latter has an elegance, a Jenescay quoy, which is much easier to be conceiv'd than explain'd Secondly, every reader of our Poet must have observ'd how frequently he uses this word glow in other parts of his works To instance only in his Homer

Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes, Still happy Impudence obtains the prize Thou triumph'st, victor of the high-wrought day, And the pleas'd dame soft-smiling leads away Chetwood, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome,	180
Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home	
But now for Authors nobler palms remain	
Room for my Lord! three Jockeys in his train,	
Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair,	185
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare	-
His honour'd meaning, Dulness thus exprest,	
'He wins this Patron who can tickle best'	
He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state,	
With ready quills the dedicators wait,	190
Now at his head the dext'rous task commence,	-

(1) Iliad 9 v 726 -With one resentment glows

(2) Iliad II v 626 — There the battle glows

(3) Ibid 985 —The closing flesh that instant ceas'd to glow

(4) Il 12 v 55 —Encompass'd Hector glows

(5) Ibid 475—His beating breast with gen'rous ardour glows (6) Iliad 18 v 591—Another part glow'd with refulgent arms (7) Ibid v 654—And curl'd on silver props in order glow

I am afiaid of growing too luxuriant in examples, or I could stretch this catalogue to a great extent, but these are enough to prove his fondness for this beautiful word, which therefore let all future Editions re-place here

I am aware after all, that burn is the proper word to convey an idea of what was said to be Mr Curl's condition at that time But from that very reason I infer the direct contrary For surely every lover of our author will conclude he had more humanity, than to insult a man on such a misfortune or calamity, which could never befal him purely by his own fault, but from an unhappy communication with another This Note is partly Mr THEOBALD, partly SCRIBLERUS

179 The high-wrought day | Some affirm, this was originally—the well-

p-st day but the Poet's decency would not suffer it

Here the learned Scriblerus manifests great anger he exclaims against all such Conjectural Emendations in this manner 'Let it suffice, O Pallas' that every noble ancient, Greek or Roman, hath suffer'd the impertment correction of every Dutch, German, and Switz Schoolmaster! Let our English at least escape, whose intrinsic is scarce of Marble so solid, as not to be impair'd or soil'd by such rude and dirty hands Suffer them to call their Works their own, and after death at least to find rest and sanctuary from Critics! When these men have ceas'd to rail, let them not begin to do worse, to comment! let them not conjecture into nonsense, correct out of all correctness, and restore into obscurity and confusion Miserable fate! which can befall only the sprightliest Wits that have written, and befall them only from such dull ones as could never write! Scriblerus

188 tickle (Tickling with a feather seems to have been a well-under-

stood synonym for flattery >

And instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense,
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He struts Adonis, and affects grimace
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys,
Then his nice taste directs our Operas
Welsted his mouth with Classic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes
But Oldmixon the Poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm,
200
Unlucky Oldmixon! thy lordly master
The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster
While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain,
And quick sensations skip from vein to vein,

195 Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian Poet, and writer of many Operas in that language, which, partly by the help of his genius, prevail'd in England near ten years. He taught Italian to some fine Gentlemen who affected to direct the Opera's

197 Welsted] See Note on verse 293 of this Book

199 But Oldmixon, &c] Mr John Oldmixon (next to Mr Dennis the most ancient Critick of our Nation) not so happy as laborious in Poetry, and therefore perhaps characteriz'd by the Tailer, No 62 by the name of Omico on the unborn Poet Curl, Key to the D p 13 An unjust censurer of Mr Addison, whom in his imitation of Bouhours (call'd the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he misrepresents in plain matter of fact. In p 45 he cites the Spectator as abusing Dr Swift by name, where there is not the least hint of it And in p 304 is so injurious as to suggest, that Mr Addison himself writ that Tailer No 43 which says of his own Simile, that 'tis as great as ever enter'd into the mind of man' This person wrote numbers of books which are not come to our knowledge 'Dramatick works, and a volume of Poetry, consisting of heroic Epistles, &c some whereof are very well done,' saith that great Judge Mr Jacob Lives of Poets, Vol 2 p 303

I remember a Pastoral of his on the Battle of Blenheim, a Critical History of England, Essay on Criticism, in prose, The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, in which he frequently reflects on our Author We find in the Flying-Post of Apr 13 1728 some very flat verses of his against him and Dr Sw and Mr Curl tells us in the Curliad, that he wrote the Ballad called The Catholic Poet against the Version of Homer, before it appear'd

to the public

But the Top of his Character was a Perverter of History, in that scandalous one of the Stuarts in folio, and his Critical History of England, 2 vols 8° Being imploy'd by Bishop Kennet in publishing the Historians in his Collection, he falsified Daniel's Chronicle in numberless places Yet this very man, in the Preface to the first of these, advanc'd a particular Fact to charge three Eminent Persons of falsifying the Lord Clarendon's History, which Fact has been disprov'd by the Bishop of Rochester, then the only survivor of them, and the particular part produc'd since, after almost ninety Years, in that noble Author's own Hand He was all his life a virulent Party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a small place which he yet enjoys

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK II	389
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in despair, Puts his last refuge all in Heav'n and Pray'r What force have pious vows! the Queen of Love His Sister sends, her vot'ress, from above As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art	205
To touch Achilles' only tender part, Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry, He marches off, his Grace's Secretary 'Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)	210
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart, With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art, Let others aim 'Tis yours to shake the soul	215
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl, With horns and trumpets now to madness swell, Now sink in sorrows with a tolling Bell Such happy arts attention can command, When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand	220
Improve we these Three cat-calls be the bribe Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe, And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass'	225

205 A youth unknown to Phœbus, &c] The sature of this Episode being levelled at the base flatteries of authors to worthless wealth or greatness, concludeth here with an excellent lesson to such men, That altho' their pens and praises were as exquisite as they conceit of themselves, yet (even in their own mercenary views) a creature unlettered, who serveth the passions, or pimpeth to the pleasures of such vain, braggart, puft Nobility, shall with those patrons be much more inward, and of them much higher rewarded Scriblerus

215 To move, to raise, &c —Let others aim—'Tis yours to shake, &c —] Virgil, Æn 6 (847-8, 851-2)

Excudent alu spirantia mollius æra, Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane, memento, Hæ tibi erunt artes——

were the same, but since it is more advantagiously perform'd by troughs of wood with stops in them Whether Mr Dennis was the inventor of that improvement, I know not, but it is certain, that being once at a Tragedy of a new Author with a friend of his, he fell into a great passion at hearing some, and cry'd, 'S'death! that is my Thunder'

220 With a tolling Bell] A mechanical help to the Pathetic, not unuseful

to the modern writers of Tragedy

223 Three Catcalls] Certain musical instruments used by one sort of Criticks to confound the Poets of the Theatre They are of great antiquity, if we may credit Florent Christ on Aristophanes Ίππεῖs, Act I Parabasis Chori

Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din The Monkey-mimicks rush discordant in	
'Twas chatt [†] ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all, And Noise, and Norton, Brangling, and Breval, Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,	230
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart 'Hold (cry'd the Queen) A Catcall each shall win,	
Equal your merits! equal is your din!	
But that this well-disputed game may end,	235
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend'	
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait	
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,	
For their defrauded, absent foals they make	
A moan so loud, that all the Guild awake,	240
Sore sighs Sir G * *, starting at the bray	
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay!	
So swells each Windpipe, Ass intones to Ass,	
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass	
Such, as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,	245
High sounds, attempred to the vocal nose	
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain,	
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again	
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren with amaze	
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze,	250

230 Norton [See verse 383] J Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems See before, V 118
233 ——A Catcall each shall win, &c | Virg Ecl 3 (108-0)

Non inter nos est tantas componere lites,

(Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites)

Èt vitula tu dignus, & hic----

237 milky mothers (See Ep to Arbuthnot, 306n (p 608)) 237 ff A Simile with a long tail, in the manner of Homer

241 Sir G** (Sir Gilbert Heathcote, who died Jan 25, 1732-3, was reputed to be 'worth 700,000 l very honourably acquired' (see p 576) > 245 Enthusiast (i e a man labouring under religious excitement, a

fanatical preacher > 248 —bray back to him again] A figure of speech taken from Virgil

Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit Geor 3 (45) He hears his num'rous herds low o'er the plain, While neighb'ring hills low back to them again Cowley

The poet here celebrated, Sir R B delighted much in the word Bray, which he endeavour'd to ennoble by applying it to the sound of Armour, War, &c In imitation of him and strengthen'd by his authority, our author has here admitted it into Heroic poetry

250 Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze] Virg Ecl 8 (2)

Immemor herbarum quos est mirata juvenca

The progress of the sound from place to place, and the scenary here of the

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound, And courts to courts return it round and round Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall, And Hungerford re-ecchoes, bawl for bawl All hail him victor in both gifts of Song, Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long This labour past, by Bridewell all descend.

255

bordering regions, Tot'nam fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, West-minster-hall, and Hungerford-stairs, are imitated from Virg Æn 7 (516 ff) on the sounding the horn of Alecto

Audut & Triviæ longe lacus, audut amnis Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fontesque Velini, &c

251 Long Chanc'ry-lane] The place where the Courts of Chancery are kept The long detention of Clients in those Courts, and the difficulty of getting out of them, is humorously allegoriz'd in these lines

253 Rufus' roaring hall (Westminster Hall It was made noisy partly by the lawyers who disputed there, but even more by the owners of stalls)

254 Hungerford (Hungerford Market It was built in 1680 on the site of what is now Charing Cross Station)

256 Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long] A just character of Sir Richard Blackmore, Kt who (as Mr Dryden express'd it) Writ to the rumbling of his Coach's wheels, and whose indefatigable Muse produced no less than six Epic poems Prince and King Arthur, 20 Books, Eliza, 10, Alfred, 12, The Redeemer, 6 besides Job in folio, the whole Book of Psalms, The Creation, 7 Books, Nature of Man, 3 Books, and many more 'Tis in this sense he is stiled afterwards, the Everlasting Blackmore Notwithstanding all which, Mr Gildon seems assured, that 'this admirable author did not think himself upon the same foot with Homer' Comp Art of Poetry, Vol 1 p 108

But how different is the judgment of the author of Characters of the Times 'p 25 who says, 'Sir Richard is unfortunate in happening to mistake his proper talents, and that he has not for many years been so much as named, or even thought of among writers' Even Mr Dennis differs greatly from his friend Mr Gildon 'Blackmore's Action (saith he) has neither unity, nor integrity, nor morality, nor universality, and consequently he can have no Fable, and no Heroic Poem His Narration is neither probable, delightful, nor wonderful His Characters have none of the necessary qualifications ——The things contain'd in his narration are neither in their own nature delightful, nor numerous enough, nor rightly disposed, nor surprising, nor pathetic ---- Nay he proceeds so far as to say Sir Richard has no Gemus, first laying down that Genius is caused by a furious 10y and pride of soul, on the conception of an extraordinary Hint Many men (says he) have their Hints, without these motions of fury and pride of soul, because they want fire enough to agitate their spirits, and these we call cold writers Others who have a great deal of fire, but have not excellent organs, feel the foremention'd motions, without the extraordinary hints, And these we call fustian writers' But he declares, that 'Sir Richard had neither the Hints, nor the Motions' Remarks on Pr Arth 8° 1696 Preface

This gentleman in his first works abused the character of Mr Dryden, and in his last of Mr Pope, accusing him in very high and sober terms of

(As morning-pray'r and flagellation end) To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames, The King of Dykes! than whom, no sluice of mud

260

prophaneness and immorality (Essay on polite writing, Vol 2 p 270) on a meer report from Edm Curl, that he was author of a Travestie on the first Psalm (See p 300) Mr Dennis took up the same report, but with the addition of what Sir Richard had neglected, an Argument to prove it. which being very curious, we shall here transcribe (Remarks on Homer 80 p 27) 'It was he who burlesqu'd the Psalm of David It is apparent to me that Psalm was burlesqu'd by a *Popish* rhymester Let rhyming persons who have been brought up Protestants be otherwise what they will. let them be Rakes, let 'em be Scoundrels, let 'em be Atheists, yet education has made an invincible impression on them in behalf of the sacred writings But a Popish rhymester has been brought up with a contempt for those sacred writings Now show me another Popish rhymester but he' -This manner of argumentation is usual with Mr Dennis, he has employ'd the same against Sir Richard himself in a like charge of Impiety and Irreligion 'All Mr Blackmore's celestial Machines, as they cannot be defended so much as by common receiv'd opinion, so are directly contrary to the doctrine of the Church of England For the visible descent of an Angel must be a miracle Now it is the doctrine of the Church of England that miracles had ceas'd a long time before Prince Arthur came into the world Now if the doctrine of the Church of England be true, as we are oblig'd to believe, then are all the celestial machines in Prince Arthur unsufferable, as wanting not only human but divine probability But if the machines are sufferable, that is if they have so much as divine probability. then it follows of necessity that the doctrine of the Church is false So I leave it to every impartial Clergyman to consider, &c' Preface to the Remarks on Prince Arthur

It has been suggested in the Character of Mr P that he had Obligations to Sir R B He never had any, and never saw him but twice in his Life

258 As morning pray'r and flagellation end] It is between eleven and twelve in the morning, after church service, that the criminals are whipp'd in Bridewell (the House of Correction for women)—This is to mark punctually the Time of the day Homer does it by the circumstance of the Judges rising from court, or of the Labourer's dinner, our author by one very proper both to the Persons and the Scene of his Poem, which we may remember commenc'd in the evening of the Lord-mayor's day The first book passed in that night, the next morning the games begin in the Strand, thence along Fleetstreet (places inhabited by Booksellers) then they proceed by Bridewell toward Fleetditch, and lastly thro' Ludgate to the City and the Temple of the Goddess

259 The Diving] This I fancy (says a great Enemy to the Poem) is a Game which no body could ever think of but the Author however it is work'd up admirably well, especially in those lines where he describes Eusden (he should say Smedley) rising up again Essay on the Dunciad,

261 The King of Dykes, &c] Virg (Georg 1 482, iv 372-3) Eridanus, rea fluviorum—

——quo non alsus, per pingusa culta, In mare purpureum violentior effust amnis (Cf A 11 173n) With deeper sable blots the silver flood
'Here strip my children! here at once leap in!

Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,

Or dark dexterity of groping well

Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals, bound
A pig of lead to him who dives the best
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest '

In naked majesty great Dennis stands,
And, Milo-like, surveys his arms and hands,
Then sighing, thus 'And I am now threescore?
Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four '

264, 265, 266] The three chief qualifications of Party-writers, to stick at nothing, to delight in flinging dirt, and to slander in the dark by guess 268 The Weekly Journals] Papers of news and scandal intermix'd, on different sides and parties and frequently shifting from one side to the other, call'd the London Journal, Mist's Journal, British Journal, Daily Journal, &c the writers of which for some time were Welsted, Roome, Molloy, Concanen, and others, persons never seen by our author

270 A peck of coals a-piece] Our indulgent Poet, whenever he has spoken of any dirty or low work, constantly puts us in mind of the Poverty of the offenders, as the only extenuation of such practices Let any one but remark, when a Thief, a Pickpocket, a Highwayman or a Knight of the Post is spoken of, how much our hatred to those characters is lessen'd, if they add, a needy Thief, a poor Pickpocket, a hungry Highway-

man, a starving Knight of the Post, &c

271 In naked majesty great Dennis stands] The reader, who hath seen in the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr Dennis paid to our author, might here expect a particular regard to be shewn him, and consequently may be surprized at his sinking at once, in so few lines, never to rise again! But in truth he looked upon him with some esteem, for having, more generously than the rest, set his name to such works He was not only a formidable Critick who for many years had written against every thing that had success, (the Antagonist of Sir Richard Blackmore, Sir Richard Steele, Mr Addison, and Mr Pope) but a zealous Politician (not only appearing in his works, where Poetry and the State are always equally concerned, but in many secret Hints and sage advices given to the Ministers of all reigns) He is here likened to Milo, in allusion to that verse of Ovid (Met xv 228-30)

—Fletque Milon senior, cum spectat manes

Hercules similes, fluidos pendere lacertos,
either with regard to his great Age, or because he was undone by trying
to pull to pieces an Oak that was too strong for him

Remember Milo's End,
Wedg'd in that timber which he strove to rend
Lord Rosc (Lord Roscommon, An Essay on Translated Verse, 87-8)
273 —And am I now threescore? I shall here, to prove my impartiality,
remark a great oversight in our author as to the age of Mr Dennis He must
have been some years above threescore in the Mayoralty of Sir George
Thorold, which was in 1720, and Mr Dennis was born (as he himself

He said, and climb'd a stranded Lighter's height, 275 Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right The Senior's judgment all the crowd admire, Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher Next Smedley div'd, slow circles dimpled o'er The quaking mud, that clos'd, and ope'd no more 280 All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost, Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast Then * * try'd, but hardly snatch'd from sight, Instant buoys up, and rises into light, He bears no token of the sabler streams, 285 And mounts far off, among the swans of Thames True to the bottom, see Concanen creep, A cold, long-winded, native of the deep! If perseverance gain the Diver's prize,

inform'd us in Mr Jacob's Lives before-mentioned) in 1657, since when he has happily liv'd eight years more, and is already senior to Mr Durfey, who hitherto of all our Poets, enjoy'd the longest, bodily, Life \(\int D'Urfey\) had died in 1723, aged seventy The commas emphasize that D'Urfey's long life was bodily only, and did not extend to his poetic reputation \(\int \)

279 Smedley] In the surreptitious editions this whole Episode was apply'd to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more absurd, no part agreeing with his character The Allegory evidently demands a person dipp'd in scandal, and deeply immers'd in dirty work whereas Mr Eusden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are tax'd of nothing else in book I verse 102 But the person here mention'd, an Irishman, was author and publisher of many scurrilous pieces, a weekly Whitehall Journal in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker, and particularly whole Volumes of Billingsgate against Dr Swift and Mr Pope, call'd Gulliveriana and Alexand(e)rnana, printed in 8° 1728

281 — and call on Smedley lost, &c] Lord Roscommon's translation

of Virgil's 6th Eclog (43-4)

Alcides wept in vain for Hylas lost, Hylas in vain resounds thro' all the coast

283 Then ** try'd] This is an instance of the Tenderness of our author. The person here intended writ an angry preface against him, grounded on a Mistake, which he afterwards honourably acknowledg'd in another printed preface. Since when, he fell under a second mistake, and abus'd both him and his Friend.

He is a writer of Genius and Spirit, tho' in his youth he was guilty of some pieces bordering upon bombast. Our Poet here gives him a Panegyric instead of a Satire, being edify'd beyond measure, at this only instance he ever met with in his life, of one who was much a Poet, confessing himself in an Error. And has supprest his name, as thinking him capable of a second repentance (1 e Aaron Hill)

287 Concanen] In the former editions there were only Asterisks in this place, this name was since inserted merely to fill up the verse, and give

ease to the ear of the reader

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK II	395
Not everlasting Blackmore this denies No noise, no stir, no motion can'st thou make, Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er thee like a lake Not Welsted so drawn endlong by his scull,	290
Furious he sinks, precipitately dull	
Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,	295
With all the Might of gravitation blest	
No crab more active in the dirty dance,	
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,	
He brings up half the bottom on his head,	
And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead Sudden, a burst of thunder shook the flood	300
Lo Smedley rose, in majesty of mud!	
Shaking the horrors of his ample brows,	
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze	
Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares,	305
fot everlasting Blackmore] Virg Æn 5 (541)	303

290 Not everlasting Blackmore] Virg Æn 5 (541)

Nec bonus Eurytion prælato invidit honori, &c

293 Welsted] Leonard Welsted, author of the Trumwirate, or a Letter in verse from Palæmon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a Satire on Mr P and some of his friends about the year 1718 (1 e 1717 It satirized Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot for their farce, Three Hours after Marriage) The strength of the metaphors in this passage is to express the great scurrility and furv of this writer, which may be seen, One day, in a Piece of his, call'd (as I think) Labeo He writ other things which we cannot remember Smedley in his Metam of Scrib mentions one, the Hymn of a Centleman to the Creator and there was another in praise either of a Cellar or a Garret L W characteris'd in the treatise περιβαθούς of the Art of sinking as a Didapper, and after as an Eel, is said to be this person, by Dennis Daily Journal of May 11, 1728 He is mentioned again in book 3 (163) The foresaid dark anonymous Writers are characterized also under another animal, a Mole, by the author of the ensuing Simile, which was handed about, at the same time

Dear W—d, mark, in dirty hole
That painful animal, a Mole
Above ground never born to go
What mighty stir it keeps below!
To make a Molehill, all this strife!
It digs, pokes, undermines, for life
How proud, a little Dirt to spread!
Conscious of nothing o'er its head
Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
It blunders into Light—and dies

302 — in Majesty of mud] Milton (Par Lost, 11 266), ——in majesty of darkness round

Circled——(Covers his throne)

305 Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares] Virg \langle Aen vi 49-50 \rangle of the Sybil

——majorque videri Nec mortale sonans—— Then thus the wonders of the Deep declares First he relates, how sinking to the chin, Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in How young Lutetia, softer than the down, Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown, 310 Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago Then sung, how shown him by the nutbrown maids, A branch of Styx here rises from the Shades, That tinctur'd as it runs, with Lethe's streams. 315 And wafting vapours from the Land of Dreams, (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice Bears Pisa's offerings to his Arethuse) Pours into Thames Each city-bowl is full Of the mixt wave, and all who drink grow dull 320 How to the banks where bards departed doze, They led him soft, how all the bards arose,

309 f \langle 'Lutetia' is the classical name for the modern Paris The name was thought to be derived from 'its dirty situation' Lutum = clay, mud 'Merdamante' = filth-loving \rangle

312 As Hylas far? Who was ravish'd by the water-nymphs and drawn into the river. The story is told at large by Valerius Flaccus, Lib 3 Argon

See Virg Ecl 6 (43-8)

Of the land of Dreams in the same region, he makes mention, Odyss 24 (12) See also Lucian's true History Lethe and the Land of Dreams allegorically represent the Stupefaction and visionary Madness of Poets equally dull and extravagant Of Alphaus his waters gliding secretly under the sea of Pisa, to mix with those of Arethuse in Sicily, vid Moschus Idyl 8 Virg Ecl 10 (4-5),

Sic tibi, cum fluctus subter labere Sicanos, Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam

And again, En 3 (694-6)

—Alphæum, fama est, huc Elidis amnem Occultas egisse vias, subter mare, qui nunc Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis

321 How to the banks, &c] Virg Ecl 6 <64, 66-70>

Tum cant en antem Permessi ad flumina Gallum, Utque viro Phæbi chorus assurexerit omnis, Ut Linus hæc illi divino carmine pastor, Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro, Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos en accipe, Musæ, Ascræo quos ante sem—— &c

Taylor, sweet bird of Thames, majestic bows,
And Shadwell nods the poppy on his brows,
While Milbourn there, deputed by the rest,
Gave him the cassock, surcingle, and vest,
And 'Take (he said) these robes which once were mine,
Dulness is sacred in a sound Divine'

He ceas'd, and show'd the robe, the crowd confess
The rev'rend Flamen in his lengthen'd dress
Slow moves the Goddess from the sable flood,
(Her Priest preceding) thro' the gates of Lud
Her Criticks there she summons, and proclaims
A gentler exercise to close the games
'Hear you' in whose grave heads, as equal scales,
I weigh what author's heaviness prevails,
Which most conduce to sooth the soul in slumbers,
My Henley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers?
Attend the trial we propose to make
If there be man who o'er such works can wake,

323 Taylor, sweet bird of Thames] John Taylor the Water Poet, an honest man, who owns he learn'd not so much as his Accidence a rare example of modesty in a Poet!

I must confess I do want eloquence, And never scarce did learn my Accidence, For having got from Possum to Posset, I there was gravell'd, could no farther get

He wrote fourscore books in the reign of James I and Charles I and afterwards (like Mr Ward) kept a Publick-house in Long Acre He died in 1654

324 And Shadwell nods the poppy] Shadwell took Opium for many

years, and died of too large a dose of it, in the year 1692

325 Milbourn] Luke Milbourn \(\circ 1649-1720\)\tag{2} a Clergyman, the fairest of Criticks, who when he wrote against Mr Dryden's Virgil \(\circ 1698\)\, did him justice, in printing at the same time his own translations of him, which were intolerable His manner of writing has a great resemblance with that of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad against our author, as will be seen in the Parallel of Mr Dryden and him Append \(\circ vi\)

326 surcingle (a girdle or belt which confines the cassock)

332 Gates of Lud] 'King Lud' repairing the City, call'd it after his own name, Lud's Town, the strong gate which he built in the West part, he likewise for his own honour named Ludgate. In the year 1260, this gate was beautified with images of Lud and other Kings. Those images in the reign of Edward VI had their heads smitten off, and were otherwise defaced by unadvised folks. Queen Mary did set new heads on their old bodies again. The 28th of Q. Eliz the same gate was clean taken down, and newly and beautifully builded with images of Lud and others as afore' Stow's Survey of London.

338 My Henley's periods (1 e John ('Orator') Henley, for whom see

111 195n >

Sleep's all-subduing charm who dares defy,

And boasts Ulysses' ear with Argus' eye, To him we grant our amplest pow'rs to sit Judge of all present, past, and future wit, To cavil, censure, dictate, right or wrong, 345 Full, and eternal privilege of tongue' Three Cambridge Sophs and three pert Templars came, The same their talents, and their tastes the same, Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, And smit with love of Poesy and Prate 350 The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring, The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum, 'Till all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone, 355 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, drawl on, Soft, creeping, words on words, the sense compose, At ev'ry line, they stretch, they yawn, they doze As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow, 350 Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline, As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine And now to this side, now to that, they nod, As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice supprest 365 342] See Hom Odyss 12 (192) Ovid, Met 1 (625) 347 Sophs (students in their second or third year) 348 The same their talents——Each prompt, &c] Virg Ecl 7 (4-5) Ambo florentes ætatībus, Arcades ambo, Et cantare pares, & respondere parati 350] Smit with the love of sacred song—Milton (Par Lost, 111 29) 352 The heroes sit, &c] Ovid, M(et > 13 (1)

Consedere duces, & vulgi stante corona

353 Mum (A kind of beer originally brewed in Brunswick)
356 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c] All these lines very well imitate the slow drowziness with which they proceed It is impossible for any one who has a poetical ear to read them, without perceiving the heaviness that lags in the verse to imitate the action it describes The Simile of the Pines is very just and well adapted to the subject Essay on the DUNC p 21

365 Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak] Famous for his speeches on many occasions about the South Sea Scheme, &c 'He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written some excellent Epilogues to Plays, and one small piece on Love, which is very pretty ' JACOB Lives of Poets, vol 2 p 289 But this Gentleman has since made himself much more eminent. and personally well-known to the greatest statesmen of all parties in this nation

By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast Toland and Tindal, prompt at Priests to jeer, Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome Slept first, the distant nodded to the hum 370 Then down are roll'd the books, stretch'd o'er 'em lies Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, One circle first, and then a second makes, What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest 375 Like motion, from one circle to the rest, So from the mid-most the nutation spreads Round, and more round, o'er all the sea of heads At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail, Old James himself unfinish'd left his tale. 380 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,

366 Arthur Blackmore's Prince Arthur, an heroick poem, appeared in 1695, and was followed in 1697 by his King Arthur An Heroick Poem

Both were 'pond'rous books' in folio

367 Toland and Tindal] Two persons not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country. The surreptitious editions placed here the name of a Gentleman, who, tho' no great friend to the Clergy is a person of Morals and Ingenuity (i.e., Anthony Collins, the deist (1676–1729) > Tindal was Author of the Rights of the Christian Church (1706) He also wrote an abusive pamphlet against Earl Stanhope, which was suppress'd while yet in manuscript by an eminent Person then out of the Ministry, to whom he show'd it expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards publish'd the same piece, mutatis mutandis, against that very Person when he came into the Administration.

368 Christ's No kingdom &c] This is scandalously said by Curl, Key to Dunc to allude to a Sermon of a reverend Bishop (Bishop Hoadly's famous discourse on 'The Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ',

which occasioned the Bangorian controversy (1717)>

378 o'es all the sea of heads] Blackm Job A waving sea of heads was round me spread, And still fresh streams the gazing deluge fed

379 Centlivre Mrs Susanna Centlivre (1667)-1723), wife to Mr Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majesty She writ many Plays, and a song (says Mr Jacob, vol I p 32) before she was seven years old She also writ a Ballad against Mr Pope's Homer before he begun it (See ii 1991)

380 Old James (Perhaps James Pitt, who was already writing as 'Publicola' in *The London Journal*, and who was later characterized by Pope as 'the eldest and gravest' of the newspaper writers See *Dunciad* B,

11 312 (p 747) >

381 Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er] A Boyer, a voluminous compiler of Annals, Political Collections, &c — (Abel Boyer (1667–1729) wrote and compiled The Political State of Great Britain from 1711 till his death He had been forced by the hostility of booksellers to give up his monthly account of Parliamentary Proceedings > William

Norton, from Daniel and Ostrœa sprung,
Blest with his father's front, and mother's tongue,
Hung silent down his never-blushing head,
And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead
Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay
Why shou'd I sing what bards the nightly Muse
Did slumbring visit, and convey to stews?
Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state,
To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate!
How Laurus lay inspir'd beside a sink.

Law, A M (1686-1761, author of A Serious Call) wrote with great zeal against the Stage, Mr Dennus answer'd with as great Their books were printed in 1726 Mr Law affirm'd that 'the Playhouse is the Temple of the Devil, the peculiar pleasure of the Devil, where all they who go. yield to the Devil, where all the Laughter is a laughter among Devils, and that all who are there are hearing Musick in the very Porch of Hell', To which Mr Dennis replied, that 'there is every jot as much difference between a true Play, and one made by a Poetaster, as between Two religious books, the Bible and the Alcoran' Then he demonstrates that 'all those who had written against the Stage were Jacobites and Nonjurors, and did it always at a time when something was to be done for the Pretender Mr Collier publish'd his Short View when France declar'd for the Chevalier, and his Dissuasive just at the great Storm, when the devastation which that Hurricane wrought had amazed and astonished the minds of men, and made them obnoxious to melancholy and desponding thoughts Mr Law took the opportunity to attack the Stage upon the great preparations he heard were making abroad, and which the Jacobites flatter'd themselves were design'd in their favour And as for Mr Bedford's Serious Remonstrance, tho' I know nothing of the time of publishing it, yet I dare to lay odds it was either upon the Duke D'Aumont's being at Somerset-house, or upon the late Rebellion' DENNIS. Stage defended against Mr Law, pag ult

382 Motteux Naso (See Imit Donne iv 50, p 681)

383 Norton] Norton de Foe, said to be the natural offspring of the famous Daniel (Defoe) Fortes creantur fortibus. One of the authors of the Flying-Post, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had sometime the honour to be abus'd with his betters, and of many hired scurrlitties and daily papers to which he never set his name, in a due fear of Laws and Cudgels. He is now writing the Life of Colonel Charteris (See p. 571

'Ostrœa that is, an oyster wench hence, in the next verse, his mother's

tongue'>

386 And all was hush'd, &c] Alludes to Dryden's verse in the Indian Emperor (III ii I),

All things are hush'd, as Nature's self lay dead

392 round-house (a lock-up)

393 sink (a cess-pool, a conduit for carrying away dirty water or sewage Laurus was lying drunk in the street >

393 How Laurus lay inspir'd, &c] This line presents us with an excel-

And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink? While others timely, to the neighbouring Fleet (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat

395

lent Moral, that we are never to pass judgment merely by appearances, a Lesson to all men who may happen to see a reverend person in the like situation, not to determine too rashly, since not only the Poets frequently describe a Bard inspir'd in this posture,

(On Cam's fair bank where Chaucer lay inspir'd, and the like) but an eminent Casuist tells us, that if a Priest be seen in any indecent action, we ought to account it a deception of sight, or illusion of the Devil, who sometimes takes upon him the shape of Holy men on purpose to cause scandal How little the prophane author of the Characters of the Times printed 8° 1728 regarded this admonition, appears from these words pag 26 (speaking of the reverend Mr Laurence Eusden) 'A most worthy successor of Tate in the Laureatship, a man of insuperable modesty, since certainly it was not his Ambition that led him to seek this

illustrious post, but his affection to the Perquisite of Sack' A reflection as mean as it is scandalous! SCRIBLERUS (Laurus is Eusden, the poet laureate See iii 31, Ep to Arbuthnot 15n, p 598)

305 Fleet A Piison for insolvent Debtors on the bank of the Ditch

End of the Second Book

The Dunciad

BOOK THE THIRD

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd,
On Dulness lap th' Anointed head repos'd
Him close she curtain'd round with vapors blue,
And soft besprinkled with Cimmerian dew
Then raptures high the seat of sense o'erflow,
Which only heads, refin'd from reason, know
Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods,
He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods

5, 6, &c] Hereby is intimated that the following Vision is no more than the Chimera of the Dreamer's brain, and not a real or intended satire on the Present Age, doubtless more learned, more inlighten'd, and more abounding with great Genius's in Divinity, Politics, and whatever Arts and Sciences, than all the preceding For fear of any such mistake of our Poet's honest meaning, he hath again at the end of this Vision, repeated this monition, saying that it all past thro' the *Ivory gate*, which (according to the Ancients) denoteth Falsity Scriblerus

8 He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods

Virg Æn 7 (90-1)

Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum Colloquio——

Hence the Fool's paradise, the Statesman's scheme,
The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream,
The Maid's romantic wish, the Chymist's flame,
And Poet's vision of eternal fame
And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd,
The King descended to th' Elyzian shade
There, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius sits, to dip poetic souls,
And blunt the sense, and fit it for a scull
Of solid proof, impenetrably dull
Instant when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light,

15 There in a dusky vale, &c] Virg Æn 6 <703 ff >

—Videt Æneas in valle reducta Seclusum nemus—

Lethæumque domos placidas qui piænatat amnem Hunc circum innumeræ gentes, &c

16 Old Bavius sits, &c] Alluding to the story of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable

At pater Anchises penitus convalle virenti Inclusas animas, superumque ad lumen ituras, Lustrabat—— Virg Æn 6

16 Old Bavius sits] Bavius was an ancient Poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cause as Tibbald by our author, tho' in less christian-like manner For heathenishly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and detested for his evil works, Qu Bavium non odit——Whereas we have often had occasion to observe our Poet's great good nature and

mercifulness, thro' the whole course of this Poem

Mr Dennis warmly contends that Bavius was no inconsiderable author, nay, that 'he and Mævius had (even in Augustus's days) a very formidable Party at Rome, who thought them much superior to Virgil and Horace For (saith he) I cannot believe they would have fix'd that eternal brand upon them, if they had not been coxcombs in more than ordinary credit' An argument which (if this Poem should last) will conduce to the honour of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad In like manner he tells us of Mr Settle, that 'he was once a formidable Rival to Mr Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference' Mr Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf 'Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty Rival of Dryden nay, for many years, bore his Reputation above him' [Pref to his Poems, 8° p 51] And Mr Milbourn cry'd out, 'How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr Settle' Notes on Dryd Virg p 175 These are comfortable opinions' and no wonder some authors indulge them Scriblerus (Bavius was probably intended for Shadwell)

20 Brown and Mears] Booksellers, Printers for Tibbald, Mrs Haywood, or any body—The Allegory of the souls of the Dull coming forth in the form of Books, and being let abroad in vast numbers by Booksellers, is sufficiently intelligible

20 Unbar the gates of Light] Milton (Par Lost, vi 4)

Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array Rush to the world, impatient for the day Millions and millions on these banks he views, Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews, As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms fly, As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory Wond'ring he gaz'd When lo' a Sage appears,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears,

23-5 Millions and millions—Thick as the Stars, &c] Virg (4en vi 309 ff >

Quam multa in sylvis autumni frigore primo Lapsa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto Quam multæ glomerantur aves, &c

26 Ward in Pillory] John Ward of Hackney, Esq , Member of Parliament, being convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then sentenc'd to the Pillory on the 17th of Febr 1727 Mr Curl looks upon the mention of such a Gentleman in a Satire, as a great act of Barbarity Key to the Dunc 3d Edit p 16 And another Author (Ned Ward) thus reasons upon it Durgen, 80 pag 11, 12 'How unworthy is it of Christian Charity to animate the rabble to abuse a worthy man in such a situation? It was in vain' he had no Eggs thrown at him, his Merit preserv'd him What cou'd move the Poet thus to mention a brave Sufferer, a gallant Prisoner, expos'd to the view of all mankind! It was laying aside his Senses, it was committing a Crime for which the Law is deficient not to punish him! nay a Crime which Man can scarce forgive, nor Time efface! Nothing surely could have induced him but being bribed to it by a great Lady, (to whom this brave, honest, worthy Gentleman was guilty of no offence but Forgery proved in open Court, &c) But it is evident this verse cou'd not be meant of him, it being notorious that no Eggs were thrown at that Gentleman Perhaps therefore it might be intended of Mr Edward Ward the Poet (For Edward Ward, see 1 200 He had been pilloried in 1705 The 'great Lady' was Katherine, Duchess of Buckinghamshire (See Pope's note to Moral Essays, 111 20, p 571)

28 And length of Ears This is a sophisticated reading I think I may venture to affirm all the Copyists are mistaken here I believe I may say the same of the Criticks, Dennis, Oldmixon, Welsted, have pass'd it in silence I have always stumbled at it, and wonder'd how an error so manifest could escape such accurate persons. I dare assert it proceeded originally from the inadvertency of some Transcriber whose head run on the Pillory mention'd two lines before It is therefore amazing that Mr Curl himself should overlook it! (Pope is punning on Curll's own acquaintance with the pillory In eighteenth-century slang a man in the pillory was an 'overseer' Yet that Scholiast takes not the least notice hereof That the learned Mist also read it thus, is plain, from his ranging this passage among those in which our Author was blamed for personal Satire on a Man's Face (whereof doubtless he might take the Ear to be a part.) So likewise Concanen, Ralph, the Flying-Post, and all the Herd of

Commentators — Tota armenta sequuntur A very little Sagacity (which all these Gentlemen therefore wanted) will

restore to us the true sense of the Poet, thus,

By his broad shoulders known, and length of years

25

Known by the band and suit which Settle wore, (His only suit) for twice three years before All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame, Old in new state, another yet the same	30
Bland and familiar as in life, begun	
Thus the great Father to the greater Son	
'Oh born to see what none can see awake!	35
Behold the wonders of th' Oblivious Lake	
Thou, yet unborn, has touch'd this sacred shore,	
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er	
But blind to former, as to future Fate,	
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?	40
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul	
Did from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?	
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?	
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?	
And all who since, in mild benighted days,	45
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?	
As man's mæanders to the vital spring	
Roll all their tydes, then back their circles bring,	
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,	
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again	50
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,	
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate	
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true	
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view	
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind,	55
Shall first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind,	
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,	
And let the past and future fire thy brain	

See how easy a change! of one single letter! That Mr Settle was old is most certain, but he was (happily) a stranger to the Pillory This Note partly Mr THEOBALD, partly SCRIBLERUS
42 Did from Beetian, &c] See the Remark on Book r V 23

46 Mix'd the Owl's Tvy with the Poet's Bays] Virg Ec 8 (12-13) -sine tempora circum

Inter victrices Hederam tibi serpere laurus

49 whirliggs (The toy was probably one 'consisting of a small spindle turned by means of string'>
53 For this, our Queen &c] This has a resemblance to that passage in

Milton (Par Lost, x1 411-13), where the Angel,

To nobler sights from Adam's eye remov'd The film, then purg'd with Euphrasie and Rue The visual nerve—For he had much to see

There is a general allusion in what follows to that whole passage

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	405
'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands Her boundless Empire over seas and lands See round the Poles where keener spangles shine, Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line, (Earth's wide extreams) her sable flag display'd, And all the nations cover'd in her shade!	60
'Far Eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun And orient Science at a birth begun One man immortal all that pride confounds, He, whose long Wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds Heav'ns! what a pyle! whole ages perish there	65
And one bright blaze turns Learning into air Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes, There rival flames with equal glory rise, From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll,	70
And lick up all their Physick of the Soul 'How little, mark! that portion of the ball, Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies, Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise! Lo where Mœotis sleeps, and hardly flows	75
The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of Snows, The North by myriads pours her mighty sons, Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns See Alaric's stern port, the martial frame Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!	80
See, the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall, See, the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul See, where the Morning gilds the palmy shore, (The soil that arts and infant letters bore) His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,	85
And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws	90

61, 62 See round the Poles, &c] Almost the whole Southern and Northern Continent wrapt in Ignorance

65] Our Author favours the opinion that all Sciences came from the Eastern nations

66 Science (In its earlier sense of knowledge acquired by study)

69] Ch. Ho-am-ti, Emperor of China, the same who built the great wall between China and Tartary, destroyed all the books and learned men of that empire

73, 74] The Caliph, Omar I having conquer'd Ægypt, caus'd his General to burn the Ptolomaan library, on the gates of which was this

inscription, Medicina Animæ, The Physick of the Soul

88 The Soil that arts and infant letters bore] Phænicia, Syria, & where Letters are said to have been invented. In these Countries Mahomet began his Conquests

See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep, And all the Western World believe and sleep 'Lo Rome herself, proud mistress now no more Of arts, but thund'ring against Heathen lore, Her gray-hair'd Synods damning books unread, 95 And Bacon trembling for his brazen head Padua with sighs beholds her Livy burn, And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn See, the Cirque falls! th' unpillar'd Temple nods! Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods! 100 Till Peter's Keys some christen'd Jove adorn, And Pan to Moses lends his Pagan horn,

94 Thund'ring against Heathen lore] A strong instance of this pious rage is plac'd to Pope Gregory's account John of Salisbury gives a very odd Encomium to this Pope, at the same time that he mentions one of the strangest effects of this excess of zeal in him Doctor sanctissimus ille Gregorius, qui melleo prædicationis imbre totam rigavit & inebriavit ecclesiam, non modo Mathesin jussit ab aulâ, sed, ut traditur a majoribus incendio dedit probatæ lectionis scripta, Palatinus quæcunque tenebat Apollo And in another place Fertur beatus Gregorius bibliothecam combussisse gentilem, quo divinæ paginæ gratior esset locus, & major authoritas, & diligentia studiosior Desiderius Archbishop of Vienna was sharply reproved by him for teaching Grammar and Literature, and explaining the Poets, Because (says this Pope) in uno se ore cum Jovis laudibus, Christi laudes non capiunt Et quam grave nefandumque sit, Episcopis canere quod nec Lasco religioso conveniat, ipse considera. He is said, among the rest, to have burn'd Livy, Quia in superstitionibus & sacris Romanorum perpetuo versatur The same Pope is accused by Vossius and others of having caus'd the noble monuments of the old Roman magnificence to be destroyed, lest those who came to Rome shou'd give more attention to Triumphal Arches, &c than to Holy Things BAYLE, Dict 96 And Bacon, &c (Roger Bacon (1214?-94), the medieval philo-

sopher who was vulgarly supposed to have constructed a brazen head that could speak. He is represented as trembling because he had made it, i.e.

he was likely to incur the displeasure of the Church >

98 Vigilius (Vigilius, or Virgilius, an eighth-century Bishop of Salzburg, was publicly censured by the Archbishop of Mainz for professing his belief in the existence of the Antipodes >

99 Cirque (probably the Coliseum at Rome)

101 'Till Peter's Keys, &c] After the Government of Rome devolved to the Popes, their zeal was for some time exerted in demolishing the Heathen Temples and Statues, so that the Goths scarce destroyed more Monuments of Antiquity out of Rage, than these out of Devotion At length they spar'd some of the Temples by converting them to Churches, and some of the Statues, by modifying them into Images of Saints In much later times, it was thought necessary to change the Statues of Apollo and Pallas on the tomb of Sannazarrus, into David and Judith, the Lyre easily became a Harp, and the Gorgon's Head turn'd to that of Holofernes

102 Moses ('The medieval belief was that Moses, after descending from Sinai, had horns on his head '>

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	407
See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd, Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd 'Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod, Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-woolsey brothers, Grave mummers! sleeveless some, and shirtless others	105
That once was Britam—Happy! had she seen No fiercer sons, had Easter never been In peace, great Goddess! ever be ador'd, How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age	110
Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage! 'And see! my son, the hour is on its way, That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign,	115
Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws! What aids, what armies, to assert her cause! See all her progeny, illustrious sight! Behold, and count them, as they rise to light As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye	120
In homage, to the mother of the sky, Surveys around her in the blest abode A hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown'd, Shall take thro' Grubstreet her triumphant round, And Her Parnassus glancing o'er at once,	125
Behold a hundred sons, and each a dunce 107 linsey-woolsey ('Linsey-Woolsey a textile material, woven from a mixture of woo	130 l and
flax Hence, adjectivally, 'being neither one thing nor the other'> 110 Happy—had Easter never been] Virg Ecl 6 <45> Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fiussent	
the right time of celebrating Easter 119, 121 Now look thro' Fate &c] Virg Æn 6 <756 ff > Nunc age, Dardamam prolem quæ deinde sequatur Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes, Illustres animas, nostrumque in nomen ituras, Expediam——	about
119 draws (1 e discloses, as when a stage-curtain is 'drawn') 123 As Berecynthia, &c] Virg ib (784 ff) Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater Invelutur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes, Læta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes, Omnes cælicolas, omnes supera alta tenentes	

'Mark first the youth who takes the foremost place, And thrusts his person full into your face With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born! And a new Cibber shall the Stage adorn

'A second see, by meeker manners known,

And modest as the maid that sips alone
From the strong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! shall sing in thee
Thee shall each Ale-house, thee each Gill-house mourn,
And answ'ring Gin-shops sowrer sighs return!

140

145

'Lo next two slip-shod Muses traipse along,

In lofty madness, meditating song,

With tresses staring from poetic dreams, And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams

Haywood, Centlivre, Glories of their race!

Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face,

131 Mark first the youth, &c] Virg Æn 6 (760-1)

Ille vides, pura juvems qui nititur hasta Proxima sorte tenet lucis loca —

133 With all thy Father's virtues, &c] A manner of expression used by Virgil (Ecl viii 17),

Nascere! præque diem veniens, age Lucifer---

As also that of Patrus virtutibus Ecl 4 (17)

134 a new Cibber (Theophilus Cibber (1703-58), who was following his father's profession, and had been appearing on the stage since 1721 > 137 From the strong fate of drams, &c | Virg Æn 6 (882-3)

——sı qua fata aspera rumpas, Tu Marcellus eris!——

Dooler Von

138 Ward] Vid Book 1 Ver 200

139 Thee shall each Ale-house, &c] Æn 7 <759-60>

Te nemus Angitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda, Te liquidi flevere lacus

Virgil again, Ecl 10 (13)

Illum etiam lauri, illum flevere myricæ, &c

Gill-house $\langle \text{Johnson defines gill as 'a malt liquor medicated with ground-ivy'} \rangle$

143 staring (standing up, bristling)
145 Haywood, Centlivre See book 2 (149, 379)

146 Lo Horneck's fierce and Roome's funereal face] This stood in one edition And M—'s raful face But the person who suppos'd himself meant applying to our author in a modest manner, and with declarations of his innocence, he removed the occasion of his uneasiness. At the same time promising to 'do the like to any other who could give him the same assurance, of having never writ scurrilously against him'

Horneck and Roome] These two are worthily coupled, being both virulent Party-writers, and one wou'd think prophetically, since immediately after the publishing of this Piece the former dying, the latter suc-

Lo sneering G * * de, half malice and half whim,	
A Frend in glee, ridiculously grim	
Jacob, the Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,	
Nor less revere him, Blunderbuss of Law	150
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameless name,	•
All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame?	
Some strain in rhyme, the Muses, on their racks,	
Scream, like the winding of ten thousand Jacks	
Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check,	I55
Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck,	
Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl,	
The Pindars, and the Miltons, of a Curl	
'Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,	
And makes Night hideous—Answer him ye Owls!	160

ceeded him in *Honour* and *Employment* (Horneck died Oct 1728, and Edward Roome succeeded him as Solicitor to the Treasury > The first was *Philip Horneck*, Author of a Billingsgate paper call'd *The High German Doctor*, in the 2d Vol of which No 14 you may see the regard he had for Mr *P —Edward Roome*, Son of an Undertaker for Funerals in *Fleet-street*, writ some of the papers call'd *Pasquin*, and Mr *Ducket* others, where by malicious Innuendos, it was endeavour'd to represent him guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament He since reflected on his, and Dr Swift's Miscellanies, in his paper call'd the *Senator* Of this Man was made the following Epigram

You ask why R— dwerts you with his jokes, Yet, if he writes, is dull as other folks? You wonder at it—This Sir is the case, The Yest is lost, unless he prints his Face

147 G**de] An ill-natur'd Critick who writ a Satire on our Author, yet unprinted, call'd *The mock Æsop* and many anonymous Libels in Newspapers for Hire (Barnham Goode (1674–1739), master at Eton College,

and hack journalist >

149 Jacob] This Gentleman is Son of a considerable Malster of Romsey in Southamptonshire, and bred to the Law under a very eminent Attorney who, between his more laborious Studies, has diverted himself with Poetry He is a great admirer of Poets and their works, which has occasion'd him to try his genius that way—He has writ in prose the Lives of the Poets, Essays, and a great many Law-Books, The Accomplish'd Conveyancer, Modern Justice, &c Giles Jacob of himself, Lives of Poets, Vol I He very grossly, and unprovok'd, abused in that book the Author's Friend Mr Gay (See p 429)

150] Virg Æn 6 (842–3)

——duo fulmına belli Scipiadas, cladem Lybiæ!——

151 Bond and Foxton] Two inoffensive offenders against our poet, persons unknown, but by being mention'd by Mr Curl

159 Ralph] A name inserted after the first Editions, not known to our Author till he writ a Swearing-piece call'd Sawney, very abusive of Dr Swift, Mr Gay, and himself These lines allude to a thing of his, intituled

'Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Durgen may be read
'Flow Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer,
Tho' stale, not ripe, tho' thin, yet never clear,
So, sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull,
Heady, not strong, and foaming tho' not full
'Ah Dennis! Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage
Divides a friendship, long confirm'd by age?

165

Night a Poem Shakespear, Hamlet (1 iv 53-4)

—Visit thus the glimpses of the Moon,

Making Night hideous—

This low writer constantly attended his own works with Panegyricks in the Journals, and once in particular prais'd himself highly above Mr Addison, in wretched remarks upon that Author's Account of English Poe's, printed in a London Journal, Sept 1728 He was wholly illiterate, and knew no Language not even French Being advised to read the Rules of Dramatick Poetry before he began a Play, he smiled and reply'd, Shakespear writ without Rules He ended at last in the common Sink of all such writers, a Political News-paper, to which he was recommended by his Friend Arnal, and receiv'd a small pittance for pay

162 Durgen] A ridiculous thing of Ward's (Durgen is explained in Kersey's Dictionary as 'a little thick and short Person a Dwarf')

163 Flow, Welsted, flow &c] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill

O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream My great example, as it is my theme Tho' deep, yet clear, tho' gentle, yet not dull, Strong, without rage, without o'erflowing, full

Of this Author see the Remark on Book ii v 293 But (to be impartial)

add to it the following different character of him

Mr Welsted had, in his Youth, rais'd so great Expectations of his future Genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the most eminent in the two Universities, which shou'd have the Honour of his Education To compound this, he (civilly) became a Member of both, and after having pass'd some time at the One, he removed to the Other From thence he return'd to Town, where he became the darling Expectation of all the polite Writers, whose encouragement he acknowledg'd in his occasional Poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the Fame of his Protectors It also appears, from his Works, that he was happy in the Patronage of the most illustrious Characters of the present Age-Incourag'd by such a Combination in his favour, he—publish'd a book of Poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisit Judges pronounce, he even rival'd his masters—His Love verses have rescued that way of writing from Contempt—In his Translations, he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author His Ode—his Epistle his Verses—his Love-tale—all, are the most perfect things in all Poetry, etc Welsted of Himself Char of the Times, 80 1728 pag 23, 24

167 Ah Dennus, &c] The reader, who has seen thro' the course of these notes, what a constant attendance Mr Dennus paid to our Author and all his works may perhaps wonder he should be mention'd but twice, and so

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	411
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,	
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war	170
Embrace, embrace my Sons! be foes no more!	•
Nor glad vile Poets with true Criticks' gore	
'Behold you pair, in strict embraces join'd,	
How like their manners, and how like their mind!	
Fam'd for good-nature, B * * and for truth,	175

slightly touch'd, in this poem But in truth he look'd upon him with some esteem, for having (more generously than all the rest) set his Name to such writings. He was also a very old man at this time. By his own account of himself in Mr. Jacob's Lives, he must have been above three score in the mayoralty of Sir George Thorold in 1720, and hath since happily lived ten years more. So that he is already senior to Mr. Durfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longest Bodily life (Cf. 11 2731)

171 Embrace, embrace my Sons befoes no more Virg Æn 6 (832 ff)

—Ne tanta anımıs assuescite bella, Neu patrıæ validas in viscera vertite vires Tuq, prior, tu parce—sanguis meus!—

173 Behold you pair, in strict embraces join'd Virg Æn 6 (826-7)

Illæ autem paribus quas fulgere cernis in aimis, Concordes animæ———

And in the fifth (i e Aen v 205-6).

Euryalus, forma insignis viridique juventa, Nisus amore pio pueri

175-6 Fam'd for good nature B * *, &c
D * *, for prous passion to the youth]

The first of these was Son of the late Bishop of S < 1 e Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury Author of a weekly paper called The Grumbler, as the other was concern'd in another call'd Pasquin, in which Mr Pope was abused (particularly with the late Duke of Buckingham and Bishop of Rochester) They also join'd in a piece against his first undertaking to translate the Iliad, intituled Homerides, by Sir Iliad Dogrel, printed by Wilkins 1715 And Mr D writ an Epilogue for Powel's Puppet-show, reflecting on the same work Mr Curl gives us this further account of Mr B 'He did himself write a Letter to the E of Halifax, informing his Lordship (as he tells him) of what he knew much better before And he publish'd in his own name several political pamphlets, A certain information of a certain discourse, A second Tale of a Tub, &c All which it is strongly affirmed were written by Colonel Ducket' Curl, Key, p. 17 But the author of the Characters of the Times tells us, these political pieces were not approv'd of by his own Father, the Reverend Bishop

Of the other works of these Gentlemen, the world has heard no more, than it wou'd of Mr Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discourag'd him from his undertakings. How few good works had ever appear'd (since men of true merit are always the least presuming) had there been always such champions to stifle them in their conception! And were it not better for the publick, that a million of monsters came into the world, than that the Serpents should have strangled one Hercules in

D * * for pious passion to the youth Equal in wit, and equally polite, Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write, Like are their merits, like rewards they share, That shines a Consul, this Commissioner But who is he, in closet close y-pent, Of sober face, with learned dust besprent? Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,

180

his cradle? The Union of these two Authors gave occasion to this Epigram

Burnet and Duckit, friends in spite, Came hissing forth in Verse, Both were so forward, each wou'd write. So dull, each hung an A-Thus Amphisbæna (I have read) At either end assails. None knows which leads, or which is led,

For both Heads are but Tails -1729d-42, 1751

176 — for pious passion to the youth] The verse is a literal translation of Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri (Aeneid, v 296)—and here, as in the original, apply'd to Friendship That between Nisus and Eurvalus is allow'd to make one of the most amiable Episodes in the world, and surely was never interpreted in a perverse sense. But it will astonish the Reader to hear, that on no other occasion than this line, a Dedication was written to this Gentleman to induce him to think something farther 'Sir, you are known to have all that affection for the beautiful part of the creation which God and Nature design'd -Sir, you have a very fine Lady-and, Sir, you have eight very fine Children '-&c [Dedic to Dennis Rem on the Rape of the Lock] The truth is, the poor Dedicator's brain was turn'd upon this article, he had taken into his head that ever since some Books were written against the Stage, and since the Italian Opera had prevail'd, the nation was infected with a vice not fit to be nam'd. He went so far as to print upon this subject, and concludes his argument with this remark, 'that he cannot help thinking the Obscenity of Plays excusable at this juncture, since, when that execrable sin is spread so wide, it may be of use to the reducing men's minds to the natural desire of women' DENNIS, Stage defended against Mr Law, p 20 Our author has solemnly declared to me, he never heard any creature but the Dedicator mention that Vice and this Gentleman together

181 But who is he, &c] Virg Æn 6 (808 ff) questions and answers in this manner, of Numa,

Quis procul ille autem ramis insignis olivæ Sacra ferens?—nosco crines, incanaq, menta, &c

183 Aredel Read or peruse, tho' sometimes used for counsel, 'Reade THY READ, take thy counsaile Thomas Sternholde in his translation of the first Psalm into English metre, hath wisely made use of this word,

> The man is blest that hath not bent To wicked READ his ear

But in the last spurious editions of the Singing Psalms the word READ is changed into men I say spurious editions, because not only here, but quite On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight To future ages may thy dulness last, As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!

185

'There, dim in clouds, the poreing Scholiasts mark, Wits, who like Owls see only in the dark,

throughout the whole book of Psalms, are strange alterations, all for the worse! And yet the title-page stands as it us'd to do! and all (which is abominable in any book, much more in a sacred work) is ascribed to Thomas Sternhold, John Hopkins, and others! I am confident, were Stemhold and Hopkins now living, they would proceed against the innovators as cheats—A liberty which, to say no more of their intolerable alterations, ought by no means to be permitted or approved of, by such as are for Uniformity, and have any regard for the old English Saxon tongue' Herne, Gloss on Rob of Gloc Art rede

I do herein agree with Mr H Little is it of avail to object that such words are become unintelligible Since they are Truly English, Men ought to understand them, and such as are for Uniformity should think all alterations in a Language, strange, abominable, and unwarrantable Rightly therefore, I say again, hath our Poet used ancient words, and poured them forth, as a precious ointment, upon good old Wormus in this place

Scriblerus

Myster wight] Uncouth mortal

184 Wormius hight] Let not this name, purely fictitious, be conceited to mean the learned Olaus Wormius, much less (as it was unwarrantably foisted into the surreptitious editions) our own Antiquary Mr Thomas Herne, who had no way aggrieved our Poet, but on the contrary published many curious tracts which he hath to his great contentment perused

Most rightly are ancient words here imployed in speaking of such who so greatly delight in the same We may say not only rightly, but wisely, yea excellently, inasmuch as for the like practise the like praise is given to Hopkins and Sternhold by Mr Herne himself Artic Behett, others say behight, 'promised, and so it is used excellently well by Tho Norton in his translation into metre of the 116th Psalm, verse 14

I to the Lord will pay my vows, That I to him BEHIGHT

Where the modern innovators, not understanding the propriety of the word (which is *Truly English*, from the *Saxon*) have most *unwarrantably* alter'd it thus,

I to the Lord will pay my vows,
With joy and great delight'

VERSE ibid —HIGHT] 'In Cumberland they say to hight, for to promise or vow, but HIGHT usually signifies was call'd and so it does in the North even to this day, notwithstanding what is done in Cumberland' HERNE, ibid

188 Wits, who like Owls, &c.] These few lines exactly describe the right verbal Critick. He is to his Author as a Quack to his Patients, the more they suffer and complain, the better he is pleas'd, like the famous Doctor of that sort, who put up in his bills, He delighted in matters of difficulty. Some-body said well of these men, that their heads were Libraries out of order

A Lumberhouse of Books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read
'But, where each Science lifts its modern Type,
Hist'ry her Pot, Divinity his Pipe,
While proud Philosophy repines to show
Dishonest sight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native Bronze, lo Henley stands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods, neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy strain,

105 — Lo! Henley stands, &c] 7 Henley, the Orator, he preach'd on the Sundays Theological matters, and on the Wednesdays upon all other sciences Each Auditor paid one shilling He declaim'd some years unpunish'd against the greatest persons, and occasionally did our author that honour Welsted, in Oratory Transactions, No I publish'd by Henley himself, gives the following account of him 'He was born at Melton Mowbry in Leicestershire From his own Parish school he went to St Yohn's College in Cambridge He began there to be uneasy, for it shock'd him to find he was commanded to believe against his judgment in points of Religion. Philosophy, &c for his genius leading him freely to dispute all propositions, and call all points to account, he was impatient under those fetters of the free-born mind ——Being admitted to Priest's orders, he found the examination very short and superficial, and that it was not necessary to conform to the Christian Religion in order either to Deaconship or Priesthood 'He came to Town, and after having for some years been a writer for Booksellers he had an ambition to be so for Ministers of State The only reason he did not rise in the Church we are told 'was the envy of others. and a disrelish entertain'd of him, because he was not qualify'd to be a compleat Spamel' However he offer'd the service of his pen, in one morning, to two Great men of opinions and interests directly opposite. by both of whom being rejected, he set up a new Project, and stiled himself the Restorer of ancient Eloquence He thought 'it as lawful to take a licence from the King and Parliament at one place, as another, at Hick s Hall, as at Doctors Commons, so set up his Oratory in Newport-Market, Butcher-Row There (says his friend) he had the assurance to form a Plan which no mortal ever thought of, he had success against all opposition. challenged his adversaries to fair disputations, and none would dispute with him, writ, read and studied twelve hours a day, compos'd three dissertations a week on all subjects, undertook to teach in one year what Schools and Universities teach in five, was not terrify'd by menaces, insults or satyrs, but still proceeded, matured his bold scheme, and put the Church and all that, in danger 'WELSTED, Narrative, in Orat Transact No 1

After having stood some Prosecutions, he turned his Rhetorick to Buffoonry upon all publick and private occurrences. All this passed in the same room, where sometimes he broke Jests, and sometimes that Bread which he call'd the Primitive Eucharist — This wonderful person struck Medals, which he dispersed as Tickets to his subscribers. The device, a Star rising to the Meridian, with this Motto, AD Summa, and below,

INVENIAM VIAM AUT FACIAM

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	415
While K * *, B * *, W * *, preach in vain Oh great Restorer of the good old Stage, Preacher at once, and Zany of thy Age! Oh worthy thou of Ægypt's wise abodes, A decent Priest, where monkeys were the Gods!	200
But Fate with Butchers plac'd thy priestly Stall, Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and mawl, And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praise, In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolston's days 'Thou too, great Woolston' here exalt thy throne,	205
And prove, no Miracles can match thy own 'Yet oh my sons' a father's words attend (So may the fates preserve the ears you lend) 'Tis yours, a Bacon, or a Locke to blame, A Newton's Genius, or a Seraph's flame	210
But O' with one, immortal One dispense, The source of Newton's Light, of Bacon's Sense! Content, each Emanation of his fires That beams on earth, each Virtue he inspires, Each Art he prompts, each Charm he can create,	215
What-e'er he gives, are giv'n for You to hate Persist, by all divine in Man un-aw'd, But learn, ye Dunces! not to scorn your God' Thus he, for then a ray of Reason stole Half thro' the solid darkness of his soul,	220
But soon the Cloud return'd—and thus the Sire 'See now, what Dulness and her sons admire, See! what the charms, that smite the simple heart Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art'	225

200 K^{**} , B^{**} , W^{**} (1 e White Kennett (1660–1728), Bishop of Peterborough, Rev James Bramston (1694?–1744), a minor poet of some distinction, and possibly Dr Robert Warren, whose sermons in three volumes were published in 1723 It would be rash to assume that Pope intends to praise any of them The line may be read as an encommum of fine preaching thrown away on unappreciative congregations, or a criticism of the ineffectiveness of their sermons See Dunciad B, iii 204n)

208 Of Toland and Tindal, see book 2 (1 367) Tho Woolston, an impious madman, who wrote in a most insolent style against the Miracles of the Gospel, in the years 1726, 27, &c

213 blame (perhaps 'to bring into disrepute, to discredit')

216 Newton's Light (1 e his enlightenment But Pope probably intended a secondary reference to Newton's famous researches on Optics Cf his epigram on Newton, p 808)

222 But learn, ye Dunces not to scorn your God] Virg En 6 (620) puts this precept into the mouth of a wicked man (Phlegias), as here

of a stupid one.

He look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise, Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war	230
Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth, Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth, A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball, Till one wide Conflagration swallows all Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,	235
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own Another Cynthia her new journey runs, And other planets circle other suns The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies,	240
And last, to give the whole creation grace, Lo¹ one vast Egg produces human race Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought 'What pow'r,' he cries, 'what pow'r these wonders wrought?'	245
'Son' what thou seek'st is in thee Look, and find Each monster meets his likeness in thy mind Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud, behold! Whose sarcenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold, A matchless youth His nod these worlds controuls, Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls	250

229 —a sable Sorc'rer] Dr Faustus, the subject of a set of Farces which lasted in vogue two or three seasons, in which both Play-houses strove to outdo each other in the years 1726, 27 All the extravagancies in the sixteen lines following were introduced on the Stage, and frequented by persons of the first quality in England to the twentieth and thirtieth time

233 Hell rises, &c] This monstrous absurdity was actually represented in Tibbald's Rape of Proserpine

240 And other planets | Virg Æn 6 (641)

----solemque suum, sua sydera norunt

242 Whales sport in woods, &c] Hor \(De Arte Poetica, 30 \)

Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum

244 Lo' one vast Egg] In another of these Farces Harlequan is hatch'd upon the Stage, out of a large Egg

247 Son' what thou seek'st is in thee]

Quod petis in te est—— Ne te quæsiveris extra Pers (Sat 17)

252 Wings the red lightning, &c] Like Salmoneus in Æn 6 (586, 590-1)

Dum flammas Jovis, & sonitus imitatur Olympi,
—Nimbos, & non imitabile fulmen,
Ære & cormpedum cursu simularat æquorum

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	417
Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher, Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease	255
Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease, And proud his mistress' orders to perform, Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm 'But lo! to dark encounter in mid air New wizards rise here Booth, and Cibber there	260
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd, On grinning dragons Cibber mounts the wind Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din, Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-Inn, Contending Theatres our empire raise,	265
Alike their labours, and alike their praise 'And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown? Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own For works like these let deathless Journals tell, "None but Thy self can be thy parallel"	270

254 ——o'er all unclassic ground] alludes to Mr Addison's verse in the praises of Italy (1 e A Letter from Italy, 11-12),

Poetic fields incompass me around, And still I seem to tread on Classic ground

As verse $\langle 259 \text{ and} \rangle$ 260 is a Parody on a noble one of the same Author in the Campaign $\langle 291-2 \rangle$, and verse 255, 256, on two sublime verses of Dr Y $\langle An$ Epistle to the Right Hon George Lord Lansdowne, by Edward Young, 467-8

Who the Sun's height can raise at pleasure higher, His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire >

257 Immortal Rich] Mr John Rich, Master of the Theatre in Lincolns Inn-Fields, was the first that excell'd this way

262 Booth and Cibber, two of the managers of the Theatre in Drury-Lane

272 None but thy self can be thy parallel] A marvellous line of Theobald, unless the Play call'd the Double Falshood be, (as he would have it believed) Shakespear's But whether this line be his or not, he proves Shakespear to have written as bad, (which methinks in an author for whom he has a Veneration almost rising to idolatry, might have been concealed) as for example,

Try what Repentance can What can it not?
But what can it, when one cannot repent?
——For Cogitation

Resides not in the Man who does not think &c Mist's Journ

It is granted they are all of a piece, and no man doubts but herein he is able to imitate Shakespear

272 The former Annotator seeming to be of opinion that the Double

Falshood is not Shakespear's, it is but justice to give Mr Theobald's Arguments to the contrary First that the MS was above sixty years old, secondly, that once Mr Betterton had it, or he hath heard so, thirdly, that some-body told him the author gave it to a bastard-daughter of his But fourthly and above all, 'that he has a great mind every thing that is good in our tongue should be Shakespeare's 'I allow these reasons to be truly critical, but what I am infinitely concern'd at is, that so many Errors have escaped the learned Editor a few whereof we shall here amend, out of a much greater number, as an instance of our regard to this dear Relick

ACT I SCENE I

I have his letters of a modern date,
Wherein by Julio, good Camillo's son
(Who as he says, [] shall follow hard upon,
And whom I with the growing hour [] expect)
He doth sollicit the return of gold,
To purchase certain horse that like him well

This place is corrupted the epithet good is a meer insignificant expletive, but the alteration of that single word restores a clear light to the whole context, thus,

I have his letters of a modern date, Wherein, by *July*, (by *Camillo's* son, Who, as he *saith*, shall follow hard upon, And whom I with the growing hours expect) He doth sollicit the return of gold

Here you have not only the *Person* specify'd, by whose hands the return was to be made, but the most necessary part, the *Time*, by which it was required *Camillo*'s son was to follow hard upon—What? Why upon *July*—Horse that like him well, is very absurd Read it, without contradiction,

----Horse, that he likes well

ACT I at the end

——I must stoop to gain her, Throw all my gay *Comparisons* aside, And turn my proud additions out of service

saith Henriquez of a maiden of low condition, objecting his high quality What have his Comparisons here to do? Correct it boldly,

Throw all my gay *Caparisons* aside, And turn my proud additions out of service

ACT 2 SCENE I

All the verse of this Scene is confounded with prose

—O that a man
Could reason down this *Feaver* of the blood,
Or sooth with words the tumult in his heart!
Then *Julio*, I might be undeed thy friend

Read—this fervor of the blood,

Then *Yulto* I might be in *deed* thy friend marking the just opposition of deeds and words

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	419
These, Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,	
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine	
In Lud's old walls, tho' long I rul'd renown'd,	275
Far, as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound,	
Tho' my own Aldermen conferr'd my bays,	
To me committing their eternal praise,	
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,	
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars	280
Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes,	
For writing pamphlets, and for burning Popes,	

ACT 4 SCENE 1

How his eyes shake fire !- said by Violante, observing how the lustful shepherd looks at her It must be, as the sense plainly demands,

-How his eyes take fire And measure every piece of youth about me!

Ibid That, tho' I wore disguises for some ends She had but one disguise, and wore it but for one end Restore it, with the alteration but of two letters,

That, tho' I were disguised for some end

ACT 4 SCENE 2

-To oaths no more give credit, To tears, to vows, false both '-

False Grammar I'm sure Both can relate but to two things And see! how easy a change sets it right!

To tears, to vows, false troth-

I could shew you that very word troth, in Shakespear a hundred times

Ib For there is nothing left thee now to look for, That can bring comfort, but a quiet grave

This I fear is of a piece with None but itself can be its parallel for the grave puts an end to all sorrow, it can then need no comfort Yet let us vindicate Shakespear where we can I make no doubt he wrote thus,

For there is nothing left thee now to look for, Nothing that can bring quiet, but the grave

Which reduplication of the word gives a much stronger emphasis to Violante's concern This figure is called Anadyplosis I could shew you a hundred just such in him, if I had nothing else to do SCRIBLERUS

(The reference to Anadyplosis is a saturical thrust at Theobald's pedantry he had mentioned this figure in Shakespeare Restored, p 13 The whole note is a parody of Theobald's editorial method and idiom > 280 Annual trophies, on the Lord Mayor's Day, and monthly wars, in

the Artillery Ground 281 The long my Party] Settle, like most Party-writers, was very uncertain in his political principles. He was employ'd to hold the pen in the Character of a Popish successor (1681), but afterwards printed his Narrative (1683) on the contrary side He had managed the Ceremony of a famous Pope-burning on Nov 17, 1680 then became a Trooper of

P A P ---P

(Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace The Goddess smiles on Whig and Tory race, 'Tis the same rope at sev'ral ends they twist, To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist) Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!	285
Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon	
Avert it, heav'n! that thou or Cibber e'er	
Should wag two serpent tails in Smithfield fair	290
Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets	
The needy Poet sticks to all he meets,	
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast,	
In the Dog's tail his progress ends at last	
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone,	295
Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on,	
Safe in its heaviness, can never stray,	
And licks up every blockhead in the way	
Thy dragons Magistrates and Peers shall taste,	
And from each show rise duller than the last	300
Till rais'd from Booths to Theatre, to Court,	_
Her seat imperial, Dulness shall transport	
Already, Opera prepares the way,	
The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway	
To aid her cause, if heav'n thou can'st not bend,	305

King James's army at Hounslow-heath After the Revolution he kept a Booth at Bartlemew-fair, where in his Droll call'd St George for England, he acted in his old age in a Dragon of green leather of his own invention. He was at last taken into the Charterhouse, and there dyed, aged about 60 years

283-84

——With equal grace
Our Goddess smiles on Wing and Tory race]

Virg Æn 10 (108, 112),

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo
—Rex Jupiter omnibus idem

286 To Dulness, Ridpath is as dear as Mist] George Ridpath, author for several years of the Flying-Post, a Whig-paper, Nathamel Mist, publisher of the Weekly Journal, a Tory-paper \langle For Ridpath, see ii 141n, for Mist, see i 194n \rangle

299 Magistrates and Peers] It stood in the first edition with blanks, Thy dragons ** and *** Concanen was sure, 'they must needs mean nobody but the King and Queen, and said he would insist it was so, till the Poet clear'd himself by filling up the blanks otherwise agreeably to the context, and consistent with his allegiance' Pref to a Collection of Verses, Essays, Letters, & against Mr P printed for A Moore, pag 6]

303 Opera (See Dunciad B, 1v 45-70 (p 769))
305 —If heav'n thou canst not bend, &c]
Virg Æn 7 (312)

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo

Hell thou shalt move, for Faustus is thy friend Pluto with Cato thou for her shalt join, And link the Mourning-Bride to Proserpine Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire. Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire 310 Another Æschylus appears! prepare For new Abortions, all ve pregnant Fair! In flames, like Semeles, be brought to bed, While opening Hell spouts wild-fire at your head 'Now Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow, 315 And place it here! here all ve Heroes bow! This, this is He, foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times Beneath his reign, shall Eusden wear the bays,

307 —Faustus is thy friend, Pluto with Cato, & c] Names of miserable Farces of Tibbald and others, which it was their custom to get acted at the end of the best Tragedies, to spoil the digestion of the audience (Congreve's The Mourning Bride, 1697, Addison's Cato, 1713 See iii 229n) 310 —ensure it but from fire] In Tibbald's Farce of Proserpine a Cornfield was set on fire, whereupon the other Playhouse had a Barn burnt down for the recreation of the spectators They also rival'd each other in showing the Burnings of Hell-fire, in Dr Faustus (Cf 1 208n)

311 Another Æschylus appears &c] It is reported of Æschylus, that when his Tragedy of the Furies was acted, the audience were so terrify'd that the children fell into fits, and the big-bellied women miscarried Tibbald is translating this author he printed a specimen of him many years ago, of which I only remember that the first Note contains some comparison between Prometheus and Christ crucify'd

313 —Like Semeles—] See Ovid, Met 3 317 This, this is he, &c] Virg Æn 6 <791-4>

> Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti sæpius audis, Augustus Cæsar, divum genus, aurea condet Sæcula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva Sæturno quondam——

Saturian here relates to the age of Lead, mention'd book 1 ver 26
319 Eusden wear the bays] Laurence Eusden, Poet-Laureate Mr Jacob
gives a catalogue of some few only of his works, which were very numerous Mr Cook in his Battle of Poets saith of him,

Eusden, a laurel'd Bard, by fortune rais'd, By very few was read, by fewer prais'd

Mr Oldmuxon in his Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, p 413, 414 affirms, "That of all the Galimatia's he ever met with, none comes up to some verses of this Poet, which have as much of the Ridiculum and the Fustian in 'em as can well be jumbled together, and are of that sort of nonsense which so perfectly confounds all Ideas, that there is no distinct one left in the mind Further he says of him, that he hath prophesy'd his own poetry shall be sweeter than Catullus, Ovid, and Tibullus, but we have little hope of the accomplishment of it from what he hath lately publish'd' Upon which Mr Oldmuxon has not spar'd a reflection, "That the putting

Cibber preside Lord-Chancellor of Plays, B * * sole Judge of Architecture sit, And Namby Pamby be prefer'd for Wit!

the Laurel on the head of one who writ such verses, will give futurity a very lively idea of the Judgment and Justice of those who bestow'd it' Ibid \$\phi\$ 417 But the well-known learning of that Noble Person who was then Lord Chamberlain, might have screen'd him from this unmannerly reflection \(\)Eusden's appointment (Dec 24, 1718) was due to the Duke of Newcastle, then Lord Chamberlain \(\) Mr \(Eusden \) was made \(Laureate \) for the same reason that Mr \(Tibbald \) was made \(Hero \) of This Poem, because there was \(no \) better to \(be \) had \(Nor \) ought Mr \(Oldmixon \) to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would better have become his own brows, or any other's It were decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of \(Buckingham \) upon this matter

—In rush'd Eusden, and cry'd, Who shall have it, But I the true Laureate to whom the King gave it? Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim, But vow'd, that till then he ne'er heard of his name Session of P.

I have before observ'd something like Prophesy in our Author Eusden, whom he here couples with Cibber, no sooner died but his place of Laureate was supply'd by Cibber, in the year 1730, on which was made the ensuing Epigram

In merry old England it once was a rule, The King had his Poet, and also his Fool But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it, That C**r can serve both for Fool and for Poet

320 Lord-Chancellor of Plays (As one of the three patentees of Drurs Lane, Cibber was in a position to accept or refuse new plays submitted for performance)

321 B** sole judge of Architecture] W—m B—ns—n (late Surveyor of the Buildings to his Majesty King George I) gave in a report to the Lords, that Their House and the Painted Chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling Whereupon the Lords met in a Committee to appoint some other place to sit in, while the House should be taken down But it being proposed to cause some other Builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition The Lords, upon this, were going upon an address to the King against B—ns—n, for such a misrepresentation, but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been Architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who laid the first stone of St Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displac'd from his employment at the age of near ninety years (For Benson, see Dunciad B, iv 110 (p 772))

322 And Namby Pamby] An author (1 e Ambrose Philips) whose eminence in the Infantine stile obtain'd him this name. He was (saith Mr JACOB) one of the Wits at Button's, and a Justice of the Peace' But since he hath met with higher preferment, in Ireland and a much greater character we have of him in Mr GILDON's Compleat Art of Poetry, vol I p 157 'Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with Virgil, lest it should seem Flattery but he is much mistaken if

While naked mourns the Dormitory wall, And Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall, While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends, Gay dies un-pension'd with a hundred Friends,

325

posterity does not afford him a greater esteem then he at present enjoys' This is said of his Pastorals, of which see in the Appendix the Guardian, at large He endeavour'd to create some mis-understanding between our author and Mr Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much His constant cry was, that Mr P was an Enemy to the government, and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a Party-paper call'd the Examiner A falshood well known to those yet living, who had the direction and publication of it

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roy, Et n'a, (selon Cotin,) ni Dieu, ni Foy, ni Loy

323 Dormstory wall The Dormstory in Westminster was a building intended for the lodging of the King's Scholars, toward which a sum was left by Dr Edw Hames, the rest was raised by contributions procured from several eminent persons by the interest of Francis late Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster He requested the Earl of Burlington to be the Architect, who carry'd on the work till the Bill against that learned Prelate was brought in, which ended in his banishment The shell being finished according to his Lordship's design, the succeeding Dean and Chapter employ'd a common builder to do the inside, which is perform'd accordingly

324 Jones' and Boyle's united labours] At the time when this Poem was written, the Banquetting-house of Whitehall, the Church and Piazza of Covent-garden, and the Palace and Chappel of Somerset house, the works of the famous Inigo Jones, had been for many years so neglected, as to be in danger of ruin The Portico of Covent-garden Church had been just then (1727) restored and beautify'd at the expence of Richard (Boyle) Earl of Burlington, who, at the same time, by his publication of the designs of that great Master and Palladio, as well as by many noble buildings of his own, revived the true Taste of Architecture in this Kingdom (In 1727 William Kent (1684–1748) published, with he assistance of Burlington, Designs of Inigo Jones This work included one design by Palladio, and a few by Burlington In 1730 Burlington brought out an edition of Palladio's Fabbriche Antiche)

326 Gay dies un-pension'd, &c] See Mr Gay's Fable of the Hare and Many Friends This gentleman was early in the friendship of our author, which has continued many years He wrote several works of humour with great success, the Shepherd's Week, Trivia, the What d'ye call it, &c (printed together in 4° by J Tonson) Fables, and lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera, a piece of Satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest Quality to the very Rabble That verse of

Horace (Sat II 1 69)

Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,

could never be so justly applied as to this The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible What is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient Music or Tragedy hardly came up to it Sophocles and Euripides were less follow'd and famous It was acted in London sixty-three days, uninterrupted, and renew'd the next season with equal

Hibernian Politicks, O Swift, thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome
'Proceed great days' till Learning fly the shore,
Till Birch shall blush with noble blood no more,
Till Thames see Eton's sons for ever play,
Till Westminster's whole year be holiday,
Till Isis' Elders reel, their Pupils' sport,
And Alma Mater lye dissolv'd in Port!
'Signs following signs lead on the Mighty Year,
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear
She comes! the Cloud-compelling Pow'r, behold!
With Night Primæval, and with Chaos old

applauses It spread into all the great towns of England, was play'd in many places to the 30th, and 40th time, at Bath and Bristol 50, &c It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed 24 days together It was lastly acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confin'd to the author only, the Ladies carry'd about with 'em the favourite songs of it in Fans, and houses were furnish'd with it in Screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the town, her Pictures were ingraved and sold in great numbers, her Life written, books of Letters and Verses to her publish'd, and pamphlets made even of her Sayings and Jests (Lavinia Fenton (1708-60), the actress who played the part of Polly, became the mistress, and, in 1751, the wife, of Charles Paulet, third Duke of Bolton)

Furthermore, it drove out of *England* the *Italian Opera*, which had carry'd all before it for ten years. That Idol of the Nobility and the people, which the great Critick Mr. *Dennis* by the labours and outcries of a whole life could not overthrow, was demolish'd in one winter by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This remarkable period happen'd in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the

editions of it this Motto, Nos hac novimus esse nihil

327 Hibernian politicks] The Politicks of England and Ireland at this time were thought by some to be opposite or interfering with each other Dr Swift of course was in the interests of the latter <The 'Drapier

Letters' were published in 1724 Cf 1 24n >

328 And Pope's, translating] He concludes his Irony with a stroke upon himself. For whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person is greatly mistaken. The opinion our author had of him was sufficiently shown, by his joining him in the undertaking of the Odyssey in which Mr Broome having ingaged without any previous agreement, discharged his part so much to Mr Pope's satisfaction, that he gratified him with the full sum of Five hundred pounds, and a present of all those books for which his own interest could procure him Subscribers, to the value of One hundred more. The author only seems to lament, that he was imploy'd in Translation at all

329 Proceed great days] Virg Ecl 4 (12),

---Incipient magni procedere menses

337, &c She comes! the Cloud-compelling pow'r, behold! &c] Here the Muse, like Jove's Eagle, after a sudden stoop at ignoble game, soareth again to the skies As Prophecy hath ever been one of the chief provinces

THE DUNCIAD VARIORUM BOOK III	425
Lo! the great Anarch's ancient reign restor'd, Light dies before her uncreating word	240
As one by one, at dread Medæa's strain,	340
The sick'ning Stars fade off th' æthereal plain,	
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand opprest,	
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest	
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,	345
Art after Art goes out, and all 18 Night	0.5
See sculking Truth in her old cavern lye,	
Secur'd by mountains of heap'd casuistry	
Philosophy, that touch'd the Heavens before,	
Shrinks to her hidden cause, and is no more	350
See Physic beg the Stagyrite's defence!	
See Metaphysic call for aid on Sence!	
See Mystery to Mathematicks fly	
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die	
Thy hand great Dulness! lets the curtain fall,	35 <i>5</i>

of Poesy, our poet here foretells from what we feel, what we are to fear, and in the style of other Prophets, hath used the future tense for the preterit since what he says shall be, is already to be seen, in the writings of some even of our most adored authors, in Divinity, Philosophy, Physics, Metaphysics, &c (who are too good indeed to be named in such company) Do not gentle reader, rest too secure in thy contempt of the Instruments for such a revolution in learning, or despise such weak agents as have been described in our poem, but remember what the Dutch stories somewhere relate, that a great part of their Provinces was once overflow'd, by a small opening made in one of their dykes by a single Water-Rat

However, that such is not seriously the judgment of our Poet, but that he conceiveth better hopes from the diligence of our Schools, from the regularity of our Universities, the discernment of our Great men, the encouragement of our Patrons, and the genius of our Writers in all kinds, notwithstanding some few exceptions in each) may plainly be seen from his conclusion, where by causing all this Vision to pass thro' the *Ivory Gate*, he expressly in the language of poesy declares all such imaginations

to be wild, ungrounded, and fictitious

SCRIBLERUS

343 As Argus' eyes &c] Ovid Met 1 (686-7, 713-14)

Et quamvis sopor est oculorum parte receptus,
Parte tamen vigilat—Vidit Cyllenius omnes
Succubuisse oculos, &c 1bid

347 Truth in her old cavern lye] Alludes to the saying of Democritus, that Truth lay at the bottom of a deep well

351 See Physic &c (Physic = natural science)

353 Mystery (In its theological sense 'a religious truth known only from divine revelation, usually a doctrine of the faith involving difficulties which human reason is incapable of solving')

'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd Monarch cries, And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies

358 And thro' the Ivory Gate the Vision flies] Virg En 6 (893–6)
Sunt geminæ somm portæ, quarum altera fertur
Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris,
Altera, candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
Sed falsa ad cælum mittunt insomma manes

M Scriblerus Lectori

The Errata of this Edition we thought (gentle reader) to have trusted to thy candor and benignity, to correct with thy pen, as accidental Faults escaped the press But seeing that certain Censors do give to such the name of Corruptions of the Text and false Readings, charge them on the Editor, and judge that correcting the same is to be called Restoring, and an Atchievement that brings Honour to the Critic, we have in like manner taken it upon ourselves

Book 1 Verse 8 E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rers head E'er is the contraction of ever, but that is by no means the sense in this place Correct it, without the least scruple, E're, the contraction of or-ere, an old English word for before What Ignorance of our mother tongue!

Verse 6 Still Dunce [] second reigns like Dunce the first Read infallibly, still Dunce the second—Want of knowledge in the very Measure!

Verse 23, 24 ——tho' her power retires,

Grieve not at ought our sister realms acquire

Read,—our sister realm acquires Want of Ear even in Rhime!

Verse 38 ——Lintot's rubric's post Read, rubric post I am aware, there is such a Substantive as Rubric, The Rubric, but here (I can assure the Editor) it is an Adjective

Verse 189 Remarks G'est le mem quem Mare (Marc) Tulle Correct it boldly, le meme que Mare (Marc) Tulle Ignorance in the French!

Book 11 verse 79 Imitations — Terrasque fretamque Read fretumque, Neut Unskilfulness in Latin'

Ibid verse 88—qεε δ' 'Αμβροτον, correct the Accents thus, ξέε δ' 'Αμβροτον—περγε, Corr πέρ τε Want of understanding in Greek!

Book 1 verse 258 Rem Tenderness for a bad writer, read the bad writers Plur False English No Relative!

Verse 197 Rem *Incensa* [,] make it a plain Comma, [,] a strange sort of Punctuation this, [,] invented sure by the Editor!

Verse 208 Imit Uc, alegon Monstrous Division! away with that

Book 11 verse 369 Leave out these words—When he came into the Administration, For these Gentlemen never write against any man in power This betrays great want of knowledge in Authors!

After so shameful ignorance in Greek, Latin, French, English, Quantity, Accent, Rhyme, Grammar, we cannot wonder at such Errors as the following Book 1 verse 101 Rem for 254, read 258 and for 300, read 281—Book 11 verse 75, for Here r Hear, Verse 118 Rem col 2 for Libel, read silly book, it deserves not the name of a Libel Verse 251, for Courts of Chancery r Offices, for those Courts r that Court, and for them r 1t Verse 317 for sacred r secret Book 111 verse 46 Imit for hederam r hederam Verse 56 for run forward r rush forward We must also observe the careless manner of spelling sometimes Satyr, sometimes Satire, in the Notes, probably from the different Orthography of the various Annotators, however no excuse for the Editor, who ought constantly to have spelled it Satire

In our Prolegomena likewise, pag 12 line 6 where it is said, certain Verses were never made publick till by Curl their own Bookseller, Correct and strengthen the passage thus, never made publick till in their own Journals, and by Curl their own Bookseller, &c But this, gentle reader, be so candid as to believe the Error only of the Printer

Vale & fruere

Errata

M SCRIBLERUS LECTORI

We should think (gentle Reader) that we but ill perform'd our Part, if we corrected not as well our own Errours now, as formerly those of the Printer Since what moved us to this Work, was solely the Love of Truth, not in the least any Vain-glory, or Desire to contend with Great Authors And farther, our Mistakes we conceive will the rather be pardoned, as scarce possible to be avoided in writing of such Persons and Works as do ever shun the Light However, that we may not any way soften or extenuate the same, we give them thee in the very Words of our Antagonists not defending, but retracting them from our heart, and craving excuse of the Parties offended For surely in this Work, it hath been above all things our desire, to provoke no Man

ERROUR I Testimonies, page 35 (42) Mr Gildon and Dennis in their Character of Mr P— &c] Hear how Mr Dennis hath prov'd

our Mistake in this place 'As to my writing in concert with Mr Gildon, I declare upon the word and honour of a Gentleman, that I never wrote so much as one Line in concert with any one Man whatsoever, and these two Letters from Mr Gildon will plainly show, that we are not Writers in concert with each other

Sir,—The height of my Ambition is to please Men of the best Judgment, and finding that I have entertain'd my Master agreeably, I have the Extent of the Reward of my Labour, &c

Sir, I had not the opportunity of hearing your excellent Pamphlet 'till this Day, I am infinitely satisfied and pleas'd with it, and hope you will meet with that Encouragement which your admirable Performance deserves, &c CH GILDON

'Now is it not plain, that any one who sends such Compliments to another, has not been us'd to write in *Partnership* with him to whom he sends them?' [Dennis's *Remarks on the Dunciad*, pag 50] Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this Piece to himself

ERROUR II Book I Note on Verse 200 Edward Ward has of late kept a publick House in the City.] The said Edward Ward declares this to be a great Falsity, protesting, that 'He selleth Port, neither is his publick House in the City, but in Moor-Fields' [Ward in the Notes on Apollo's Maggot, 8vo.]

ERROUR III Book I Verse 240 Ozell | Mr facob's Character of Mr Ozell, seems vastly short of his Merits, and he ought to have further Justice done him, having since fully confuted all Sarcasms on his Learning and Genius, by an Advertisement of Sept 20, 1729 in a Paper call'd the Weekly Medley, &c 'As to my Learning, this envious Wretch knew, and every body knows, that the whole Bench of Bishops, not long ago, were pleas'd to give me a Purse of Guneas, for discovering the erroneous Translations of the Common-Prayer in Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian, &c As for my Genius, let Mr Cleland shew better Verses in all Pope's Works than Ozell's Version of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord Halifax was so pleas'd with, that he complimented him with Leave to dedicate it to him, &c &c Let him show better and truer Poetry in the Rape of the Locke, than in Ozell's Rape of the Bucket, (la Secchia rapita) which, because an ingenious Author happen'd to mention in the same breath with Pope's, viz Let Ozell sing the Bucket, Pope the Lock, the little Gentleman had like to run mad -And Mr Toland and Mr Gildon publickly declar'd, Ozell's Translation of Homer to be, as it was prior, so likewise superior to Pope's — Surely, surely, every Man is free to deserve well of his Country! TOHN OZELL'

We cannot but subscribe to such Reverend Testimonies, as those of the Bench of Bishops, Mr Toland, and Mr Gildon

ERROUR IV Book 2 Note on Verse 3 Edm Curll stood in the Pillory at Charing-Cross, in March $172\frac{7}{8}$] 'This, saith Edm Curll, is a false Assertion,—'I had indeed the Corporal punishment of what the Gentlemen of the Long Robe are pleas'd jocosely to call, mounting the Rostrum, for one Hour but that Scene of Action was not in the Month of March, but in February' [Curliad 12° pag 19]

ERROUR V Book 2 Note on Verse 143 The History of Curl's being tost in a Blanket] 'Here, quoth Curl, ibid pag 25 Scriblerus' Thou leesest in what thou assertest, concerning a Blanket It was not a Blanket, but a Rug'

ERROUR VI Book 3 Note on Verse 147 Goode writ a Satyr on our Author, call'd the Mock Æsop] 'Bar Goode maketh Oath, with most solemn Protestation, that herein he is greatly wronged, and wisheth the most heavy Curses to fall on himself and his Family, if ever he wrote any such thing

Jurat coram nos,

J Dennis, D Mallet, R Savage'

We find this to be true, for the Satyr he writ, was call'd not Mock Esop, but Mack Esop

ERROUR VII Book 3 Ver 149

Jacob, The Scourge of Grammar, mark with awe,

Nor less revere him Blunderbuss of Law]

There may seem some Error in these Verses, Mr Jacob having proved our Author to have a Respect for him, by this undeniable Argument 'He had once a Regard for my Judgment, otherwise he would never have subscribed Two Guineas to me, for one small Book in Octavo' [Jacob's Letter to Dennis, in his Remarks on the Dunciad, pag 49] Therefore I should think the Appellation of Blunderbuss to Mr Jacob, like that of Thunderbolt to Scipio, was meant in his Honour

Mr Dennus argues the same way 'My Writings having made great Impression on the Minds of all sensible Men, Mr P— repented, and to give proof of his Repentance, subscribed to my Two Volumes of select Works—and afterwards to my Two Volumes of Letters' [Ibid pag 40] We should hence believe, the Name of Mr Dennus hath also crept into this Poem by some Mistake From hence, gentle Reader! thou may'st beware, when thou givest to such Authors, not to flatter thy self that thy Motives are Good Nature or Charity But whereas Mr Dennus adds, that a Letter which our Author writ to him, was also in acknowledgment of that Repentance,

in this surely he erreth, for the said Letter was but a civil Answer to one of his own, whereby it should seem that he himself was first touch'd with Repentance, and with some Guineas

SIR, April 29, 1721
As you have subscrib'd for two of my Books, I have order'd them to be left for you at Mr Congreve's Lodgings As most of those Letters were writ during the Time that I was so unhappy as to be in a State of War with you, I was forced to main and mangle at least ten of them, that no Footsteps might remain of that Quarrel I particularly left out about half the Letter which was writ upon publishing the Paper call'd the Guardian

I am, SIR,
Your most obedient,
Humble Servant,
IOHN DENNIS

Appendix

I PREFACE PREFIX'D TO THE FIVE IMPERFECT EDITIONS OF THE DUNCIAD, PRINTED AT DUBLIN AND LONDON, IN OCTAVO & DUOD

(a) THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER

It will be found a true observation, tho' somewhat surprizing, that when any scandal is vented against a man of the highest distinction and character, either in the State or in Literature, the publick in general afford it a most quiet reception, and the larger part accept

(a) The Publisher] Who he was is uncertain, but Edward Ward tells us in his Preface to Durgen, that 'most Judges are of opinion this Preface is not of English Extraction but Hiberman, &c' He means Dr Swift, who whether Publisher or not, may be said in a sort to be Author of the Poem For when He, together with Mr *Pope*, (for reasons specify'd in their Preface to the Miscellanies) determin'd to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remain d in their power, the first sketch of this poem was snatch'd from the fire by Dr Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore Inscribed But the occasion of printing it was as follows There was publish'd in those Miscellanies, a Treatise of the Bathos, or Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a Chapter, where the Species of bad Writers were rang'd in Classes, and initial Letters of Names prefix'd, for the most part at random But such was the number of Poets eminent in that Art, that some one or other took every Letter to himself All fell into so violent a furv, that for half a year or more the common News-Papers (in most of which they had some Property, as being hired Writers) were filled with the most abusive Falshoods and Scurrilities they could possibly devise A Liberty in no way to be wonder'd at in those People, and in those Papers, that, for many years during the uncontrolled License of the Press, had aspersed almost

it as favourably as if it were some kindness done to themselves Whereas if a known scoundrel or blockhead chance but to be touch'd upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cause of all Scriblers, Booksellers, and Printers whatsoever

Not to search too deeply into the Reason hereof, I will only observe as a Fact, that every week for these two Months past, the town has been persecuted with (b) Pamphlets, Advertisements, Letters, and weekly Essays, not only against the Wit and Writings, but against the Character and Person of Mr Pope And that of all those men who have received pleasure from his Writings (which by modest computation may be about a (c) hundred thousand in these Kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention, Jersey, Guernsey, the Orcades, those in the New world, and Foreigners who have translated him into their languages) of all this number, not a man hath stood up to say one word in his defence

The only exception is the (d) Author of the following Poem, who doubtless had either a better insight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr Pope's integrity, join'd with a greater personal love for him, than any other of his numerous friends and admirers

Further, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private Authors of all the

all the great Characters of the Age, and this with Impunity, their own Persons and Names being utterly secret and obscure This gave Mr Pope the Thought, that he had now some Opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light these common Enemies of Mankind, since to invalidate this universal Slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it He was not without hopes, that by manifesting the Duliness of those who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Booksellers would not find their Account in employing them, or the Men themselves, when discovered, want Courage to proceed in so unlawful an occupation This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad, and he thought it an happiness, that by the late Flood of Slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar right over their Names as was necessary to his Design

(b) Pamphlets, Advertisements, &c] See the List of these anonymous

papers with their dates and Authors thereunto annexed No 2

(c) About a hundred thousand] It is surprizing with what stupidity this Preface, which is almost a continued Irony, was taken by these Authors This passage among others they understood to be serious. Hear the Laureate (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9) "Though I grant the Duncad a better Poem of its kind than ever was writ, yet, when I read it with those vanglorious encumbrances of Notes and Remarks upon it, &c—it is amazing, that you, who have writ with such masterly spirit upon the ruling Passion, should be so blind a slave to your own, as not to see how far a low avarice of Praise, &c (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others, were the author's own)

(d) The Author of the following Poem, &c] A very plain Irony, speaking

of Mr Pope himself

anonymous pieces against him, and from his having in this Poem attacked (e) no man living, who had not before printed or published some scandal against this particular Gentleman

How I became possest of it, is of no concern to the Reader, but it would have been a wrong to him, had I detain'd this publication since those *Names* which are its chief ornaments, die off daily so fast, as must render it too soon unintelligible. If it provoke the Author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end

Who he is, I cannot say, and (which is great pity) there is certainly (f) nothing in his style and manner of writing, which can distinguish, or discover him. For if it bears any resemblance to that of Mr P 'tis not improbable but it might be done on purpose, with a view to have it pass for his. But by the frequency of his allusions to Virgil, and a labor'd (not to say affected) shortness in imitation of him, I should think him more an admirer of the Roman Poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the same taste with his Friend

I have been well inform'd, that this work was the labour of full (g) six years of his life, and that he retired himself entirely from all the avocations and pleasures of the world, to attend diligently to its correction and perfection, and six years more he intended to bestow upon it, as it should seem by this verse of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manuscript

Oh mihi bissenos multum vigilata per annos,

(h) Duncia!

(e) The Publisher in these words went a little too far but it is certain whatever Names the Reader finds that are unknown to him, are of such and the exception is only of two or three, whose dulness or scurrility all mankind agree to have justly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad

(f) There is certainly nothing in his Style, &c] This Irony had small effect in concealing the Author The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publish'd two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr Pope

(g) The Labour of full six years, &c] This also was honestly and seriously believ'd, by divers of the Gentlemen of the Dunciad J. Ralph, Pref to Sawney, 'We are told it was the labour of six years, with the utmost assiduity and application. It is no great compliment to the Author's sense, to have employed so large a part of his Life, &c' So also Ward, Pref to Durg 'The Dunciad, as the Publisher very wisely confesses, cost the Author six years retirement from all the pleasures of life, to but half finish his abusive undertaking—tho' it is somewhat difficult to conceive, from either its Bulk or Beauty, that it cou'd be so long in hatching, &c But the length of time and closeness of application were mentioned to prepossess the reader with a good opinion of it'

Nevertheless the Prefacer to Mr Curl's Key (a great Critick) was of a

different sentiment, and thought it might be written in six days

It is to be hoped they will as well understand, and write as gravely upon what Scriblerus hath said of this Poem

(h) The same learned Prefacer took this word to be really in Statius

Hence also we learn the true *Title* of the Poem, which with the same certainty as we call that of *Homer* the *Iliad*, of *Virgil* the *Eneid*, of *Camoens* the *Lusiad*, of *Voltaire* the *Henriad* (1), we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other, than

THE DUNCIAD

It is styled *Heroic*, as being *doubly* so, not only with respect to its nature, which according to the Best Rules of the Ancients and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such, but also with regard to the Heroical disposition and high courage of the Writer, who dar'd to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals

The time and date of the Action is evidently in the last reign, when the office of City Poet expir'd upon the death of Elkanah Settle, and he has fix'd it to the Mayoralty of Sir Geo Thorold ¹ But there may arise some obscurity in Chronology from the Names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some Authors, and insertion of others, in their Niches For whoever will consider the Unity of the whole design, will be sensible, that the Poem was not made for these Authors, but these Authors for the Poem And I should judge they were clapp'd in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and chang'd from day to day, in like manner as when the old boughs wither, we thrust new ones into a chimney

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious, if he cannot decypher them, since when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the Persons than before

Yet we judg'd it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for *fictitious names*, by which the Satyr would only be multiplied, and applied to many instead of one Had the Hero, for instance, been called *Codrus*, how many would have affirm'd him to be Mr W—— Mr D—— Sir R—— B——, &c but now, all that unjust scandal is saved, by calling him *Theobald*, which by good luck happens to be the name of a real person

I am indeed aware, that this name may to some appear too *mean*, for the Hero of an Epic Poem but it is hoped, they will alter that opinion, when they find, that an Author no less eminent than *la Bruyere* has thought him worthy a place in his Characters

Voudriez vous, THEOBALDE, que je crusse que vous êtes baisse? que vous n'êtes plus Poete, m bel esprit? que vous êtes presentement

By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the Dunciad is formed,' pag 3 Mr Ward also follows him in the same opinion

⁽¹⁾ The Henriad The French Poem of Monsieur Voltaire, entitled La Henriade, had been publish'd at London the year before

¹ Thorold (Cf A 1 88n, 83n)

aussi mauvais Juge de tout genre d'Ouvrage, que mechant Auteur? Votre air libre & presumptueux me rassure, & me persuade tout le contraire, & Characteres, Vol I de la Societe & de la Conversation, pag 176 Edit Amst 1720

II A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES, IN WHICH OUR AUTHOR WAS ABUSED, PRINTED BEFORE THE PUBLICATION OF THE DUNCIAD WITH THE TRUE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS

Reflections Critical and Satyrical on a late Rhapsody called an Essay on Criticism By Mr Dennis Printed for B Lintot Price 6d

A New Rehearsal, or Bays the Younger, Containing an Examen of Mr Rowe's Plays, and a word or two upon Mr Pope's Rape of the Locke Anon [Charles Gildon] Printed for J Roberts, 1714 Price 1s

Homerides, or a Letter to Mr Pope, occasion'd by his intended Translation of Homer By Sir Iliad Doggrel [T Burnet and G Ducket Esquires] Printed for W Wilkins, 1715, Price 6d

Asop at the Bear-garden A Vision in imitation of the Temple of Fame By Mr Preston Sold by John Morphew, 1715 Price 6d

The Catholic Poet, or Protestant Barnaby's sorrowful Lamentation, a Ballad about Homer's Iliad [by Mrs Genthure and others] 1715 Price 1d

An Epilogue to a Puppet-show at Bath, concerning the said Iliad, by George Ducket Esq., Printed by E Curl

A compleat Key to the What-d'ye-call-it, Anon [Mr Th-] Printed for § Roberts, 1715

A true character of Mr Pope and his Writings, in a Letter to a Friend, Anon [Messieurs Gildon and Dennis] Printed for S Popping, 1716 Price 3d

The Confederates, a Farce By Joseph Gay [J D Breval] Printed for R Burleigh, 1717 Price 1s

Remarks upon Mr Pope's Translation of Homer, with two Letters concerning the Windsor Forrest and the Temple of Fame By Mr Dennis Printed for E Curl, 1717 Price 1s 6d

Satires on the Translators of Homer, Mr P and Mr T Anon [Bez Morris] 1717 Price 6d

The Triumvirate, or a Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath Anon [Leonard Welsted] Price is 1718 Folio

The Battle of Poets, a Heroic Poem [By Tho Cooke] Printed for J Roberts Folio 1725

Memoirs of Lilliput, Anon [Mrs Ehz Haywood] 8° Printed 1727

An Essay on Criticism, in Prose, by the Author of the Critical History of England [f Oldmixon] 80 1728

Gulliveriana, and Alexandriana With an ample Preface and Critique on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies [By Jonathan Smedley] Printed for J Roberts 8° 1728 Advertised before the publication of the Dunciad in the Daily Journal, April 13 1728

Characters of the Times, or an Account of the Writings, Characters, &c of several Gentlemen libell'd by S— and P— in a late Miscellany, 8° 1728 [C—l and W—d $]^{1}$

Remarks on Mr Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend [By Mr Dennis] Written in 1714, tho' not printed till 1728 8°

Verses, Letters, Essays, or Advertisements in the publick Prints

British Journal, Nov 25, 1727 A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miscellanies [Writ by Concanen]

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728 A Letter by Philomauri [James Moore Smyth]

Id March 29 A Letter about Thersites and accusing the Author of Disaffection to the Government [James Moore Smyth]

Mist's Weekly Journal, March 30 An Essay on the Arts of a Poets sinking in reputation, Or a supplement to the Art of sinking in Poetry [supposed by Mr Theobald]

Daily Journal, April 3 A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto [by James Moore Smyth]

Flying-Post, April 4 A Letter against Gulliver and Mr P [Mr Oldmixon]

Daily Journal, April 5 An Auction of Goods at Twickenham, [by f Moore Smyth]

Flying-Post April 6 A Fragment of a Treatise upon Swift and Pope, [by Mr Oldmxon]

The Senator, April 9 On the same, [by Edward Roome]

Daily Journal, April 8 Advertisement [by James Moore Smyth]
Daily Journal, April 9 Letter and Verses against Dr Swift,
[by ** Esq.]

Flying-Post, April 13 Verses against the same, and against Mr P—'s Homer, [by f Oldmxon]

Daily Journal, April 16 Verses on Mr P [by ** Esq,]

Id April 23 Letter about a Translation of the character of Thersites in Homer, [3-D-, &c]

Mist's Weekly Journal, April 27 A Letter of Lews Theobald Daily Journal, May 11 A Letter against Mr P at large, Anon [John Dennis]

^{1 (1} e Curll and Welsted See A 1 240 and 111 163n, pp 369, 410)

All these were afterwards reprinted in a Pamphlet entitled, A collection of all the Verses, Essays, Letters and Advertisements occasion'd by *Pope* and *Swift*'s Miscellanies Prefaced by *Concanen*, Anonymous 8° Printed for *A Moore*, 1728 Price 1s Others of an elder date, having layn as waste paper many years, were upon the publication of the Dunciad brought out, and their Authors betrayed by the mercenary Booksellers (in hope of some possibility of vending a few) by advertising them in this manner—*The Confederates*, a Farce by Capt *Breval*, (for which he is *put into the Dunciad*) An *Epilogue to Powel's Puppetshow*, by Col *Ducket*, (for which he is *put into the Dunciad*) Essays, &c by Sir Rich Blackmore NB It is for a passage in pag — of this book that Sir Richard was put into the Dunciad) And so of others

AFTER THE DUNCIAD, 1728

An Essay on the Dunciad, 8° Printed for J Roberts [In this book, pag 9 it was formally declared 'That the complaint of the aforesaid Pieces, Libels, and Advertisements, was forged and untrue, that all mouths had been silent except in Mr Pope's praise, and nothing against him publish'd, but, by Mr Theobald' Price 6d

Sawney, in blank Verse, occasion'd by the Dunciad, with a Critique on that Poem [By *f Ralph*, a person never mention'd in it at first, but inserted after this] Printed for *f Roberts* 8° Price Is

A compleat Key to the Dunciad, by E Curl 12° Price 6d A second and third Edition of the same, with Additions 12° The Popiad, by E Curl, extracted from J Dennis, Sir R Blackmore, &c 12° Price 6d

The Curliad, by the same E Curl

The Female Dunciad, collected by the same Mr Curl 12° Price 6d With the Metamorphosis of P— into a stinging Nettle, [by Mr Foxton] 12°

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus, [by J Smedley] Printed for A Moore Folio Price 6d

The Dunciad dissected, or Farmer P and his Son, by Curl 12°

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present time, said to be writ by a Gentleman of C C C Oxon Printed for J Roberts, 80

The Arts of Logic and Rhetorick, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflections, &c [by John Oldmixon] 8°

Remarks on the Dunciad, by Mr Dennis, Dedicated to Mr Theobald 8°

A Supplement to the Profund, Anon [By Matthew Concanen] 8°

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8 A long Letter sign'd W A [Dennis, Theobald, and others]

Daily Journal, June 11 A Letter sign'd Philoscriblerus, on the name of Pope—Letter to Mr Theobald in Verse, sign'd B M against Mr P—Many other little Epigrams about this time in the same papers, [by James Moore and others]

Mist's Journal, June 22 A Letter by Lewis Theobald

Flying-Post, August 8 Letter on Pope and Swift

Daily Journal, August 8 Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with Treason

Durgen, A plain Satyr on a pompous Satyrist [By Edw Ward, with a little of James Moore]

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups, by E Ward

Labeo, [A Paper of Verses written by Leonard Welsted] which after came into One Epistle, and was publish'd by James Moore, 4^{to} 1730 Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name in 1731, under the just Title of Dulness and Scandal, fol

Gulliveriana Secunda, Being a collection of many of the Libels in the News papers, like the former Volume under the same title, by Smedley Advertised in the Craftsman November 9, 1728 with this remarkable promise, that 'any thing which any body shou'd send as Mr Pope's or Dr Swift's, shou'd be inserted and published as Theirs'

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examin'd &c 4^{to} By Geo Ducket and John Dennis

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the 4th Chapter of Genesis Writ by E Room, fol 1729

Verses on the Imitator of *Horace* by a Lady [or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court Squire] Printed for § Roberts, fol 1733

An Epistle from a Nobleman to a Dr of Divinity, from Hampton Court [Lord H—y] Printed for J Roberts also, fol 1733

A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope Printed for W Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo

III A COPY OF CAXTON'S PREFACE TO HIS TRANSLATION OF VIRGIL 1

After dyuerse Werkes, made translated and achieued, hauving noo werke in hande I sittyng in my studye where as laye many dyuerse paunflettes and bookys happened that to my hande cam a lytyl booke in frenshe whiche late was translated oute of latyn by some noble clerke of fraunce whiche booke is named Encydos (made in latvn by that noble poete & grete clerke Vyrgyle) whiche booke I sawe over and redde therein. How after the generall destruction of the grete Troye, Eneas departed berynge his olde fader anchises upon his sholdres, his lytyl son volas on his hande his wyfe wyth moche other people followings, and how he shipped and departed with alle thystorye of his aduentures that he had er he cam to the atchieuement of his conquest of ytalye as all a longe shall be shewed in this present boke In whiche booke I had grete playsyr by cause of the favr and honest termes & wordes in frenshe Whyche I neuer sawe to fore lyke ne none so playsaunt ne so wel ordred whiche booke as me semed sholde be moche requisive to noble men to see as wel for the eloquence as the historyes. How wel that many hondred verys passed was the sayd booke of *Eneydos* with other workes made and lerned dayly in scolis specyally in vtalve and other places. whiche historye the sayd Vyrgyle made in metre, And whan I had aduvsed me in this sayd booke I delybered and concluded to translate it in to englyshe And forthwyth toke a penne and vnke and wrote a leef or twevne, whyche I ouersawe agavn to corecte it, And whan I sawe the favr & straunge termes therein. I doubted that it sholde not please some gentylmen whiche late blamed me saveng that in my translacyons I had ouer curyous termes whiche coude not be vnderstande of comyn peple, and desired me to vse olde and homely termes in my translacyons and favn wolde I satisfive euery man, and so to doo toke an olde boke and redde therein, and certaynly the englyshe was so rude and brood that I coude not wele vnderstande it And also my lorde Abbot of Westmynster ded do shewe to me late certayn euvdences wryton in olde englyshe for to reduce it in to our englyshe now vsid. And certavnly it was wryton in suche wyse that it was more lyke to dutche than englyshe I coude

¹ (In Mist's Journal, March 16, 1728, Theobald had cited Caxton to clear up a passage in Troilus and Cressida, v v 14 'The dreadfull Sagittary Appauls our numbers ' Pope had assumed that the Sagittary was Teucer, but Theobald (with the help of Caxton) was able to show that it was 'a mervayllouse beste', in fact, a Centaur The mistake probably rankled, and Pope took refuge once again in ridicule, but the joke at Caxton's expense amounts to no more than laughing at a man because his clothes are old-fashioned >

not reduce ne brynge it to be vnderstonden. And certaynly our langage now vsed varyeth ferre from that whiche was vsed and spoken whan I was borne. For we englyshe men, ben borne vnder the domynacyon of the mone whiche is neuer stedfaste, but euer wattervinge, wexvinge one season, and waneth & dyscreaseth another season, And that comvn englyshe that is spoken in one share varyeth from another. In so moche that in my dayes happened that certain marchants were in a ship in Tamvse for to haue sayled ouer the see into Zelande, and for lacke of wynde thei tarved atte forlond and wente to lande for to refreshe them And one of theym named Sheffelde a mercer cam in to an hows and axed for mete, and specyally he axyd after eggys. And the goode wyf answerde that she coude speke no frenshe And the merchant was angry for he also coude speke no frenshe but wolde haue hadde egges, and she vnderstode hym not. And thenne at laste another sayd that he wolde haue evren, then the good wfy sayd that she understod hym wel, Loo what sholde a man in thyse dayes now wryte egges or eyren, certaynly it is harde to playse every man, by cause of dynersite & change of langage For in these dayes enery man that is in ony reputacyon in his contre wyll vtter his comvnycacyon and maters in suche maners & termes, that fewe men shall vnderstonde theym, And som honest and grete clerkes haue ben with me and desired me to wryte the moste curyous termes that I coude fynde, And thus bytwene playn rude, & curyous I stande abashed but in my Judgemente, the comyn termes that be dayli vsed ben lyghter to be vnderstonde than the olde and ancyent englyshe, And for as moche as this present booke is not for a rude volondvshe man to laboure therein, ne rede it, but onely for a clerke & a noble gentylman that feleth and vnderstondeth in faytes of armes in loue & in noble chyualrye, Therefore in a meane betwene bothe I have reduced & translated this sayd booke in to our englyshe not ouer rude ne curyous but in suche termes as shall be vnderstanden by goddys grace accordynge to my copye And yf ony man wyll enter mete in redyng of hit and fyndeth suche termes that he can not vnderstande late hym goo rede and lerne Vyrgyll, or the pystles of Ouvde, and ther he shall see and vnderstonde lyghtly all, Yf he haue a good redar & enformer, For this booke is not for euery rude and vnconnynge man to see, but to clerkys & very gentylmen that understande gentylnes and scyence Thenne I praye alle theym that shall rede in this lytyl treatys to holde me for excused for the translatynge of hit For I knowleche my selfe ignorant of connynge to enpryse on me so hie and noble a werke, But I praye Mayster John Skelton late created poete laureate in the vnyuersite of Oxenforde to ouersee and correcte this sayd booke

And t'addresse and expowne where as shall be founde faulte to theym that shall require it For hym I knowe for sufficient to expowne and englyshe euery dyffyculte that is therein. For he hath late translated the epystlys of Tulle, and the boke of Dyodorus Syculus and diverse others werkes oute of latyn in to englyshe not in rude and olde langage but in polysshed and ornate termes craftely, as he that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other noble poetes and oratours, to me unknown And also he hath redde the ix muses and vinderstande theyr musicalle scyences and to whom of theym eche scyence is appropried I suppose he hath dronken of Elycons well Then I praye hym & suche other to correcte adde or mynysshe where as he or they shall fynde faulte. For I have but followed my copye in frenche as nygh as me is possyble, And vf ony worde be sayd therein well, I am glad and yf otherwyse I submytte my sayd boke to theyr correctyon, Whiche boke I presente vnto the hye born my tocomynge naturall & soueravn lord Arthur by the grace of God Prynce of Walvs, Duke of Cornewayll & Erle of Chester first bygoten Son and heyer vnto our most dradde naturall & souerayn lorde & most crysten kynge, Henry the vij by the grace of God kynge of Englonde and of Fraunce & lord of Irelande, byseeching his noble grace to receive it in thanke of me his moste humble subget & seruant, And I shall praye vnto almyghty God for his prosperous encreasing in vertue, wysedom, and humanyte that he may be egal with the most renomed of alle his noble progenytours And so to lyue in this present lyf, that after this transitorye lyfe he and we alle may come to everlastynge lyf in heuen, Amen

At the end of the Book

Here fynyssheth the boke of *Eneydos*, compyled by *Vyrgyle*, whiche hathe be translated out of *latyne* in to *frenshe*, and out of *frenshe* reduced in to *Englysshe* by me *Wyllm Caxton*, the xxii daye of *Juyn* the yere of our lorde M iii Clxxxx The fythe yere of the Regne of kyng *Henry* the seuenth

IV VIRGILIUS RESTAURATUS ¹ SEU MARTINI SCRIBLERI SUMMI CRITICI CASTIGATIONUM IN ÆNEIDEM SPECIMEN

ÆNEIDEM totam, Amice Lector, innumerabilibus pœne mendis scaturientem, ad pristinum sensum revocabimus. In singulis fere versibus spuriæ occurrunt lectiones, in omnibus quos unquam vidi codicibus aut vulgatis aut ineditis, ad opprobrium

^{1 (}The title is intended to ridicule Theobald's Shakespeare Restored)

usque Criticorum, in hunc diem existentes Interea adverte oculos, & his paucis fruere At si quæ sint in hisce castigationibus de quibus non satis liquet, syllabarum quantitates, προλεγομενα nostra Libro ipsi præfigenda, ut consulas, moneo

I SPECIMEN LIBRI PRIMI, VERS I (a)

Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam, fato profugus, Lavinaque venit Litora multum ille & terris jactatus & alto, Vi superum———

II VERS 52 (b)

-Et quisquis Numen Junonis adoret?

III VERS 86 (c)

—Venti velut agmine facto Qua data porta ruunt—

IV VERS 117 (d)

Fidumque vehebat Orontem

V VERS 119 (e)

Excutitur, pronusque magister Volvitur in caput———

(a) Arma Virumque cano, Trojæ qui primus ab Aris Italiam, flatu profugus, Latinaque venit Litora multum ille & terris vexatus, & alto, Vi superum———

Ab aris, nempe Hercæi Jovis, vide lib 2 vers 512, 550—Flatu, ventorum Æoli, ut sequitur—Latina certè littora cum Æneas aderat, Lavina non nisi postea ab ipso nominata, Lib 12 vers 193—Jactatus, terris non convenit

(b) ——Et quisquis Nomen Junonis adoret?

Longè melius, quam ut antea, Numen

Et Procul dubio sic Virgilius

(c) -Venti velut aggere fracto

Qua data porta ruunt—— Sic corrige, meo periculo

(d) Fortemque vehebat Orontem

Non fidum, quia Epitheton Achatæ notissimum,

Oronti nunquam datur

(e) -Excutitur pronusque magis tèr

Volvitur in caput——

Aio Virgilium aliter non scripsisse, quod planè confirmatur ex sequentibus—Ast illum ter fluctus ibidem Torquet——

VI VERS 122 (f)

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto

Arma virum———

VII VERS 151 (g)

Atque rotis summas leviter perlabitur undas

VIII VERS 154 (h)

Jamque faces & saxa volant, furor arma ministrat

IX VERS 170 (1)

Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum, Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo

x vers 188 (k)

Tres littore cervos

Prospicit errantes hos tota armenta sequuntur

A tergo—

XI VERS 748

Arcturum pluviasque Hyades, gemnosque Triones, Error gravissimus Corrige,—septemque Triones

(f) Arm hommum Ridicule anteà Arma virum quæ ex ferro conflata, quomodo possunt natare?

(g) Atque rotis spumas leviter perlabitur udas Summas, & leviter perlabi, pleonasmus est Mirificè altera lectio Neptuni agilitatem & celeritatem exprimit, simili modo Noster de Camilla, Æn 11—intactæ segetis per summa volaret, &c hyperbolicè

(h) Jam fæces & saxa volant, fuguntque Ministri Uti solent, instanti periculo —Fæces, facibus longe præstant, quid enim nisi fæces jactarent

vulgus sordidum?

(i) Fronte sub adversa populis prandentibus antrum

Sic malim, longe potius quam scopulis pendentibus Nugæ! Nonne vides versu sequenti dulces aquas ad potandum & sedilia ad discubendum dari? In quorum usum? prandentium

(k) ——Tres litore corvos

Aspicit errantes hos agmina tota sequuntur

A tergo—Cervi, lectio vulgata, absurditas notissima hæc animalia in Africa non inveniri, quis nescit? At motus & ambulandi ritus Corvorum, quis non agnovit hoc loco? Litore, locus ubi errant Corvi, uti Noster alibi,

Et sola secum sicca spaciatur arena

Omen præclarissimum, immo et agminibus Militum frequentèr observatum, ut patet ex Historicis

XII VERS 631 (1)

Quare agite O juvenes, tectis succedite nostris

LIBER SECUNDUS VERS I (a)

Gonticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant, Inde toro Pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto

VERS 3 (b)

Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem

VERS 4 (c)

Trojanas ut opes, & lamentabile regnum

VERS 5 (d)

Eruerint Danai, Quæque ipse miserrima vidi Et quorum pars magna fui

(1) Quare agite O Juvenes, tectus succedite nostris

Lectis potius dicebat Dido, polita magis oratione, & quæ unica voce et Torum & Mensam exprimebat Hanc lectionem probe confirmat appellatio O Juvenes ' Duplicem hunc sensum alibi etiam Maro lepidè innuit,

Æn 4 vers 19 Huic uni forsan potui succumbere culpæ

Anna! fatebor enim-

Corrige, Huc um [Viro scil] potui succumbere, Culpas Anna? fatebor enim, &c Vox succumbere quam eleganter ambigua!

LIB II VERS I &c

(a) Concubuere omnes, intentèque ora tenebant,

Inde toro satur Æneas sic orsus ab alto

Concubuere, quia toro Æneam vidimus accumbentem quin & altera ratio, scil Conticuere & ora tenebant, tautologicè dictum In Manuscripto perquam rarissimo in Patris Musæo, legitur ore gemebant, sed magis ingeniosè quam verè Satur Æneas, quippe qui jam-iam a prandio surrexit Pater nihil ad rem attinet

(b) Infantum regina jubes renovare dolorem Sichaud dubito veterrimis codicibus scriptum fuisse hoc satis constat ex perantiqua illa Brittan-norum Cantilena vocata Chevy-Chace, cujus autor hunc locum sibi ascivit in hæc verba.

The Child may rue that is unborn

(c) Trojanas ut Oves & lamentabile regnum Diruerint—Mallem oves potius quam opes, quoniam in antiquissimis illis temporibus oves & armenta divitiæ regum fuere Vel fortasse Oves Paridis innuit, quas super Idam nuperrime pascebat, & jam in vindictam pro Helenæ raptu, a Menelao, Ajace aliisque ducibus, meritò occisas

(d) —Quæque ipse miserrimus audi,

Et quorum pars magna fui-

Omnia tam audita quam visa recta distinctione enarrare hic Æneas profitetur Multa quorum nox ea fatalis sola conscia fuit, Vir probus & pius tanquam visa referre non potuit

VERS 7 (e)

—Quis talia fando Temperet a lacrymis?

vers 9(f)

Et jam nox humda cœlo
Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sydera somnos
Sed si tantus amor casus cognoscere nostros, (g)
Et breviter Trojæ supremum audire laborem,
Quanquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit, (h)
Incipiam

VERS 13 (1)

Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,
Instar montis Equum, divina Palladis arte,
Ædificant——&c

(e) ——Quis talia flendo, Temperet in lachrymis?——Major enim doloris indicatio, absque modo lachrymare, quam solummodo a lachrymis non temperare?

(f) Et jam nov lumina cœlo

Præcipitat, suadentque latentia sydera somnos

Lectio, humida, vespertinum rorem solum innuere videtur magis mi arridet Lumina, quæ latentia postquam præcipitantur, Auroræ adventum annunciant

(g) Sed si tantus amor curas cognoscere noctis, Et brevì ter Troiæ, superumque audire labores

Curæ Noctis (scilicet Noctis Excidii Trojani) magis compendiosè (vel ut dixit ipse brevitei) totam Belli catastrophen denotat, quam diffusa illa & indeterminata lectio, casus nostros Ter audire gratum esse Didoni patet ex libro quarto, ubi dicitur, Iliacosque iterum demens audire labores Exposcit Ter enim pro sæpe usurpatur Trojæ, superimque labores, rectè, quia non tantum homines sed & Dii sese his laboribus immiscuerunt Vide Æn 2 vers 610, &c

(h) Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctusque resurgit Resurgit multo proprius dolorem renascentem notat, quam ut hactenus, refugit (i) Tracti bello, fatisque repulsi

Tracti & Repulsi, Antithesis perpulcra!

Fracti frigide & vulgariter

Equum jam Trojanum, (ut vulgus loquitui) adeamus, quem si Equam Græcam vocabis Lector, minimè pecces Solæ enim femellæ utero gestant Uterumque armato milite complent—Uteroque recusso Insonuere cavæ—Atque utero sonitum quater arma dedere—Inclusos utero Danaos &c Vox fæta non convenit maribus,—Scandit fatalis machina muros, Foeta armis—Palladem Virginem, Equo mari fabricando invigilare decuisse quis putat? Incredible prorsus! Quamobrem existimo veram Equæ lectionem passim restituendam, nisi ubi forte metri caussa, Equum potius quam Equam, Genus pro Sexu, dixit Maro Vale! dum hæc paucula corriges, majus opus moveo

V A CONTINUATION OF THE GUARDIAN ON THE SUBJECT OF PASTORALS

Compulerantque greges Corydon & Thyrsis in unum Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis

(VIRG Ecl VII)

Monday, April 27, 1713 (No 40)

- I Designed to have troubled the Reader with no farther Discourses of *Pastorals*, but being informed that I am taxed of Partiality in not mentioning an Author whose Eclogues are published in the same Volume with Mr *Philips*'s, I shall employ this Paper in Observations upon him, written in the *free Spirit of Criticism*, and without apprehension of offending that Gentleman, whose character it is that he takes the greatest care of his Works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards
- 2 I have laid it down as the first rule of Pastoral, that its Idea should be taken from the manners of the Golden Age, and the Moral form'd upon the representation of Innocence, 'tis therefore plain that any Deviations from that design degrade a Poem from being true Pastoral In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his Eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the rayages of Armies, and oppressions of the Innocent, Corydon's criminal Passion for Alexis throws out the second, the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of Concord, the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring Love by Inchantments, and introduces a Shepherd whom an inviting Precipice tempts to Self-Murder As to the fourth, sixth, and tenth, they are given up by (a) Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and the Criticks in general They likewise observe that but eleven of all the Idylha of Theocritus are to be admitted as Pastorals, and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded for one or other of the Reasons abovementioned So that when I remark'd in a former paper, that Virgil's Eclogues taken all together are rather select Poems than Pastorals, I might have said the same thing with no less truth of Theocritus The reason of this I take to be vet unobserved by the Criticks, viz They never meant them all for Pastorals

Now it is plain *Philips* hath done this, and in that *Particular* excelled both *Theocritus* and *Virgil*

3 As Simplicity is the distinguishing Characteristick of Pastoral, Virgil hath been thought guilty of too courtly a Stile, his Language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among Peasants I have

⁽a) See Rapin de Carm Past pars 3

frequently wonder'd, that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennus, he had not imitated the Rusticity of the Doric, as well by the help of the old obsolete Roman Language, as Philips hath by the antiquated English for example, might he not have said Quoi instead of Cui, quoijum for cujum, volt for vult, &c as well as our Modern hath Welladay for Alas, while of of old, make mock for deride, and witless Younglings for simple Lambs, &c by which means he had attained as much of the Air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spencer?

- 4 Mr Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil His Clowns do not converse in all the Simplicity proper to the Country His names are borrow'd from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the Scene of his Pastorals He introduces Daphnis, Alexis and Thyrsis on British Plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan Whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to Propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the Country, and more agreeable to a Reader of Delicacy, such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Cohn Clout
- 5 So easie as Pastoral Writing may seem, (in the Simplicity we have described it) yet it requires great Reading, both of the Ancients and Moderns, to be a master of it Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his Knowledge of Books. It must be confessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the Ancients well enough, (if we consider he had not the happiness of an University Education) but he hath dispersed them, here and there, without that order and method which Mr Philips observes, whose whole third Pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of Pastoral, as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale shows with what exactness he hath imitated every line in Strada
- 6 When I remarked it as a principal fault, to introduce Fruits and Flowers of a Foreign growth, in descriptions where the Scene lies in our own Country, I did not design that observation should extend also to Animals, or the sensitive Life, for Philips hath with great judgment described Wolves in England in his first Pastoral Nor would I have a Poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr Pope hath done) to one particular season of the Year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken Scene in each Ecloque 'Tis plain Spencer neglected this Pedantry, who in his Pastoral of November mentions the mournful song of the Nightingale

Sad Philomel her song in Tears doth steep

And Mr Philips, by a poetical Creation, hath raised up finer beds of Flowers than the most industrious Gardiner, his Roses,

Endives, Lillies, Kingcups and Daffadils blow all in the same season

7 But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary Pastoral Writers, I shall endeavour to draw a Parallel of them, by setting several of their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much *Philips* hath the advantage With what Simplicity he introduces two Shepherds singing alternately!

Hobb Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee What Pleasure can the Country have for me Come, Rosalind, O come, my brinded Kine, My snowy Sheep, my Farm, and all, is thine

Lanq Come Rosalind, O come, here shady Bowers
Here are cool Fountains, and here springing Flow'rs
Come, Rosalind, Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly wast our live-long time away

Our other Pastoral Writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright Poetry

Streph In Spring the Fields, in Autumn Hills I love, At Morn the Plains, at Noon the shady Grove, But Delia always, forc'd from Delia's sight, Nor Plains at Morn, nor Groves at Noon delight

Daph Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than Noon, yet fresh as early Day,
Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here,
But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the Year

In the first of these Authors, two Shepherds thus *mnocently* describe the Behaviour of their Mistresses

Hobb As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by,
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long Eye
Then swift beneath the crystal Wave she try'd
Her beauteous Form, but all in vain, to hide

Lanq As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the Sedges lay
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her Eye

The other Modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows

Streph Me gentle Delia beckons from the Plain,
Then, hid in Shades, eludes her eager Swain,
But feigns a Laugh, to see me search around,
And by that Laugh the willing Fair is found

Daph The sprightly Sylvia trips along the Green,
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen,
While a kind glance at her Pursuer flyes,
How much at variance are her Feet and Eyes!

There is nothing the Writers of this kind of Poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of Pastoral Presents *Philips* says thus of a Sheephook

Of season'd Elm, where studs of Brass appear, To speak the Giver's name, the month and year The hook of polish'd Steel, the handle turn'd, And richly by the Graver's skill adorn'd

The other of a Bowl embossed with Figures

——where wanton Ivy twines,
And swelling Clusters bend the curling Vines,
Four Figures rising from the work appear,
The various Seasons of the rolling year,
And What is that which binds the radiant Sky,
Where twelve bright Signs in beauteous order he?

The simplicity of the Swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiack, is no ill imitation of Virgil, but how much more plainly and unaffectedly would Philips have dressed this Thought in his Doric?

And what that hight, which girds the Welkin sheen, Where twelve gay Signs in meet array are seen?

If the Reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of Particulars, he may read the first Pastoral of *Philips* with the second of his Contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former with the fourth and first of the latter, where several parallel places will occur to every one

Having now shown some parts, in which these two Writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe to Mr Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him First, That beautiful Rusticity, of which I shall only produce two Instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted

O woful day! O day of Woe, quoth he, And woful I, who live the day to see!

The simplicity of Diction, the melancholy flowing of the Numbers, the solemnity of the Sound, and the easie turn of the Words, in this *Dirge*, (to make use of our Author's Expression) are extreamly elegant

In another of his Pastorals, a Shepherd utters a *Dirge* not much inferior to the former, in the following lines

Ah me the while ' ah me ' the luckless day, Ah luckless Lad ' the rather might I say, Ah silly I ' more silly than my Sheep, Which on the flowry Plains I once did keep

How he still charms the ear with these artful Repetitions of the Epithets, and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common Reader to repeat them, without feeling some motions of compassion

In the next place I shall rank his *Proverbs*, in which I formerly observed he excells for example,

A rolling Stone is ever bare of Moss,
And to their cost, green years old proverbs cross
—He that late lyes down, as late will rise,
And Sluggard-like, till noon-day snoaring lyes
Against Ill-Luck all cuming Fore-sight fails,
Whether we sleep or wake, it nought avails
—Nor fear, from upright Sentence, wrong

Lastly, his elegant Dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spencer, and our only true Arcadian I should think it proper for the several writers of Pastoral, to confine themselves to their several Counties Spencer seems to have been of this opinion for he hath laid the scene of one of his Pastorals in Wales, where with all the Simplicity natural to that part of our Island, one Shepherd bids the other good morrow in an unusual and elegant manner

Diggon Davy, I bid hur God-day Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say

Diggon answers,

Hur was hur, while it was day-light, But now hur is a most wretched wight, &c But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is in a very valuable Piece, which I chanced to find among some old Manuscripts, entituled, A Pastoral Ballad which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the Title) be allowed a perfect Pastoral It is composed in the Somersetshire Dialect, and the names such as are proper to the Country People It may be observed, as a further beauty of this Pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Fawn, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole I shall make no Apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent Piece Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a Milking

Cicily Rager go vetch tha (b) Kee, or else tha Zun Will quite be go, be vore c'have half a don

Roger Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be To dreave our Bull to bull tha Parson's Kee

It is to be observed, that this whole Dialogue is formed upon the *Passion of Jealousie*, and his mentioning the Parson's Kine naturally revives the Jealousie of the Shepherdess *Cicily*, which she expresses as follows

Cicily Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid
When in yond Vield you kiss'd tha Parson's Maid
Is this tha Love that once to me you zed,
When from tha Wake thou brought'st me Gingerbread?

Roger Cicily thou charg'st me valse,—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha Parson's Maid is still a Maid for me

In which Answer of his are express'd at once that *Spirit of Religion*, and that *Innocence of the Golden Age*, so necessary to be observed by all Writers of Pastoral

At the conclusion of this piece, the Author reconciles the Lovers, and ends the Eclogue the most simply in the world

So Rager parted vor to vetch tha Kee, And vor her Bucket in went Cicily

I am loath to show my fondness for Antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient *British* Author to our present *English* Writers of Pastoral, but I cannot avoid making this obvious Remark, that *Philips* hath hit into the *same Road* with this old *West Country* Bard of ours

After all that hath been said, I hope none can think it any Injustice to Mr Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral Writer, since upon the whole, he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank, and of whose Eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that (according to the description we have given of this sort of Poetry) they are by no means Pastorals, but something better

VI A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR DRYDEN AND MR POPE, AS DRAWN BY CERTAIN OF THEIR CONTEMPORARIES

MR DRYDEN HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS

Mr Dryden is a mere Renegado from Monarchy, Poetry, and good Sense (a) A true Republican Son of a monarchical Church (b) A Republican Atheist (c) Dryden was from the beginning an allowoogallos, and I doubt not will continue so to the last (d)

In the Poem call'd Absalom and Achitophel are notoriously traduced, The King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their Honourable Persons exposed, but the Whole Nation and its Representatives notoriously libell'd, It is Scandalum Magnatum, yea of Majesty itself (e)

He looks upon God's Gospel as a foolish Fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful Purveyor (f) His very Christianity may be questioned (g) He ought to expect more Severity than other men, as he is most unmerciful in his own Reflections on others (h) With as good right as his Holiness, he sets up for Poetical Infallibility (1)

MR DRYDEN ONLY A VERSIFYER

His whole Libel is all bad matter, beautify'd (which is all that can be said of it) with good metre (k) Mr Dryden's Genius did not appear in any thing more than his Versification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only, is a question (l)

MR DRYDEN'S VIRGIL

Tonson calls it Dryden's Virgil, to show that this is not that Virgil so admired in the Augustæan age, but a Virgil of another stamp, a silly, impertinent, nonsensical Writer (m) None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus carp'd at Virgil, and none but such unthinking Vermin admire his Translator (n) It is true, soft and easy

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(a) Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8° 1698 p 6
(b) pag 38 (c) pag 192 (d) pag 8
(e) Whip and Key, 4°, printed for R Janeway 1682 Preface
(f) thid (g) Milbourn, p 9
(h) thid p 175 (i) pag 39
(k) Whip and Key, pref
(l) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p 84
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(l) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p 84 (m) Milbourn, pag 4 (n) Pag 35

VI A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR DRYDEN AND MR POPE

MR POPE HIS POLITICKS, RELIGION, MORALS

Mr Pope is an open and mortal Enemy to his Country, and the Commonwealth of Learning (a) Some call him a Popish Whig, which is directly inconsistent (b) Pope as a Papist must be a Tory and High-flyer (c) He is both a Whig and a Tory (d) He hath made it his custom to cackle to more than one Party in their own Sentiments (e)

In his Miscellames, the Persons abused are, The King, the QUEEN, His late MAJESTY, both Houses of PARLIAMENT, the Privy-Council, the Bench of Bishops, the Establish'd CHURCH, the present MINISTRY, &c To make sense of some passages, they must be constru'd into ROYAL SCANDAL (f)

He is a *Popish* Rhymester, bred up with a *Contempt* of the *Sacred* Writings (g) His Religion allows him to destroy Hereticks, not only with his pen, but with fire and sword, and such were all those unhappy Wits whom he sacrificed to his accursed Popish Principles (h) It deserved Vengeance to suggest, that Mr Pope had less Infallibility than his Namesake at Rome (1)

MR POPE ONLY A VERSIFYER

The smooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it. nor has it any other merit (k) It must be own'd that he hath got a notable Knack of rhymeing, and writing smooth verse (1)

MR POPE'S HOMER

The Homer which Lintot prints, does not talk like Homer, but like Pope, and he who translated him one wou'd swear had a Hill in Tipperary for his Parnassus, and a puddle in some Bog for his Hippocrene (m) He has no Admirers among those that can distinguish, discern, and judge (n)

- (a) Dennis, Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref p 12
- (b) Dunciad dissected (c) Preface to Gulliveriana
- (d) Denn and Gild Character of Mr P
- (e) Theobald, Letter in Mist's Journal, June 22, 1728 (f) List, at the end of a Collection of Verses, Letters, Advertisements, 8º Printed for A Moore, 1728 and the Preface to it, pag 6
 - (g) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p 27
 - (h) Preface to Gulliveriana, p 11
 - (1) Dedication to the Collection of Verses, Letters, pag 9

 - (k) Mist's Journal, of June 8, 1728
 (l) Character of Mr P and Dennis on Homer
 - (m) Dennis s Remarks on Pope's Homer, pag 12
- (n) Ibid

lines might become Ovid's Epistles or Art of Love—But Virgil who is all great and majestic, &c requires strength of lines, weight of words, and closeness of expressions, not an ambling Muse running on a Carpet-ground, and shod as lightly as a Newmarket racer—He has numberless faults in his English, in Sense, in his Author's meaning, and in propriety of Expression (0)

MR DRYDEN UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK OR LATIN

Mr Dryden was once, I have heard, at Westminster School Dr Busby wou'd have whipt him for so childish a Paraphrase (p) The meanest Pedant in England wou'd whip a Lubber of twelve for construing so absurdly (q) The Translator is mad, every line betrays his Stupidity (r) The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr Dryden did not, or would not understand his Author (s) This shows how fit Mr D may be to translate Homer! A mistake in a single letter might fall on the Printer well enough, but $El\chi\omega\rho$ for $I\chi\omega\rho$ must be the error of the Author Nor had he art enough to correct it at the Press (t) Mr Dryden writes for the Court Ladies—He writes for the Ladies, and not for use (u)

The Translator puts in a little Burlesque now and then into Virgil, for a Ragout to his cheated Subscribers (w)

MR DRYDEN TRICK'D HIS SUBSCRIBERS

I wonder that any man who cou'd not but be conscious of his own unfitness for it, shou'd go to amuse the learned world with such an Undertaking! A man ought to value his Reputation more than Money, and not to hope that those who can read for themselves, will be Imposed upon, merely by a partially and unseasonably-celebrated Name (x) Poetis quidlibet audendi shall be Mr Dryden's Motto, tho' it should extend to Picking of Pockets (y)

NAMES BESTOW'D ON MR DRYDEN

An APE] A crafty Ape drest up in a gaudy Gown—Whips put into an Ape's paw, to play pranks with—None but Apish and Papish Brats will heed him Whip and Key, Pref

An Ass] A Camel will take upon him no more burden than is sufficient for his strength, but there is another Beast that crouches under all Mr Dryden, &c Milb p 105

(o) Pag 22, and 192 (q) Pag 203 (t) Pag 19 (x) Milbourn, p 102	(p) Milbourn,	pag 72	
(q) Pag 203	(r) Pag 78	(s) Pag 206	
(t) Pag 19	(u) Pag 124, 190	(w) Pag	67
(x) Mullourn, (x)	(v) Ibid p 125		

He hath a knack at smooth verse, but without either Genius or good Sense, or any tolerable knowledge of English The qualities which distinguish Homer are the beauties of his Diction and the harmony of his Versification—But this little Author who is so much in vogue, has neither Sense in his Thoughts, nor English in his Expressions (0)

MR POPE UNDERSTOOD NO GREEK

He hath undertaken to translate *Homer* from the *Greek*, of which he knows not *one word*, into *English*, of which he understands almost as little (p) I wonder how this Gentleman wou'd look should it be discover'd, that he has not translated ten verses together in any book of *Homer* with justice to the Poet, and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not understanding Greek (q) He has stuck so little to his Original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in question (r) I should be glad to know which it is of all *Homer*'s Excellencies, which has so delighted the *Ladies*, and the Gentlemen who judge like *Ladies* (s)

But he has a notable talent at Burlesque, his genius slides so naturally into it, that he hath burlesqu'd Homer without designing it (t)

MR POPE TRICK'D HIS SUBSCRIBERS

'Tis indeed somewhat bold, and almost prodigious, for a single man to undertake such a work! But 'tis too late to dissuade by demonstrating the madness of your Project. The Subscribers' expectations have been rais'd, in proportion to what their Pockets have been drain'd of (u) Pope has been concern'd in Jobbs, and hired out his Name to Booksellers (x)

NAMES BESTOW'D ON MR POPE

An APE] Let us take the initial letter of his christian name, and the initial and final letters of his surname, viz A P E and they give you the same Idea of an Ape, as his face, &c Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728

An Ass] It is my duty to pull off the Lion's skin from this little Ass Dennis's Rem on Homer, pref

- (o) Character of Mr P pag 17 and Remarks on Homer, p 91
- (p) Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p 12 (q) Daily Journal of April 23, 1728
- (r) Supplement to the Profund Pref (p v)
- (s) Oldmixon, Essay on Criticism, p 66
- (t) Dennis's Remarks, p 28 (u) Burnet, Homerides p 1, &c
- (x) British Journal, Nov 25, 1727

A FROG] Poet Squab indued with Poet Maro's Spirit! an ugly, croaking kind of Vermine, which would swell to the bulk of an Oxe Pag II

A COWARD] A Chinas or a Damætas, or a man of Mr Dryden's

own Courage Pag 176

A KNAVE] Mr Dryden has heard of Paul, the Knave of Jesus Christ And if I mistake not, I've read somewhere of John Dryden Servant to his Majesty Pag 57

A FOOL] Had he not been such a self-conceited Fool—Whip and Key, pref Some great Poets are positive Blockheads Milbourn, p 34

A THING] So little a Thing as Mr Dryden Ibid pag 35

A FROG] A squab short Gentleman—a little creature that like the Frog in the Fable, swells and is angry that it is not allow'd to be as big as an Oxe Dennis's Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, pref p 9

A COWARD] A lurking, way-laying Coward Char of Mr P pag 3

A KNAVE] He is one whom God and nature have mark'd for want of common honesty Ibid

A FOOL] Great Fools will be christen'd by the names of great Poets, and Pope will be called Homer Dennis's Rem on Homer, p 37 A THING] A little, abject, Thing Ibid p 8

VII A LIST OF ALL OUR AUTHOR'S GENUINE .WORKS

The Works of Mr ALEXANDER POPE, in quarto and folio Printed for Jacob Tonson and Bernard Lintot, in the year 1717 This Edition contains whatsoever is his, except these few following, which have been written since that time

INSCRIPTION to Dr Parnel's Poems, To the Right Honourable ROBERT Earl of OXFORD and Earl MORTIMER

VERSES on Mr ADDISON'S Treatise of Medals, first printed after his death in Mr Tickel's Edition of his Works

EPITAPHS On the Honourable Simon Harcourt on the Honourable Robert Digby on Mrs Corbett, and another intended for Mr Rowe

The WHOLE ILIAD of HOMER, with the PREFACE, and the Notes, (except the Extracts from Eustathius in the four last volumes, made by Mr Broome, and the Essay on the Life and Writings of Homer, which the collected by our Author, was put together by Dr Parnell)

TWELVE BOOKS of the ODYSSEY, with some parts of other Books, and the Dissertation by way of Postscript at the end

The Preface to Mr Tonson's Edition of SHAKESPEAR

MISCELLANIES by Dr Swift and our Author, &c Printed for B Motte

And some Spectators and Guardians



By the Author a Declaration

Whereas certain Haberdashers of Points and Particles, being instigated by the spirit of Pride, and assuming to themselves the name of Critics and Restorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current sense of our Glorious Ancestors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own base allay, or otherwise falsifying

the same, which they publish, utter, and bend as genuine The said haberdashers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, administrators, assigns, or in any sort related to such Poets, to all or any of them Now We, having carefully revised this our Dunciad, a beginning with the word Books, and ending with the words buries all, containing the entire sum of one thousand and twelve Lines, no beclare enery morn. floure, point, and comma of this impression to be authentic And do therefore strictly enjoin and forbid any person or persons whatsoever, to erase, reverse, put between hooks,1 or by any other means directly or indirectly change or mangle any of them And we do hereby earnestly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wish our Great Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses Provided always, that nothing in this Beclaration shall be con strued to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm, to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever

> Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand, seven hundred, thirty and two

Declarat' cor' me, John Barber, Mayor

* Read thus confidently, instead of 'beginning with the word Books, and ending with the word fixes,' as formerly it stood, Read also 'containing the entire sum of one thousand, seven hundred, and fifty four verses,' instead of 'one thousand and twelve lines,' such being the initial and final words, and such the tiue and entire contents, of this Poem

Thou art to know, reader! that the first Edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author (though living and not blind,) The Editor himself confest as much in his Preface And no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The Editor of this, had as boldly suppressed whole Passages, yea the entire last book, as the Editor of Paradise lost, added and augmented Milton himself gave but ten books, his editor twelve, this Author gave four books, his Editor only three But we have happily done justice to both, and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others.

1 hooks (Bentley's word for the brackets by which he indicated the passages in Paradise Lost that he considered spurious Cf iv 194n, p 776)

Minor Verse 1718-1729



[written 1718, published 1871]

From hour to hour melodiously they chime With silver sounds, and sweetly tune out time

Lines to Lord Bathurst

[written 1718, published 1843]

A wood? quoth Lewis, and with that,	
He laughd, and shook his Sides so fat	
His tongue (with Eye that markd his cunning)	
Thus fell a reas'ning, not a running	
Woods are (not to be too prolix)	5
Collective Bodies of strait Sticks	
It is, my Lord, a meer Conundrum	
To call things Woods, for what grows und'r 'em	
For Shrubs, when nothing else at top is,	
Can only constitute a Coppice	IC
But if you will not take my word,	
See Anno quart of Edward, third	
And that they're Coppice calld, when dock'd,	
Witness Ann prim of Henry Oct	
If this a Wood you will maintain	15
Meerly because it is no Plain,	
Holland (for all that I can see)	
Might e'en as well be termed the Sea,	
And C—by be fair harangu'd	
An honest Man, because not hang'd	20

Title Lord Bathurst Allen, Earl Bathurst (1684–1775), to whom Pope addressed his third Moral Essay (p 570), and in whose plantations at Circnester he took an interest

¹ Lews] Erasmus Lewis (1670-1754), friend of Pope, Swift, Bathurst, and Lord Oxford's devoted political servant

¹⁹ C-by] Thomas, Earl Coningsby, see p 496

Verses in the Scriblerian Manner

TO THE RT HONBLE THE EARL OF OXFORD

[written 1718, published 1050]

One* that should be a Saint. and one* that's a Sinner, And one* that pays reckning but ne'r eats a Dinner, In short Pope and Gay (as 5 you'l see in the margin) Who saw you in Tower, and since your enlarging, And Parnell who saw you not since you did treat him. 10 Will venture it now-you have no Stick to beat him-Since these for your Tury, good and true men, vous-avez, Pray grant Us Admittance, 15 and shut out Miles Davies

7 in Tower] Oxford was confined in the Tower from July 1715 until July 1717
16 Miles Davies] Bibliographer (1662–1719?)

Three Epitaphs on John Hewet and Sarah Drew [written 1718, published 1737, 1718, 1950]

T

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral file, On the same pile the faithful fair expire, Here pitying heav'n that virtue mutual found, And blasted both, that it might neither wound Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd, Sent his own lightning, and the Victims seiz'd

5

II EPITAPH ON JOHN HEWET AND SARAH DREW
IN THE CHURCHYARD AT STANTON HARCOURT

NEAR THIS PLACE LIE THE BODIES OF
JOHN HEWET AND SARAH DREW
AN INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MAN, AND
VIRTUOUS MAIDEN OF THIS PARISH,
CONTRACTED IN MARRIAGE
WHO BEING WITH MANY OTHERS AT HARVEST
WORK, WERE BOTH IN AN INSTANT KILLED
BY LIGHTNING ON THE LAST DAY OF JULY
1718

Think not by rigorous judgment seiz'd, A pair so faithful could expire, Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd And snatch'd them in Cœlestial fire

Live well and fear no sudden fate,
When God calls Virtue to the grave,
Alike tis Justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save

Virtue unmov'd can hear the Call, And face the Flash that melts the Ball

10

5

III EPITAPH ON THE STANTON-HARCOURT LOVERS

Here lye two poor Lovers, who had the mishap Tho very chaste people, to die of a Clap

Answer to Mrs Howe

[written c 1718, published 1718]

What is PRUDERY?

'Tis a Beldam, Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom 'Tis a fear that starts at shadows 'Tis, (no, 'tisn't) like Miss Meadows

The original title ran as follows 'Mrs Lepell, and Mrs How, two Maids of Honour to the Princess, ask'd Mr Pope what Prudery is (He making Use of that Expression in Conversation) His Answer'
4 Miss Meadows] A Maid of Honour known for her grave demeanour

'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature, Old, and void of all good-nature, Lean and fretful, would seem wise, Yet plays the fool before she dies 'Tis an ugly envious Shrew, That rails at dear *Lepell* and You

10

5

Epitaph Intended for Mr Rowe in Westminster Abbey

[written 1718, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1720]

Thy reliques, Rowe, to this fair urn we trust, And sacred, place by Dryden's awful dust Beneath a rude and nameless stone he lies, To which thy tomb shall guide inquiring eyes Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless Rest! Blest in thy genius, in thy love too blest! One grateful woman to thy fame supplies What a whole thankless land to his denies

5

3 a rude and nameless stone] The Tomb of Mr Dryden was erected upon this hint by the Duke of Buckingham, to which was originally intended this Epitaph (see below) Which the author since chang'd into the plain Inscription now upon it, being only the name of that Great Poet,

DRYDEN

Natus Aug 9 1631 Mortuus May 1 1701 Johannes Sheffield, Dux Buckinghamiensis, fecit [P]

Epitaph designed for Mr Dryden's Monument

[written 1718, published, Lintot's Miscellany, 1726]

This SHEFFIELD rais'd The sacred Dust below Was DRYDEN once The rest who does not know?

5

Epistle to James Craggs, Esq, Secretary of State

[written 1718; published, Works, 1735]

A soul as full of Worth, as void of Pride, Which nothing seeks to show, or needs to hide, Which nor to Guilt, nor Fear, its Caution owes, And boasts a Warmth that from no Passion flows, A Face untaught to feign! a judging Eye, 5 That darts severe upon a rising Lye, And strikes a blush thro' frontless Flattery All this thou wert, and being this before, Know, Kings and Fortune cannot make thee more Then scorn to gain a Friend by servile ways, 10 Nor wish to lose a Foe these Virtues raise, But candid, free, sincere, as you began, Proceed—a Minister, but still a Man, Be not (exalted to whate'er degree) Asham'd of any Friend, not ev'n of Me 15 The Patriot's plain, but untrod path pursue, If not, 'tis I must be ashamed of You

A Dialogue

[written c 1718, published 1775]

Pope Since my old Friend is grown so great,
As to be Minister of State,
I'm told (but 'tis not true I hope)
That Craggs will be asham'd of Pope

Craggs Alas! if I am such a Creature,
To grow the worse for growing greater,
Why Faith, in Spite of all my Brags,
'Tis Pope must be asham'd of Craggs

On Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Portrait

[written 1719, published 1803]

The play full smiles around the dimpled mouth That happy air of Majesty and Youth

So would I draw (but oh, 'tis vain to try
My narrow Genius does the power deny)
The Equal Lustre of the Heavenly mind
Where every grace with every Virtue's join'd
Learning not vain, and wisdom not severe
With Greatness easy, and with wit sincere
With Just Description shew the Soul Divine
And the whole Princess in my work should shine

5

10

To Sir Godfrey Kneller, On his painting for me the Statues of Apollo, Venus and Hercules

[written c 1719, published, Steele's Miscellanies, 1727]

What God, what Genius did the Pencil move When KNELLER painted These?
Twas Friendship—warm as *Phæbus*, kind as Love, And strong as *Hercules*

In behalf of Mr Southerne To the Duke of Argyle

EPIGRAM

[written 1719, published 1721]

Argyle his Praise, when Southerne wrote,
First struck out this, and then that Thought,
Said this was Flatt'ry, that a Fault
How shall your Bard contrive?

My Lord, consider what you do, He'll lose his Pains and Verses too, For if these Praises fit not You, They'll fit no Man alive 5

Lines from Acis and Galatea

[written c 1719, published 1732]

I AIR

The Flocks shall leave the Mountains, The Woods the Turtle-Dove, The Nymphs forsake the Fountains Ere I forsake my Love

Not Showers to Larks so pleasing, Nor Sunshine to the Bee, Nor Sleep to Toil so easing As these dear Smiles to me

II CHORUS

Wretched Lovers, Fate has past
This sad Decree, no Joy shall last
Wretched Lovers, quit your Dream,
Behold the Monster, *Polypheme*See what ample Strides he takes,
The Mountain nods, the Forest shakes,
The Waves run frighted to the Shores
Hark! how the thund'ring Giant roars

5

The words for Handel's masque, Acts and Galatea, are claimed to have been translated from the Italian 'by Mr Pope, Dr Arbuthnot, and Mr Gay' The extent of Pope's contribution to the book is unknown, but these two pieces unmistakably derive from him

Duke upon Duke

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD TO THE TUNE OF CHEVY CHASE

[written c 1719, published 1720]

To Lordings proud I tune my Lay,
Who feast in Bower or Hall
Though Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
That Pride will have a Fall

Now, that this same it is right sooth, Full plainly doth appear, From what befel John Duke of Guse, And Nic of Lancastere 5

Sir John Guise (c 1677–1732) was MP for Gloucestershire 1705–10 and for Marlow 1722–7 His sister was married to Pope's friend, Edward Blount The other disputant, Lechmere, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, was notoriously so overbearing in manner, hot-tempered, and violent, as to be a fair target for ridicule

When Richard Cœur de Lyon reign'd, (Which means a Lion's Heart) Like him his Barons rag'd and roar'd, Each play'd a Lion's Part	IC
A Word and Blow was then enough, (Such Honour did them prick) If you but turn'd your Cheek, a Cuff, And if your A—se, a Kick	15
Look in their Face, they tweak'd your Nose, At ev'ry Turn fell to 't, Come near, they trod upon your Toes, They fought from Head to Foot	20
Of these, the Duke of Lancastere Stood Paramount in Pride, He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod His Foes, and Friends beside	
Firm on his Front his Beaver sate, So broad, it hid his Chin, For why? he deem'd no Man his Mate, And fear'd to tan his Skin	25
With Spanish Wool he dy'd his Cheek, With Essence oil'd his Hair, No Vixen Civet-Cat so sweet, Nor could so scratch and tear	30
Right tall he made himself to show, Though made full short by G—d And when all other Dukes did bow, This Duke did only nod	35
Yet courteous, blithe, and debonair, To Guse's Duke was he, Was never such a loving Pair, How could they disagree?	40
Oh, thus it was He lov'd him dear, And cast how to requite him And having no Friend left but this, He deem'd it meet to fight him	

MINOR VERSE	469
Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate Quill, And thus he did indite 'This Eve at Whisk ourself will play, Sir Duke! be here to Night'	45
Ah no, ah no, the guileless Guise Demurely did reply, I cannot go, nor yet can stand, So sore the Gout have I	50
The Duke in Wrath call'd for his Steeds, And fiercely drove them on, Lord! Lord! how rattl'd then thy Stones, Oh Kingly Kensington!	55
All in a Trice he rush'd on Guise, Thrust out his Lady dear, He tweak'd his Nose, trod on his Toes, And smote him on the Ear	60
But mark, how 'midst of Victory, Fate plays her old Dog Trick! Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down, And so down fell Duke Nic	
Alas, oh Nic! Oh Nic alas! Right did thy Gossip call thee As who should say, alas the Day, When John of Guise shall maul thee	65
For on thee did he clap his Chair, And on that Chair did sit, And look'd, as if he meant therein To do—what was not fit	70
Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke! Thy Mouth yet durst not ope, Certes for fear, of finding there A T—d instead of Trope	75
'Lye there, thou Caitiff vile! quoth Guise, No Sheet is here to save thee The Casement it is shut likewise, Beneath my Feet I have thee	80

'If thou hast ought to speak, speak out' Then Lancastere did cry, 'Know'st thou not me, nor yet thy self? Who thou, and whom am I?	
'Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd) Have brawl'd, and quarrel'd more, Than all the Line of Lancastere That battl'd heretofore?	85
'In Senates fam'd for many a Speech, And (what some awe must give ye, Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,) Still of the Council Privy	90
'Still of the Dutchy Chancellor, Durante Life I have it, And turn, as now thou dost on me, Mine A—e on them that gave it'	95
But now the Servants they rush'd in, And Duke Nic up leap'd he I will not cope against such odds, But, Guise! I'll fight with thee	100
To-morrow with thee will I fight Under the Greenwood Tree, 'No, not to-morrow, but to night (Quoth Gusse) I'll fight with thee'	
And now the Sun declining low Bestreak'd with Blood the Skies, When, with his Sword at Saddle Bow, Rode forth the vailant Guise,	105
Full gently praunch'd he o'er the Lawn, Oft' roll'd his Eyes around, And from the Stirrup stretch'd, to find Who was not to be found	110
Long brandish'd he the Blade in Air, Long look'd the Field all o'er At length he spy'd the Merry-men brown, And she the Coach and four	115

MINOR VERSE	47 I
From out the Boot bold Nicholas Did wave his Wand so white, As pointing out the gloomy Glade Wherein he meant to fight	120
All in that dreadful Hour, so calm Was Lancastere to see, As if he meant to take the Air, Or only take a Fee	
And so he did—for to New Court His rowling Wheels did run Not that he shunn'd the doubtful Strife, But Bus'ness must be done	125
Back in the Dark, by Brompton Park, He turn'd up through the Gore, So slunk to Cambden House so high, All in his Coach and four	130
Mean while Duke Guse did fret and fume, A Sight it was to see, Benumm'd beneath the Evening Dew, Under the Greenwood Tree	135
Then, wet and weary, home he far'd, Sore mutt'ring all the way, 'The Day I meet him, Nic shall rue The Cudgel of that Day	140
'Mean Time on every Pissing-Post Paste we this Recreant's Name, So that each Pisser-by shall read, And piss against the same'	
Now God preserve our gracious King! And grant, his Nobles all May learn this Lesson from Duke Nic That Pride will have a Fall	149

An Inscription upon a Punch-Bowl, in the South-Sea Year for a Club, chas'd with Jupiter placing Callista in the Skies & Europa with the Bull

[written 1720, published 1831]

Come, fill the South-Sea Goblet full, The Gods shall of our Stock take care Europa pleas'd accepts the *Bull*, And Jove with Joy puts off the *Bear*

To Mr Gay,

WHO WROTE HIM A CONGRATULATORY LETTER
ON THE FINISHING HIS HOUSE

[written 1720, published, 1-6, 1803, 7-14, 1737]

Ah friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow, In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens Joy lives not here, to happier seats it flies, And only dwells where WORTLEY casts her eyes

What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade, The morning bower, the ev'ning colonade, But soft recesses of uneasy minds, To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?

So the struck deer in some sequester'd part Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart, There, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day, Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away

6 Wortley] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

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Epitaph On the Honble Simon Harcourt, Only Son of the Lord Chancellor Harcourt

AT THE CHURCH OF STANTON-HARCOURT IN OXFORDSHIRE, 1720

[written 1722, published 1724]

To this sad Shrine, who'er thou art, draw near, Here lies the Friend most lov'd, the Son most dear Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendship might divide, Or gave his Father grief, but when he dy'd

How vain is Reason, Eloquence how weak, If *Pope* must tell what *HARCOURT* cannot speak? Oh let thy once-lov'd Friend inscribe thy Stone, And with a Father's Sorrows mix his own!

Verses to Mrs Judith Cowper

[written 1722, published 1769]

Tho' sprightly Sappho force our love and praise, A softer wonder my pleas'd soul surveys,
The mild Erinna, blushing in her bays
So while the sun's broad beam yet strikes the sight,
All mild appears the moon's more sober light,
Serene, in virgin majesty, she shines,
And, un-observed, the glaring sun declines

Compare Moral Essay II ll 253-6, p 568

Lines to Bolingbioke

[written 1724, published 1871]

What pleasing Phrensy steals away my Soul?
Thro' thy blest Shades (La Source) I seem to rove
I see thy fountains fall, thy waters roll
And breath the Zephyrs that refresh thy Grove
I hear whatever can delight inspire
Villete's soft Voice and St John's silver Lyre

A version of Horace, Od III iv 5–8, complimenting Lady Bolingbroke, Marquise of Villette Their residence, La Source, near Orleans, was at the source of the Loiret, hence the pun in 1 6

Inscription

[written 1725, published, Letters, 1735]

Nymph of the Grot, these sacred Springs I keep, And to the Murmur of these Waters sleep, Ah spare my Slumbers, gently tread the Cave! And drink in silence, or in silence lave!

A version of a popular Latin epigram

Hujus Nympha loci, sacri custodia fontis

Dormio, dum blandæ sentio murmur aquæ

Parce meum, quisquis tangis cava marmora, somnum

Rumpere, svee bibas, sive lavare, tace

Epitaph On Lady Kneller

[written 1725, published 1838]

One day I mean to Fill Sir Godfry's tomb, If for my body all this Church has room Down with more Monuments! More room! (she cryd) For I am very large, and very wide

A protest against Lady Kneller's proposal to replace a wall tablet in Twickenham church commemorating Pope's father with a monument to her husband

On a certain Lady at Court

[written c 1725, published, PSM, 1732]

I know the thing that's most uncommon, (Envy be silent and attend!)

I know a Reasonable Woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a Friend

Not warp'd by Passion, aw'd by Rumour, Not grave thro' Pride, or gay thro' Folly, An equal Mixture of good Humour, And sensible soft Melancholy

'Has she no Faults then (Envy says) Sir?'
Yes she has one, I must aver
When all the World conspires to praise her,
The Woman's deaf, and does not hear

On Mrs Howard, afterwards Countess of Suffolk, mistress of George II

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Lines On Swift's Ancestors

[written 1726, published 1814]

Ionathan Swift Had the gift, By fatherige, motherige, And by brotherige, To come from Gutherige, 5 But now is spoil'd clean, And an Irish Dean In this church he has put A stone of two foot. With a cup and a can, Sir, 10 In respect to his grandsire, So Ireland change thy tone, And cry, O hone! O hone! For England hath its own

Swift put up a plain monument to his grandfather, and also presented a cup to the church of Goodrich, or Gotheridge

Receipt to make Soup

FOR THE USE OF DEAN SWIFT

[written 1726, published ? 1726]

Take a knuckle of Veal (You may buy it, or steal), In a few peices cut it, In a Stewing pan put it, Salt, pepper and mace Must season this knuckle,

Shortly after Swift's return to Ireland in August 1726, Pope met with an accident One night in early September, the coach in which Bolingbroke was sending him home overturned while crossing a stream, and he was rescued from drowning in it only at the cost of severe cuts sustained in his right hand when one of the footmen 'pulled him out through the window' As the news of the accident spread, Pope's friends gathered round, and Twickenham became the centre of much hospitality One day, a dish of stewed veal was prepared according to a recipe from Pulteney's cook, Monsieur Devaux, which was greatly 'approved of at one of our Twickenham entertainments' It was probably on this occasion that Pope suggested sending Swift a composite letter, in the production of which he was joined by Gay, Bolingbroke, Mrs Howard, and Pulteney Pope's own contribution to this letter was a rhymed version of the recipe

Then what's join'd to a place,	
With other Herbs muckle,	
That which killed King Will,	
And what never stands still,	10
Some sprigs of that bed	
Where Children are bred,	
Which much you will mend, if	
Both Spinage and Endive,	
And Lettuce and Beet,	15
With Marygold meet,	
Put no water at all,	
For it maketh things small,	
Which, lest it should happen,	
A close cover clap on,	20
Put this pot of Wood's mettle	
In a hot boiling kettle,	
And there let it be,	
(Mark the Doctrine I teach)	
About——let me see,——	25
Thrice as long as you preach	
So skimming the fat off,	
Say Grace, with your hat off	
O then, with what rapture	
Will it fill Dean and Chapter!	20

7 Ie Celery 9 Ie Sorrell, the supposed name of King William III's horse which indirectly caused his death by stumbling 10 Ie Thyme

11 f Parslev

Presentation Verses to Nathaniel Pigott

[published 1948]

The Muse this one Verse to learn'd Pigot addresses, In whose Heart, like his Writings, was never found flaw, Whom Pope prov'd his Friend in his two chief distresses, Once in danger of Death, once in danger of Law Sept 23 1726

Nathaniel Pigott (1661-1737), a Barrister at Law, lived at Whitton near Twickenham, and it was evidently to his house that Pope was carried after the accident in which his coach was upset when crossing the river Crane on a dark night in September 1726

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The Capon's Tale

TO A LADY WHO FATHER'D HER LAMPOONS UPON HER ACQUAINTANCE

[written c 1726, published, PSM, 1727]

In Yorkshire dwelt a sober Yeoman, Whose Wife, a clean, pains-taking Woman, Fed num'rous Poultry in her Pens, And saw her Cocks well serve her Hens

A Hen she had, whose tuneful Clocks Drew after her a Train of Cocks With Eyes so piercing, yet so pleasant, You would have sworn this Hen a Pheasant All the plum'd Beau-monde round her gathers,

Lord' what a Brustling up of Feathers! Morning from Noon there was no knowing, There was such Flutt'ring, Chuckling, Crowing Each forward Bird must thrust his head in, And not a Cock but would be treading

Yet tender was this Hen so fair, And hatch'd more Chicks than she could rear

Our prudent Dame bethought her then
Of some Dry-Nurse to save her Hen,
She made a Capon drunk In fine
He eat the Sops, she sipp'd the Wine
His Rump well pluck'd with Nettles stings,
And claps the Brood beneath his Wings

The feather'd Dupe awakes content, O'erjoy'd to see what God had sent Thinks he's the Hen, clocks, keeps a Pother, A foolish Foster-Father-Mother

Such, Lady Mary, are your Tricks,
But since you hatch, pray own your Chicks
You should be better skill'd in Nocks,
Nor like your Capons, serve your Cocks

The Discovery or, The Squire turn'd Ferret

AN EXCELLENT NEW BALLAD

To the Tune of High Boys ' up go we, Chevy Chase, Or what you please

[written 1726, published 1726]

Most true it is, I dare to say, E'er since the Days of Eve, The weakest Woman sometimes may The wisest Man deceive

For D—nt circumspect, sedate, A Machiavel by Trade, Arriv'd Express, with News of Weight, And thus, at Court, he said

At Godliman, hard by the Bull, A Woman, long thought barren, Bears Rabbits,—Gad! so plentiful, You'd take her for a Warren

These Eyes, quoth He, beheld them clear What, do ye doubt my View? Behold this Narrative that's here. 15 Why, Zounds! and Blood! 'tis true!

Mary Toft (or Tofts) of Godalming was said to have given birth from time to time to a (variously specified) number of rabbits The Whitehall Evening-Post of 26 November printed an 'Extract of Letter from Mr John Howard, Surgeon and Man-Midwife at Guildford, to a near Relation dated 22 November 1726,' in which he reported the delivery of the seventeenth rabbit, and then went on to say that 'last Tuesday' [15 November] Mr St André, his Majesty's Anatomist, who had been present and had assisted Howard, was 'satisfied in the Truth of the wondrous Delivery As was Mr Molineaux, Secretary to the Prince, who was also here 'The affair created the greatest excitement Not only doctors were interested, but 'Great Numbers of the Nobility have been to see her' (London Journal, 3 December) The woman confessed to the fraud on 7 December, and was 'ordered to be prosecuted for being a

5 D-nt] 'Mr Davenant', who wrote the first account of the supposed delivery

vile Cheat and Imposter'

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MINOR VERSE

Some said that <i>D—gl—s</i> sent should be, Some talk'd of <i>W—lk—r</i> 's Merit, But most held, in this Midwifery, No Doctor like a FERRET	20
But M-l-n-x, who heard this told, (Right wary He and wise) Cry'd sagely, 'Tis not safe, I hold, To trust to D—nt's Eyes	
A Vow to God He then did make He would himself go down, St A-d-re too, the Scale to take Of that Phænomenon	25
He order'd then his Coach and Four, (The Coach was quickly got 'em) Resolv'd this Secret to explore, And search it to the Bottom	30
At Godliman they now arrive, For Haste they made exceeding, As Courtiers should, whene'er they strive To be inform'd of Breeding	35
The good Wife to the Surgeon sent, And said to him, Good Neighbour, 'Tis pity that two Squires so Gent— Should come and lose their Labour	40
The Surgeon with a Rabbit came, And first in Pieces cut it, Then slyly thrust it up that same, As far as Man could put it	
(Ye Guildford Inn-keepers take heed You dress not such a Rabbit Ye Poult'rers eke, destroy the Breed, 'Tis so unsav'ry a-Bit)	45
nes Douglas (1675-1742) Physician and Ob	stetrist,

17 D-gl-s] James Douglas (1675-1742) Physician and Obstetrist, Physician to Queen Caroline, present at Mary Toft's confession 18 W-lk-r] Perhaps Dr Middleton Walker, 'an eminent Man-mid-wife', d 1732
21 M-l-n-x] Samuel Molyneux (1689-1728) Astronomer, Secretary to the Prince of Wales

But hold' says <i>Molly</i> , first let's try, Now that her Legs are ope, If ought within we may descry By Help of Telescope	50
The Instrument himself did make, He rais'd and level'd right, But all about was so opake, It could not aid his Sight	55
On Tiptoe then the Squire he stood, (But first He gave Her Money) Then reach'd as high as e'er He cou'd, And cry'd, I feel a CONY	60
Is it alive? St A-d-re cry'd, It is, I feel it stir Is it full grown? The Squire reply'd, It is, see here's the Fur	
And now two Legs St A-d-re got, And then came two Legs more, Now fell the Head to Molly's Lot, And so the Work was o'er	65
The Woman, thus being brought to Bed, Said, to reward your Pains, St A-d-re shall dissect the Head, And thou shalt have the Brains	70
He lap'd it in a Linnen Rag, Then thank'd Her for Her Kindness, And cram'd it in the Velvet Bag That serves his R—I H——	75
That Bag—which <i>Jenny</i> , wanton Slut, First brought to foul Disgrace, Stealing the Papers thence she put <i>Veal-Cutlets</i> in their Place	80
O' happy would it be, I ween, Could they these <i>Rabbits</i> smother, Molly had ne'er a Midwife been, Nor she a shameful Mother	

MINOR VERSE	481
Why has the Proverb falsly said Better two Heads than one, Could Molly hide this Rabbit's Head, He still might shew his own	85

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Epigram, in a Maid of Honour's Prayer-Book

[written 1726, published (piratically) 1727]

When Israel's Daughters mourn'd their past Offences, They dealt in Sackcloth, and turn'd Cynder-Wenches But Richmond's Fair-ones never spoil their Locks, They use white Powder, and wear Holland-Smocks O comely Church! where Females find clean Linen As decent to repent in, as to sin in

3 Richmond's Fair-ones] The maids of honour at the court of the Prince and Princess of Wales

Verses on Gulliver's Travels

[written 1727, published 1727]

I TO QUINBUS FLESTRIN, THE MAN-MOUNTAIN A LILLIPUTIAN ODE

In Amaze Lost, I gaze! Can our Eyes Reach thy Size? May my Lays 5 Swell with Praise Worthy thee! Worthy me! Muse inspire, All thy Fire! 10 Bards of old Of him told, When they said Atlas Head Propt the Skies 15 See! and believe your Eyes!

See him stride Vallies wide

POEMS 1718-1729	
Over Woods,	
Over Floods	20
When he treads,	
Mountains Heads	
Groan and shake,	
Armies quake,	
Lest his Spurn	25
Overturn	
Man and Steed	
Troops take Heed!	
Left and Right,	
Speed your Flight!	30
Lest an Host	
Beneath his Foot be lost	
Turn'd aside	
From his Hide,	
Safe from Wound	35
Darts rebound	22
From his Nose	
Clouds he blows,	
When he speaks,	
Thunder breaks!	40
When he eats,	•
Famine threats,	
When he drinks,	
Neptune shrinks!	
Nigh thy Ear,	45
In Mid Air,	
On thy Hand	
Let me stand,	

50

482

II THE LAMENTATION OF GLUMDALCLITCH, FOR THE LOSS OF GRILDRIG

So shall I, Lofty Poet! touch the Sky

A PASTORAL

Soon as Glumdalchtch mist her pleasing Care, She wept, she blubber'd, and she tore her Hair No British Miss sincerer Grief has known, Her Squirrel missing, or her Sparrow flown

MINOR VERSE	483
She furl'd her Sampler, and hawl'd in her Thread, And stuck her Needle into <i>Grildrig</i> 's Bed, Then spread her Hands, and with a Bounce let fall Her Baby, like the Giant in <i>Guild-hall</i> In Peals of Thunder now she roars, and now	5
She gently whimpers like a lowing Cow Yet lovely in her Sorrow still appears Her Locks dishevell'd, and her Flood of Tears Seem like the lofty Barn of some rich Swain, When from the Thatch drips fast a Show'r of Rain	10
In vain she search'd each Cranny of the House, Each gaping Chink impervious to a Mouse 'Was it for this (she cry'd) with daily Care Within thy Reach I set the Vinegar?	15
And fill'd the Cruet with the Acid Tide, While Pepper-Water-Worms thy Bait supply'd, Where twin'd the Silver Eel around thy Hook, And all the little Monsters of the Brook Sure in that Lake he dropt—My Grilly's drown'd'—	20
She dragg'd the Cruet, but no Grildrig found 'Vain is thy Courage, Grilly, vain thy Boast, But little Creatures enterprise the most Trembling, I've seen thee dare the Kitten's Paw, Nay, mix with Children, as they play'd at Taw,	25
Nor fear the Marbles, as they bounding flew Marbles to them, but rolling Rocks to you 'Why did I trust thee with that giddy Youth? Who from a Page can ever learn the Truth?	30
Vers'd in Court Tricks, that Money-loving Boy To some Lord's Daughter sold the living Toy, Or rent him Limb from Limb in cruel Play, As Children tear the Wings of Flies away, From Place to Place o'er Brobdingnag I'll roam, And never will return, or bring thee home	35
But who hath Eyes to trace the passing Wind, How then thy fairy Footsteps can I find? Dost thou bewilder'd wander all alone, In the green Thicket of a Mossy Stone, Or tumbled from the Toadstool's slipp'ry Round, Perhaps all maim'd, he grov'ling on the Ground?	40
Dost thou, inbosom'd in the lovely Rose, Or sunk within the Peach's Down, repose? PAF—R	45

Within the King-Cup if thy Limbs are spread, Or in the golden Cowslip's Velvet Head. O show me, Flora, 'midst those Sweets, the Flow'r Where sleeps my Grilding in his fragrant Bow'r! 50 'But ah! I fear thy little Fancy roves On little Females, and on little Loves, Thy Pigmy Children, and thy tiny Spouse, The Baby Play-things that adorn thy House, Doors, Windows, Chimnies, and the spacious Rooms, 55 Equal in Size to Cells of Honeycombs Hast thou for these now ventur'd from the Shore, Thy Bark a Bean-shell, and a Straw thy Oar? Or in thy Box, now bounding on the Main? Shall I ne'er bear thy self and House again? 60 And shall I set thee on my Hand no more, To see thee leap the Lines, and traverse o'er My spacious Palm? Of Stature scarce a Span, Mimick the Actions of a real Man? No more behold thee turn my Watches Key, 65 As Seamen at a Capstern Anchors weigh? How wert thou wont to walk with cautious Tread. A Dish of Tea like Milk-Pail on thy Head? How chase the Mite that bore thy Cheese away, And keep the rolling Maggot at a Bay?' 70

She said, but broken Accents stopt her Voice,
Soft as the Speaking Trumpet's mellow Noise
She sobb'd a Storm, and wip'd her flowing Eyes,
Which seem'd like two broad Suns in misty Skies
O squander not thy Grief, those Tears command
To weep upon our Cod in Newfound-land
The plenteous Pickle shall preserve the Fish,
And Europe taste thy Sorrows in a Dish

III TO MR LEMUEL GULLIVER, THE GRATEFUL ADDRESS OF THE UNHAPPY HOUYHNHNMS, NOW IN SLAVERY AND BONDAGE IN ENGLAND

To thee, we Wretches of the *Houyhnhnm* Band, Condemn'd to labour in a barb'rous Land, Return our Thanks Accept our humble Lays, And let each grateful *Houyhnhnm* neigh thy Praise

MINOR VERSE	485
O happy Yahoo, purg'd from human Crimes, By thy sweet Sojourn in those virtuous Climes, Where reign our Sires! There, to thy Countrey's Shan Reason, you found, and Virtue were the same Their Precepts raz'd the Prejudice of Youth,	
And even a Yahoo learn'd the Love of Truth	10
Art thou the first who did the Coast explore, Did never Yahoo tread that Ground before? Yes, Thousands But in Pity to their Kind, Or sway'd by Envy, or through Pride of Mind, They hid their Knowledge of a nobler Race, Which own'd, would all their Sires and Sons disgrace	15
You, like the Saman, visit Lands unknown,	
And by their wiser Morals mend your own Thus Orpheus travell'd to reform his Kind, Came back, and tam'd the Brutes he left behind	20
You went, you saw, you heard With Virtue fraught	
Then spread those Morals which the <i>Houyhnhmms</i> tau, Our Labours here must touch thy gen'rous Heart, To see us strain before the Coach and Cart,	ght
Compell'd to run each knavish Jockey's Heat! Subservient to New-market's annual cheat! With what Reluctance do we Lawyers bear,	25
To fleece their Countrey Clients twice a Year?	
Or manag'd in your Schools, for Fops to ride, How foam, how fret beneath a Load of Pride! Yes, we are slaves—but yet, by Reason's Force, Have learnt to bear Misfortune, like a Horse	30
O would the Stars, to ease my Bonds, ordain, That gentle Gulliver might guide my Rein! Safe would I bear him to his Journey's End, For 'tis a Pleasure to support a Friend But if my Life be doom'd to serve the Bad, O! may'st thou never want an easy Pad!	35
Houyhnhnm	

IV MARY GULLIVER TO CAPTAIN LEMUEL GULLIVER

ARGUMENT The Captain, some Time after his Return, being retired to Mr Sympson's in the Country, Mrs Gulliver, apprehending from his late Behaviour some Estrangement of his Affections, writes him the following expostulating, soothing, and tenderly-complaining Epistle

Welcome, thrice welcome to thy native Place! ----What, touch me not? what, shun a Wife's Embrace? Have I for this thy tedious Absence born, And wak'd and wish'd whole Nights for thy Return? In five long Years I took no second Spouse, 5 What Redriff Wife so long hath kept her Vows? Your Eyes, your Nose, Inconstancy betrav. Your Nose you stop, your Eves you turn away 'Tis said, that thou shouldst cleave unto thy Wife, Once thou didst cleave, and I could cleave for Life IO Hear and relent! hark, how thy Children moan. Be kind at least to these, they are thy own Behold, and count them all, secure to find The honest Number that you left behind See how they pat thee with their pretty Paws 15 Why start you? are they Snakes? or have they Claws? Thy Christian Seed, our mutual Flesh and Bone Be kind at least to these, they are thy own

Biddel, like thee, might farthest India rove, He chang'd his Country, but retain'd his Love There's Captain Pennel, absent half his Life, Comes back, and is the kinder to his Wife Yet Pennel's Wife is brown, compar'd to me, And Mistress Biddel sure is Fifty three

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Not touch me! never Neighbour call'd me Slut!

Was Flimnap's Dame more sweet in Lilliput?

I've no red Hair to breathe an odious Fume,

At least thy Consort's cleaner than thy Groom

Why then that dirty Stable-boy thy Care?

What mean those Visits to the Sorrel Mare?

Say, by what Witchcraft, or what Dæmon led,

Preferr'st thou Litter to the Marriage Bed?

MINOR VERSE	187
Some say the Dev'l himself is in that Mare If so, our Dean shall drive him forth by Pray'r Some think you mad, some think you are possest That Bedlam and clean Straw will suit you best Vain Means, alas, this Frenzy to appease! That Straw, that Straw would heighten the Disease	35
My Bed, (the Scene of all our former Joys, Witness two lovely Girls, two lovely Boys) Alone I press, in Dreams I call my Dear, I stretch my Hand, no Gulliver is there! I wake, I rise, and shiv'ring with the Frost,	40
Search all the House, my Gulliver is lost! Forth in the Street I rush with frantick Cries The Windows open, all the Neighbours rise Where sleeps my Gulliver? O tell me where? The Neighbours answer, With the Sorrel Mare	45
At early Morn, I to the Market haste, (Studious in ev'ry Thing to please thy Taste) A curious Fowl and Sparagrass I chose, (For I remember you were fond of those,) Three Shillings cost the first, the last sev'n Groats, Sullen you turn from both, and call for Oats	50
Others bring Goods and Treasure to their Houses, Something to deck their pretty Babes and Spouses, My only Token was a Cup like Horn, That's made of nothing but a Lady's Corn 'Tis not for that I grieve, no, 'tis to see	55
The Groom and Sorrel Mare preferr'd to me! These, for some Monuments when you deign to quit, And (at due distance) sweet Discourse admit, 'Tis all my Pleasure thy past Toil to know, The allowid Remarks as harded Delight on Wood	60
For pleas'd Remembrance builds Delight on Woe At ev'ry Danger pants thy Consort's Breast, And gaping Infants squawle to hear the rest How did I tremble, when by thousands bound, I saw thee stretch'd on Lilhputian Ground, When scaling Armies climb'd up ev'ry Part,	65
Each Step they trod, I felt upon my Heart But when thy Torrent quench'd the dreadful Blaze, King, Queen and Nation, staring with Amaze,	79

Full in my View how all my Husband came, And what extinguish'd theirs, encreas'd my Flame Those Spectacles, ordain'd thine Eyes to save, Were once my Present, Love that Armour gave How did I mourn at Bolgolam's Decree! For when he sign'd thy Death, he sentenc'd me	75
Lord! when the Giant-Babe that Head of thine Got in his Mouth, my Heart was up in mine! When in the Marrow-Bone I see thee ramm'd,	80
Or on the House-top by the Monkey cramm'd, The Piteous Images renew my Pain, And all thy Dangers I weep o'er again! But on the Maden's Nipple when you rid, Pray Heav'n, 'twas all a wanton Maiden did!	85
Glumdalchtch too!—with thee I mourn her Case	90
O teach me, Dear, new Words to speak my Flame, Teach me to wooe thee by thy best-lov'd Name! Whether the Style of <i>Grildrig</i> please thee most, So call'd on <i>Brobdingnag</i> 's stupendous Coast, When on the Monarch's ample Hand you sate,	95
	00
	05
Endu'd with all the Virtues of a Horse	10

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V THE WORDS OF THE KING OF BROBDINGNAG, AS HE HELD CAPTAIN GULLIVER BETWEEN HIS FINGER AND THUMB FOR THE INSPECTION OF THE SAGES AND LEARNED MEN OF THE COURT

In Miniature see Nature's Power appear, Which wings the Sun-born Insects of the Air, Which frames the Harvest-bug, too small for Sight, And forms the Bones and Muscles of the Mite! Here view him stretch'd The Microscope explains, That the Blood, circling, flows in human Veins, See, in the Tube he pants, and sprawling lies, Stretches his little Hands, and rolls his Eyes!

Smit with his Countrey's Love, I've heard him prate
Of Laws and Manners in his Pigmy State
By Travel, generous Souls enlarge the Mind,
Which home-bred Prepossession had confin'd,
Yet will he boast of many Regions known,
But still, with partial Love, extol his own
He talks of Senates, and of Courtly Tribes,
Admires their Ardour, but forgets their Bribes,
Of hireling Lawyers tells the just Decrees,
Applauds their Eloquence, but sinks their Fees
Yet who his Countrey's partial Love can blame'
'Tis sure some Virtue to conceal its Shame

The World's the native Citv of the Wise,
He sees his Britain with a Mother's Eyes,
Softens Defects, and heightens all its Charms,
Calls it the Seat of Empire, Arts and Arms!
Fond of his Hillock Isle, his narrow Mind
Thinks Worth, Wit, Learning, to that Spot confin'd,
Thus Ants, who for a Grain employ their Cares,
Think all the Business of the Earth is theirs
Thus Honey-combs seem Palaces to Bees,
And Mites imagine all the World a Cheese
30

When Pride in such contemptuous Beings lies, In Beetles, Britons, Bugs and Butterflies Shall we, like Reptiles, glory in Conceit? Humility's the Virtue of the Great

Epitaph On James Craggs, Esq, In Westminster-Abbey

JACOBUS CRAGGS

REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS

ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,

PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR & DELICIÆ

VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,

ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV

OB FEB XVI M DCC XX

[written 1720, revised and published 1727]

Statesmar, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul sincere, In Action faithful, and in Honour clear! Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end, Who gain'd no Title, and who lost no Friend, Ennobled by Himself, by All approv'd, Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muse he lov'd

5

Fragment of a Sature

[written c 1727, published, PSM, 1727]

If meagre Gildon draws his venal Quill, I wish the Man a Dinner, and sit still If dreadful Dennis raves in furious Fret. I'll answer Dennis when I am in Debt 'Tis Hunger, and not Malice, makes them print, 5 And who'll wage War with Bedlam or the Mint? Should some more sober Criticks come abroad. If wrong, I smile, if right, I kiss the Rod Pains, Reading, Study, are their just Pretence, And all they want is Spirit, Taste, and Sense TO Commas and Points they set exactly right, And 'twere a Sin to rob them of their Mite Yet ne'er one Sprig of Laurel grac'd those Ribbalds, From slashing B—y down to pidling Tibbalds

An expansion of the original poem (see p 293,) lates to be incorporated in the Ep to Arbuthnot (1735), p 603

14 slashing B-y] Richard Bentley, scholar and Master of Trinity

College, Cambridge

MINOR VERSE	49 1
Who thinks he reads when he but scans and spells, A Word-catcher, that lives on Syllables Yet ev'n this Creature may some Notice claim, Wrapt round and sanctify'd with Shakespear's Name, Pretty, in Amber to observe the forms	15
Of Hairs, or Straws, or Dirt, or Grubs, or Worms The Thing, we know, is neither rich nor rare, But wonder how the Devil it got there Are others angry? I excuse them too, Well may they rage, I give them but their Due	20
Each Man's true Merit 'tis not hard to find, But each Man's secret Standard in his Mind, That casting Weight, Pride adds to Emptiness, This, who can gratify? For who can guess? The Wretch whom pilfer'd Pastorals renown,	25
Who turns a <i>Persian</i> Tale for half a Crown, Just writes to make his Barrenness appear, And strains, from hard bound Brains, six Lines a Year, In Sense still wanting, tho' he lives on Theft, Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left	30
Johnson, who now to Sense, now Nonsense leaning, Means not, but blunders round about a Meaning, And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad, It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad Should modest Satire bid all these translate,	35
And own that nine such Poets make a Tate, How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe! How would they swear, not Congreve's self was safe! Peace to all such! but were there one, whose Fires Apollo kindled, and fair Fame inspires,	40
Blest with each Talent, and each Art to please, And born to write, converse, and live with ease, Should such a Man, too fond to rule alone, Bear, like the <i>Turk</i> , no Brother near the Throne, View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,	45
And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise, Damn with faint Praise, assent with civil Leer, And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer, Wishing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, Just hint a Fault, and hesitate Dislike,	50

29-30 The Wretch Crown] Ambrose Philips See p 285 35 Johnson] Author of the Victim, and Cobler of Preston [P] His dishonourable mention was probably earned by his attack on Gay's Three Hours after Marriage

Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend,	55
A tim'rous Foe, and a suspicious Friend,	
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers besieg'd,	
And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd	
Who, if two Wits on rival Themes contest,	
Approves of each, but likes the worst the best,	60
Like Cato gives his little Senate Laws,	
And sits attentive to his own Applause,	
While Wits and Templars ev'ry Sentence raise,	
And wonder with a foolish Face of Praise	
What Pity, Heav'n! if such a Man there be	65
Who would not weep, if $A-n$ were he?	

Sylvia, a Fragment

[written ?, published, PSM, 1727]

Sylvia my Heart in wond'rous wise alarm'd, Aw'd without Sense, and without Beauty charm'd, But some odd Graces and fine Flights she had, Was just not ugly, and was just not mad, Her Tongue still run, on credit from her Eyes, 5 More pert than witty, more a Wit than wise Good Nature, she declar'd it, was her Scorn, Tho' 'twas by that alone she could be born Affronting all, yet fond of a good Name, A Fool to Pleasure, yet a Slave to Fame, 10 Now cov and studious in no Point to fall, Now all agog for D—y at a Ball Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs, Now drinking Citron with his Gr- and Ch-

Men, some to Business, some to Pleasure take,
But ev'ry Woman's in her Soul a Rake
Frail, fev'rish Sex! their Fit now chills, now burns,
Atheism and Superstition rule by Turns,
And the meer Heathen in her carnal Part,
Is still a sad good Christian at her Heart

20

This sketch was incorporated in 1735 in the Epistle to a Lady Of the Characters of Women See pp 561-7, ll 45-50, 59-68, 215-16
14 his Gr—and C—] Philip, Duke of Wharton and the notorious rake, Francis Charteris

Lines from the Art of Sinking [written c 1727, published, PSM, 1727]

WHO KNOCKS AT THE DOOR?

For whom thus rudely pleads my loud-tongu'd Gate, That he may enter?——

SHUT THE DOOR

The wooden Guardian of our Privacy Ouick on its Axle turn ——

BRING MY CLOATHS

Bring me what Nature, Taylor to the *Bear*, To *Man* himself deny'd She gave me Cold, But would not give me Cloaths ——

LIGHT THE FIRE

Bring forth some Remnant of *Promethean* theft, Quick to expand th' inclement Air congeal'd By *Boreas*'s rude breath ——

SNUFF THE CANDLE

Yon Luminary Amputation needs, Thus shall you save its half-extinguish'd Life

UNCORK THE BOTTLE AND CHIP THE BREAD

Apply thme Engine to the spungy Door, Set *Bacchus* from his glassy Prison free, And strip white *Ceres* of her nut-brown Coat

These six examples of the 'Cumbrous' and 'Buskin' styles of writing have all the appearance of having been concocted specially for the comic illustration of those styles

Verses to be placed under the Picture of England's Arch-Poet

CONTAINING A COMPLEAT CATALOGUE OF HIS WORKS

[written c 1727, published, PSM, 1732]

See who ne'er was or will be half read! Who first sung Arthur, then sung Alfred, Prais'd great Eliza in God's anger, Till all true Englishmen cry'd, hang her! Made William's Virtues wipe the bare A—And hang'd up Marlborough in Arras

Then hiss'd from Earth, grew Heav'nly quite, Made ev'ry Reader curse the Light, Maul'd human Wit in one thick Satyr, Next in three Books, sunk human Nature, Un-did Creation at a Jerk, And of Redemption made damn'd Work

5

IO

Then took his Muse at once, and dipt her
Full in the middle of the Scripture
What Wonders there the Man grown old, did!
Sternhold himself he out-Sternholded,
Made David seem so mad and freakish,
All thought him just what thought King Achiz
No Mortal read his Salomon,
But judg'd Roboam his own Son

An attack on Sir Richard Blackmore

2 Arthur] Two Heroick Poems in Folio, twenty Books [P], 1e Prince
Arthur, 1695, and King Arthur, 1697

Alfred] Heroick Poem in twelve Books [P]

3 Eliza] Heroick Poem in Folio, ten Books [P]

6 Marlborough Arras] Instructions to Vanderbank a Tapestry-Weaver [P]

8 Light] Hymn to the Light [P]

9 Wit] Satyr against Wit [P]

10 Nature] Of the Nature of Man [P]

11 Creation] Creation, a Poem in seven Books [P]

12 Redemption] The Redeemer, another Heroick Poem in six Books [P]

16 Sternhold] The Elizabethan versifier of the Psalms, often derided by Pope

17 David] Translation of all the Psalms [P]

19 Salomon] Canticles and Ecclesiast [P]

5

Moses he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh, And Deborah, as She Sise-rah Made Jeremy full sore to cry, And Job himself curse God and die

What Punishment all this must follow? 25 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo, Shall David as Uriah slav him, Or dext'rous Deb'rah Sisera-him? Or shall *Eliza* lav a Plot. To treat him like her Sister Scot. 30 Shall William dub his better End, Or Marlb'rough serve him like a Friend? No, none of these—Heav'n spare his Life! But send him, honest Job, thy Wife

- 21 Moses Deborah Paraphrase of the Canticles of Moses and
- Deborah, &c [P]

 23 Jeremy] The Lamentations [P]

 24 Job] The whole Book of Job, a Poem in Folio [P]

 30 Sister Scot] Mary, Queen of Scots

 31 better End] Kick him on the Breech, not Knight him on the Shoulder [P] Blackmore was knighted in 1697

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford

UPON A PIECE OF NEWS IN MIST, THAT THE REV MR W REFUS'D TO WRITE AGAINST MR POPE BECAUSE HIS BEST PATRON HAD A FRIENDSHIP FOR THE SAID P

[written 1728, published 1809]

Wesley, if Wesley 'tis they mean, They say, on Pope would fall Would his best Patron let his Pen Discharge his inward Gall

What Patron this, a doubt must be Which none but you can clear, Or Father Francis cross the sea. Or else Earl Edward here

The 'piece of News in Mist' appeared in Mist's Weekly Journal on 8 June 1728 as an epistle purporting to defend Pope from the attacks which followed the publication of the *Dunciad* in the previous month 7 Father Francis Francis Atterbury, the exiled bishop of Rochester 8 Earl Edward Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford

That both were good must be contest,
And much to both he owes,
But which to Him will be the best
The Lord of Oxford knows

10

Epitaph On G-

[written 1728, published, PSM, 1732]

Well then, poor G—— lies under ground!
So there's an end of honest Jack
So little Justice here he found,
'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back

When his opera, *Polly*, was banned, Gay was deprived of his apartments in Whitehall Writing to Pope, he remarked that he had 'no continuing city here I begin to look upon myself as one already dead, and desire that you will see these words put upon [my grave-stone]

Life's a jest, and all things show it, I thought so once, but now I know it,

with what more you may think proper 'Pope's response, it is practically certain, was this mock epitaph on Gay's 'court' death

Epitaphs from the Latin on the Count of Mirandula

[written c 1729, published, PSM, 1732]

Joannes jacet hic Mirandula—cætera norunt Et Tagus & Ganges—forsan & Antipodes

I LORD CONINGSBY'S EPITAPH

Here lies Lord Coningsby—be civil, The rest God knows—so does the Devil

II APPLIED TO F C

Here Francis Ch—s lies—Be civil!
The rest God knows—perhaps the Devil

- I i Coningsby] Thomas Lord Coningsby (1656?-1729) A Whig peer, once suspected of peculation, was forward in the impeachment of Pope's friend, Lord Oxford, 1715
 - II I Ch-s] The notorious rake, Francis Chartres

5

Tines

[published, Works, 1741]

I IN CONCLUSION OF A SATIRE

But what avails to lay down rules for sense? In ——'s Reign these fruitless lines were writ, When Ambrose Philips was preferr'd for Wit!

II INSCRIPTIO

And thou! whose sense, whose humour, and whose rage,
At once can teach, delight, and lash the age,
Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,
Praise courts, and monarchs, or extol mankind,
Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind,
Attend whatever title please thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver
From thy Bœotia, lo! the fog retires,
Yet grieve not thou at what our Isle acquires,
Here dulness reigns, with mighty wings outspread,
And brings the true Saturnian age of lead

I From a letter to Swift (15 October 1725), quoting 'the conclusion of one of my Satires' No poem of Pope's as printed ends in this way, but the last line, practically unaltered, appeared in the first edition of the *Dunctad* (A, III 322)

II From a letter (January, 1729) to Swift, enclosing, not the poem on Dulness, but 'what most nearly relates to yourself, the inscription to it'

Epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller In Westminster-Abby 1723

[written c 1729, published 1730]

Kneller, by Heav'n and not a Master taught, Whose Art was Nature, and whose Pictures thought, Now for two ages having snatch'd from fate Whate'er was Beauteous, or whate'er was Great, Lies crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays, Due to his Merit, and brave Thirst of Praise Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie Her works, and dying, fears herself may die

7-8 Imitated from the famous Epitaph on Raphael

——Raphael, timust quo sospite, vinci
Rerum magna parens, & moriente, mori [P]

Epitaph On the Monument of the Honble Robert Digby, and of his Sister Mary, erected by their Father the Lord Digby, in the Church of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, 1727 [written 1727-30? published, Lewis's

[written 1727–30? published, Lewis's Miscellany, 1730]

Go! fair Example of untainted youth. Of modest wisdom, and pacifick truth Compos'd in suff'rings, and in joy sedate, Good without noise, without pretension great Just of thy word, in ev'ry thought sincere, 5 Who knew no wish but what the world might hear Of softest manners, unaffected mind, Lover of peace, and friend of human kind Go live! for heav'ns Eternal year is thine. Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine 10 And thou blest Maid! attendant on his doom, Pensive hast follow'd to the silent tomb. Steer'd the same course to the same quiet shore, Not parted long, and now to part no more! Go then, where only bliss sincere is known! 15 Go, where to love and to enjoy are one! Yet take these tears, Mortality's relief. And till we share your joys, forgive our grief, These little rites, a Stone, a Verse, receive, 'Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give! 20

Poems 1730-1744

An Essay on Man

OR THE FIRST BOOK OF ETHIC EPISTLES TO H ST JOHN L BOLINGBROKE

[written 1730-32, published 1733-34]

TO THE READER

As the Epistolary Way of Writing hath prevailed much of late, we have ventured to publish this Piece composed some Time since, and whose Author chose this Manner, notwithstanding his Subject was high and of dignity, because of its being mixt with Argument, which of its Nature approacheth to Prose This, which we first give the Reader, treats of the Nature and State of Man, with Respect to the Universal System, the rest will treat of him with Respect to his Own System, as an Individual, and as a Member of Society, under one or other of which Heads all Ethicks are included

As he imitates no Man, so he would be thought to vye with no Man in these Epistles, particularly with the noted Author of Two lately published. But this he may most surely say, that the Matter of them is such, as is of Importance to all in general, and of Offence to none in particular

TO THE READER

The Author was induced to publish these Epistles separately for two Reasons, The one, that he might not impose upon the Publick too much at once of what he thought incorrect, The other, that by this Method he might profit of its Judgement on the Parts, in order to make the Whole less unworthy

THE DESIGN

Having proposed to write some pieces on Human Life and Manners, such as (to use my lord Bacon's expression) come home to Men's Business and Bosoms, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his Nature and his State since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine

¹ I e Pope's own acknowledged poems Mor Ess, III, and Imit Hor, Sat, III 1

the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being

The science of Human Nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the Anatomy of the Mind as in that of the Body, more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and, I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory, of Morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwiet the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect system of Ethics.

This I might have done in prose, but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious, that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but is true, I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself, and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions, depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious, or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandring from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general Map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable

5

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST EPISTLE

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to the UNIVERSE

Of Man in the abstract —I That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things, VER 17, &c II That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a Being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general Order of things, and conformable to Ends and Relations to him unknown, VER 35, &c III That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, VER 77, &c IV The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more Perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery The implety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice of his dispensations, VER 113, &c V The absurdity of conceiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, VER 131, &c VI The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the Perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes, though, to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable. VER 173, &c VII That throughout the whole visible world, an umversal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason, that Reason alone countervails all the other faculties, VER 207 VIII How much farther this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us, were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed VER 233 IX The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, VER 259 X The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, VER 281, &c to the end

> Awake, my ST JOHN! leave all meaner things To low ambition, and the pride of Kings Let us (since Life can little more supply Than just to look about us and to die) Expatiate free o'er all this scene of Man,

Epistle I Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN with respect to the UNIVERSE [P]
I meaner] Meaner than philosophy

A mighty maze! but not without a plan, A Wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot, Or Garden, tempting with forbidden fruit Together let us beat this ample field, Try what the open, what the covert yield, 10 The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar, Eye Nature's walks, shoot Folly as it flies, And catch the Manners living as they rise, Laugh where we must, be candid where we can, 15 But vindicate the ways of God to Man I Say first, of God above, or Man below, What can we reason, but from what we know? Of Man what see we, but his station here, From which to reason, or to which refer? 20

6-16 'The 6th, 7th, and 8th lines allude to the Subjects of This Book, the General Order and Design of Providence, the Constitution of the human Mind, whose Passions cultivated are Virtues, neg[lected], Vices, the Temptations of misapplyd Selflove and wrong pursuits of Power, Pleasure and talse Happiness The 10th, 11th, 12th, etc allude to the [sub]jects of the following books, the [various?] characters and capacities of Men, of Learning and Ignorance, [the?] Knowledge of mankind and the Manners [of the age?] The last line sums up the moral and main Drift of the whole, [the?] Justification of the Ways of Provi[dence]' P's MS note

6-14 Cf The Explicator (vol 1, no 2, Nov 1942) 'as the seeming planlessness of the garden is planned , so it might be with Man and his World, as the natural garden exhibits a wide range of diversity and prolific growth, so does the system of creation'

8-16 Par Lost, 1 1-2, 26 Pope emphasizes the connection between his

poem and Milton's

12 There is a mode of motion appropriate to man, which is neither creeping nor soaring 'those who blindly creep are the ignorant and indifferent, those who sightless soar are the presumptuous, who endeavour to transcend the bounds prescribed to the intellect of man'

13 walks] Cf besides the garden sense of this term its hunting sense as

the haunt or resort of game

15 candid] H More, Enchir Eth 'Candor is that which guides us to interpret with Benignity the Words and Actions of all Men. But when they are such as cannot well be borne, then, with an honest and decent Liberty, to check and reprehend them'

17 ff He can reason only from Things known, and judge only with regard

to his own System [P]

17-18 'The principle of analogical reasoning in theology is the assumption that the universe being regulated by uniform laws, those laws which we can trace in that part of it which falls under our observation, extend also to that part of it which we cannot see Cf Milton, Par Lost, v 174'

19 station] Perhaps an astronomical term, but chiefly a military and hierarchical one, which stresses man's limitedness of purview

Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known, 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce, See worlds on worlds compose one universe, Observe how system into system runs, 25 What other planets circle other suns. What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star, May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are But of this frame the bearings, and the ties, The strong connections, nice dependencies, 30 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul Look'd thro'? or can a part contain the whole? Is the great chain, that draws all to agree, And drawn supports, upheld by God, or thee? 34 II Presumptuous Man! the reason wouldst thou find, Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind! First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess, Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less! Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade? 40 Or ask of vonder argent fields above, Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove? Of Systems possible, if 'tis confest That Wisdom infinite must form the best.

23 A reply to Lucretius's celebration of Epicurus as a mortal whose mind, defying religion, did pierce through vast immensity and beyond the universe to reach a godlike knowledge of why we are as we are

27 A favourite hypothesis of scientists, divines, and poets, frequently

used to humble human self-esteem

29-31 A figure blended of architectural, hierarchical, and astronomical allusions *Connexions*, dependences, gradations were kev terms of the new sciences with respect to the hierarchies both of being and the stellar systems

33-4 Zeus's golden chain in the Iliad—'Whose strong Embrace holds Heav'n, and Earth, and Main' (Pope's $\it Il$, viii 26)—became identified

with the chain of being

35 ff He is not therefore a Judge of his own perfection or imperfection, but is certainly such a Being as is suited to his Place and Rank in the Creation [P]

37 harder] In being a less congenial question for pride to resolve

42 Satellites] Here used as plural of the Latin satelles and syllabicated

accordingly

43-50 The function of this passage is evidently to summarize a set of propositions (1) that a God of infinite wisdom exists, (2) that such a God will necessarily have chosen to create, out of all possible systems, the best, (3) that the best will necessarily have been that which actualizes the maximum number of possible modes of being, and so is 'full' of existents a plenum formarum—'cohering' because actualization of all the possibles leaves no gaps, (4) that the plenum's structure is hierarchical, a ladder of

Where all must full or not coherent be,	45
And all that rises, rise in due degree,	
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain	
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as Man,	
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)	
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?	50
Respecting Man, whatever wrong we call,	-
May, must be right, as relative to all	
In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,	
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain,	
In God's, one single can its end produce,	55
Yet serves to second too some other use	
So Man, who here seems principal alone,	
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,	
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal,	
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole	60
When the proud steed shall know why Man restr	rains
His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains,	
When the dull Ox, why now he breaks the clod,	
Is now a victim, and now Ægypt's God	
Then shall Man's pride and dulness comprehend	65

beings of greater and greater complexity of faculties, rising by even steps (due degrees) from nothingness to God The conclusion is that in the part of the ladder which embiaces rational existents (e.g. man and angel) there could no more be a gap than elsewhere there had to be a creature which combined the rational nature with an animal one, for such a creature (besides being an empirical fact) was certainly one of the conceivable possibles The argument then settles down to the important issue (49-50) whether the powers of this hybrid creature are suited to the terrestrial and mortal life assigned him The epistle then tries to show, (1) that they must be right with respect to the whole system of things, both ex hypothesi and on the analogy that all visible creatures including man have a function though not necessarily one known to them, (2) that they are right with respect to man himself, since they contribute to his well-being, which any alteration in them would disturb A hint of humour may lurk in 1 48 53-4 works movements] Metaphorical as well as literal (cf wheel,

His actions', passions', being's, use and end, Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd, and why

(OED), movement 'a particular part or group of parts in a mechanism, serving some special purpose' (OED)

60 Cf I Cor XIII 12 'For now we see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am

Work 'a set of parts forming a machine or piece of mechanism'

known' The idea is fundamental to theodicy
64 Ægypt's God] The sacred Memphian bull, worshipped under the name of Apis

67 The pairs of verbs pick up, respectively, the ideas in 63-4, 61-2, and suggest the duality of man's status in their active and passive forms

This hour a slave, the next a deity Then say not Man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault, Say rather, Man's as perfect as he ought, 70 His knowledge measur'd to his state and place. His time a moment, and a point his space If to be perfect in a certain sphere, What matter, soon or late, or here or there? The blest today is as completely so, 75 As who began a thousand years ago III Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of Fate. All but the page prescrib'd, their present state, From brutes what men, from men what spirits know Or who could suffer Being here below? 80 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day. Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play? Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food, And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n, 85 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n. Who sees with equal eve, as God of all, A hero perish, or a sparrow fall, Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd. And now a bubble burst, and now a world 90

69-71 Received opinions in apologetic thought

73-4 Cf Pope's letter to Caryll, 8 March 1733 'Nothing is so plain as that he [the author of the Essay on Man, as yet anonymous] quits his proper subject, this present world, to assert his belief of a future state and yet there is an if instead of a since that would overthrow his meaning But Pope could not have changed if to since without appealing to Revelation, which, as his remark to Caryll shows, he was determined not to do, and which lay outside the terms of his poem

75-6 Once transferred to beatitude in eternity, man loses nothing by not having been transferred there earlier, eternity being all 'instant'

77 ff His happiness depends on his Ignorance to a certain degree [P]

79 ff See this pursued in Epist 3 Vers 66, &c 79, &c [P] 81-90 Man is presented as the middle and least attractive term in the ratio lamb is to man as man is to God In his status as an inferior, man lacks the lamb's trustfulness, in his status as a superior, he lacks God's impartial thoughtfulness

87 God's vision (equal in its attention to all) has been placed in contrast with his creatures' blindness Equal may also carry something of its

Latin sense aequus = propitious, benign

87-90 Matt, x 29-31 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father But the very hairs of your head are all numbered Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows' Pope says that God's providence embraces both sparrow and man

Hope humbly then, with trembling pinions soar, Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore! What future bliss, he gives not thee to know, But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now Hope springs eternal in the human breast 95 Man never Is, but always To be blest The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home, Rests and expatiates in a life to come Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutor'd mind Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind, 100 His soul proud Science never taught to stray Far as the solar walk, or milky way, Yet simple Nature to his hope has giv'n, Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n, Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd, 105 Some happier island in the watry waste, Where slaves once more their native land behold, No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold! To Be, contents his natural desire, He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire, IIO But thinks, admitted to that equal sky, His faithful dog shall bear him company IV Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense Weigh thy Opinion against Providence. Call Imperfection what thou fancy'st such, 115 Say, here he gives too little, there too much,

91 ff And on his Hope of a Relation to a future State [P] As faith is belief in the unproved, so hope is expectation of the unknown

94 Further open'd in Epist 2 Vers 283 Epist 3 Vers 74 Epist 4

Vers 346, &c [P]

99 ff There is irony directed against the Indian (cf the naive materialism of his after-life, and Ess., IV 177-8) as well as against proud Science Both (being human) are incapable of understanding God's ways, though the Indian surpasses proud Science in trusting them

110-12 Cf 1 125-8 Simple nature shows its humility both in not

aspiring to higher orders and in not excluding those lower

110 Seraph's fire] An attribute traditionally assigned, owing to the 'presumed derivation of the word from a Hebrew root saraph to burn' (OED) Cf Ess, 1 278

III equal Cf above, 87

113 ff The Pride of aming at more Knowledge and Perfection, and the Implety of pretending to judge of the Dispensations of Providence, the causes of his Error and Misery [P]

113-15 sense Opinion fancy'st] The three terms stress the contrast of man's mind with God's unlike God, man is dependent on sense, subject to opinion, and likely to be misled by fancy

For me, health gushes from a thousand springs, Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise, My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies' 140 But errs not Nature from this gracious end. From burning suns when hvid deaths descend, When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep? 'No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause 145 Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,

117 gust To please the palate

128 So Satan plans to destroy Adam and Eve (Par Lost, IV 524-7) by persuading them to reject

> Envious commands, invented with design To keep them low, whom knowledge might exalt Equal with gods Aspiring to be such, They taste and die

131 ff The Absurdity of concerting himself the Final Cause of the Creation, or expecting that Perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural [P]

133 gemal] Generative, as in Par Lost VII 282

140 canopy] The canopy of a throne

142 livid The observed colour of plague victims

145-8 A highly elliptical passage, impacting in the mouth of the anthropocentrist stock explanations of physical evils (1) that God's laws are calculated for general good, not that of the part, though they may

Th' exceptions few, some change since all began, And what created perfect?'—Why then Man? If the great end be human Happiness, Then Nature deviates, and can Man do less? 150 As much that end a constant course requires Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of Man's desires, As much eternal springs and cloudless skies, As Men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design, 155 Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? Who knows but he, whose hand the light'ning forms, Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms, Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind. Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind? 160 From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs, Account for moral as for nat'ral things Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit? In both, to reason right is to submit Better for Us, perhaps, it might appear, 165 Were there all harmony, all virtue here, That never air or ocean felt the wind, That never passion discompos'd the mind But ALL subsists by elemental strife. And Passions are the elements of Life 170 The gen'ral ORDER, since the whole began, Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man

perhaps, on rare occasions, be suspended in the interest of the part, (2) that deteriorations in the system may account for the intrusion of some evils, (3) that the Creation, as a thing created, is by definition imperfect, God alone being perfect Pope's point (II 148-72) is that the anthropocentrist has implicitly abandoned his position in the arguments used to explain physical evils, ought to abandon it altogether, and if he does so, will see that God's dispositions in the moral realm (likewise calculated for general good) are as readily justified as His dispositions in the natural

147 some began] This may refer either to Newton's belief that irregularities were gradually accruing in the system, or to the traditional theory that the world was less perfect since the Fall, or to both

152 desires] I e passions

160 young Ammon] Alexander the Great

¹⁵⁵⁻⁶ As God has established general laws for the larger good of the whole which sometimes bring about natural evils in particular instances, so God has given man passions which sometimes result in moral evils—a reply to the contention that a good God would have made man incapable of sinning

¹⁷⁰ See this subject extended in Epist 2 from Vers 100, to 122, 165, &c [P]

	•
VI What would this Man? Now upward will he so: And little less than Angel, would be more,	ar,
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears	175
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears Made for his use all creatures if he call,	
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?	
Nature to these, without profusion kind,	
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd,	180
Each seeming want compensated of course,	
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force,	
All in exact proportion to the state,	
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate Each beast, each insect, happy in its own,	-0-
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?	185
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,	
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd with all?	
The bliss of Man (could Pride that blessing find)	
Is not to act or think beyond mankind,	190
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,	
But what his nature and his state can bear Why has not Man a microscopic eye?	
For this plain reason, Man is not a Fly	
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,	195
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?	-75
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,	
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?	
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,	
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?	200

173 ff The Unreasonableness of the Complaints by Lucretius, Pliny and others against Providence, and that to possess more Faculties would make us miserable [P]

181 of course In the normal course of events

182 It is a certain Axiom in the Anatomy of Creatures, that in proportion as they are form'd for Strength, their Swiftness is lessen'd, or as they are form'd for Swiftness, their Strength is abated [P]

185 Vid Epist 3 Vers 79, &c and 110, &c [P]

193-206 It was a point of constant emphasis in Pope's day that man's sensory powers had 'that Degree of Perfection, which is most fit and suitable to our Estate and Condition' Locke observed that if man had 'microscopical Dyes', 'he would not make any great Advantage by the Change'

194 Man Fly] The fly's eye was supposed to have microscopic powers

195-6 Cf Dunc B, IV 453 ff and note (p 788)

196 Note the common symbolical belief that man's sight, unlike the animals', was formed to look upwards

199 effluria] Streams of invisible particles by which Epicurus and others believed that odours communicated themselves to the brain

If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears, And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres. How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still The whisp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill? Who finds not Providence all good and wise, 205 Alike in what it gives, and what denies? VII Far as Creation's ample range extends, The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends Mark how it mounts, to Man's imperial race, From the green myriads in the peopled grass 210 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme. The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam Of smell, the headlong honess between, And hound sagacious on the tainted green Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood, 215 To that which warbles thro' the vernal wood The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine! Feels at each thread, and lives along the line In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew 220 How Instinct varies in the grov'ling swine, Compar'd, half-reas'ning elephant, with thine

201-2 Pope closes his instances with a comparison at the opposite end of the scale—between man and angel (cf man and fly, above)—alluding to the belief that it was given to angels but not to mortals to hear the music of the spheres

207 ff There is an universal Order and Gradation this the whole visible world, of the sensible and mental Faculties, which causes the Subordination of Creature to Creature, and of all Creatures to Man, whose Reason alone countervails all the other Faculties The Extent, Limits, and Use of Human Reason and Science, the Author design'd as the subject of his next Book of Ethic Epistles [P]

212 beam] Alluding to the old theory that sight depended on emission

of rays from the eye

213 The manner of the Lions hunting their Prey in the Deserts of Africa is this, at their first going out in the night-time they set up a loud Roar, and then listen to the Noise made by the Beasts in their Flight, pursuing them by the Ear, and not by the Nostril It is probable, the story of the Jackall's hunting for the Lion was occasion'd by observation of the Defect of Scent in that terrible Animal [P]

Allusions to the lion s relatively imperfect smell and sight are found in Buffon's Natural History, but the source of the curious misinformation

that lions hunt by ear has not been discussed

214 sagacious] 'Acute in perception, esp by the sense of smell' tainted] Imbued with the scent of an animal (usually a hunted animal) 220 healing dew] The phrase reflects the common medicinal use of honey in Pope's day and the ancient belief that honey was a dew that fell on flowers

223-4 Pope adopts regularly in the Essay (cf III 83 ff) the orthodox position, opposed by Montaigne and others, that man differs from animal in kind, not merely in degree 223 barrier] Johnson, Dict (1755) 'It is sometimes pronounced with

250

223 barrier Johnson, Det (1755) It is sometimes probabled what the accent on the last syllable, but it is placed more properly upon the first?

224 The faculty allotted to beasts was simple memory

The least confusion but in one, not all That system only, but the whole must fall

Let Earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly, Planets and Suns run lawless thro' the sky,

227 Middle natures] Natures transitional between the main steps of the scale

233 ff How much farther this Gradation and Subordination may extend? were any part of which broken, the whole connected Creation must be destroy'd [P]

233 this air earth] The traditional classification of forms of life according to the three inhabited elements of Ess, iii 116-20

251 unbalanc'd] The antithesis of God's act of creation in Par Lost, vii 242, whereby 'Earth, self-balanc'd, on her centre hung'

Let ruling Angels from their spheres be hurl'd, Being on being wreck'd, and world on world, Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,	255
And Nature tremble to the throne of God	
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?	
Vile worm!—oh Madness, Pride, Impiety!	
IX What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,	
Or hand to toil, aspir'd to be the head?	260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd	
To serve mere engines to the ruling Mind?	
Just as absurd for any part to claim	
To be another, in this gen'ral frame	
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains	265
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains	
All are but parts of one stupendous whole,	
Whose body, Nature is, and God the soul,	
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,	
Great in the earth, as in th' æthereal frame,	270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,	•
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,	
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,	
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,	
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,	275
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart,	-/5
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,	
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns,	
To him no high, no low, no great, no small,	
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all	280

253 ruling Angels] According to Aquinas, the shaking of the ruling angels from their spheres is to be a sign of the end of the world

258 The Extravagance, Impiety, and Pride of such a desire [P]

263-6 A favourite position in moral philosophy from the Stoics down 265 Vid the prosecution and application of this in Epist 4 Ver 162 [P]

269 So Augustine speaks of God as 'immutabilis, mutans omnia'

(Conf, I IV)

274 Standard predications of God in catholic theology 276 Cf Aquinas's argument that the soul is wholly in the whole body

and at the same time wholly in each part of the body

278 Above, I 110n Aquinas says that 'The first and highest [of the angels] are called Seraphim, 1 e fiery or setting on fire, because fire 1s used to designate intensity of love or desire'

280 The four verbs epitomize much of the argument of Ess, 1, 111, and IV On fills, see the preceding lines and III 21-6, IV 61-2, on bounds, III 110 and 79 ff, on connects, III 23 and 111 ff, on equals, IV 53-62, esp 61-2 and 326

x Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name Our proper bliss depends on what we blame Know thy own point This kind, this due degree Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee Submit-In this, or any other sphere, 285 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r, Or in the natal, or the mortal hour All Nature is but Art, unknown to thee, All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see. 290 All Discord, Harmony, not understood, All partial Evil, universal Good And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite, One truth is clear, 'Whatever IS, is RIGHT'

281 ff The Consequence of all, the absolute Submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future State [P]

281-4 Par Lost, VIII 167-84, is the best commentary on this passage, and comes close to summarizing the argument of this Epistle

289 A traditional conception in both pagan and Christian thought (like the four which follow it)

290 A favourite topic of the Stoics, the theme of Boethius s De cons phil, and cf Matt, x 29-30, and Christian writing in general

ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND EPISTLE

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Himself, as an Individual I The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself His Middle Nature, his Powers and Frailties, VER I to 18 The Limits of his Capacity, VER 19, &c II The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary, VER 53, &c Self-love the stronger, and why, VER 67, &c Their end the same, VER 81, &c III The PASSIONS, and their use, VER 93 to 130 The predominant Passion, and its force, VER 131 to 160 Its Necessity, in directing Men to different purposes, VER 165, &c Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue, VER 177 IV Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature, the limits near, yet the things separate and evident What is the office of Reason, VER 203 to 216 V How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, VER 217 VI That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections, VER 238,&c How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men, VER 242 How useful they are to Society, VER 249 And to the Individuals, VER 261 In every state, and every age of life, VER 271, &c

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan, The proper study of Mankind is Man Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state, A being darkly wise, and rudely great With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side. 5 With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride, He hangs between, in doubt to act, or rest, In doubt to deem himself a God, or Beast, In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer, Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err. IO Alike in ignorance, his reason such, Whether he thinks too little, or too much Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd, Still by himself abus'd, or disabus'd, Created half to rise, and half to fall, 15 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all, Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd The glory, jest, and riddle of the world! Go, wond'rous creature! mount where Science guides,

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides, Instruct the planets in what orbs to run, Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun,

Epistle II Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN as an INDIVIDUAL [P] Iff The business of Man not to pry into God, but to study himself His Middle Nature, his Powers, Frailties, and the Limits of his Capacity [P]

scan Often misread to imply the total exclusion of knowledge about God Pope's point is that God's dispensations are not to be presumptuously pried into and carped at by human reason

6 Stoic s pride] The traditional charge against the Stoics because of their belief that men could extirpate their passions and attain to impassivity, like God's

rest] The contrast in this line and the next is between Stoic and Epicurean alternatives of Ess, IV 21-4 Rest is Stoic apathy, and act is apparently Epicurean hedonism

11-12 I e man's proper reasoning should fall between these extremes in the direction of self-knowledge, as in the remainder of this epistle

20 measure earth] Many calculations of the earth's measurements were being made in Pope's time and earlier

weigh air] Alluding to the experiments of Torricelli, Boyle, and others tides] With reference to the work of Newton, continued in Pope's time by Euler, Bernouilli, and others, to determine the causes and operations of the tides

21 Cf the determinations of planetary motions by Newton, Halley,

Flamsteed, Cassini, etc.

Time Pope may refer to some such 'correction' as Newton describes in Principia 'Absolute time, in Astronomy, is distinguish'd from Relative, by the Equation or correction of vulgar time

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE II	517
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere, To the first good, first perfect, and first fair,	
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,	25
And quitting sense call imitating God.	-5
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,	
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun	
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—	
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool!	30
Superior beings, when of late they saw	_
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,	
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,	
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an Ape	
Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,	35
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind?	
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,	
Explain his own beginning, or his end?	
Alas what wonder! Man's superior part	
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art	40
But when his own great work is but begun,	
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone	
Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide,	
First strip off all her equipage of Pride,	
Deduct what is but Vanity, or Dress,	45
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness,	
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,	
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain	
Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts	
Of all, our Vices have created Arts	50
Then see how little the remaining sum,	
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come!	
II Two Principles in human nature reign,	

For the natural days are truly unequal, though they are commonly consider'd as equal, and used for a measure of time Astronomers correct this inequality for their more accurate deducing of the celestial motions'

23 empyreal sphere] The outermost sphere of the universe, abode of

God and (for Pope) of Plato's archetypes of Ideas

46 'I e what is done by learning after a fashion intended to make a

show or to save trouble'

²⁶ Referring to the soul's leaving behind the body ('sense') for neoplatonic trances, such as Plotinus is said to have enjoyed, and to the characteristic teaching of neo-platonists that 'he that dares soar above the gross impediments of flesh, to converse with divine objects, will become little less than a God'

⁵³ ff The Two Principles of Man, Self-Love and Reason,

Self-love, to urge, and Reason, to restrain,	
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,	55
Each works its end, to move or govern all	
And to their proper operation still,	
Ascribe all Good, to their improper, Ill	
Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul,	
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole	60
Man, but for that, no action could attend,	
And, but for this, were active to no end,	
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,	
To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot,	
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,	65
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd	_
Most strength the moving principle requires,	
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires	
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,	
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise	70
Self-love still stronger, as its objects nigh,	•
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie	
That sees immediate good by present sense,	
Reason, the future and the consequence	
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,	75
At best more watchful this, but that more strong	
The action of the stronger to suspend	
Reason still use, to Reason still attend	
Attention, habit and experience gains,	
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains	80
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,	
More studious to divide than to unite,	
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,	
With all the rash dexterity of Wit	
Wits, just like fools, at war about a Name,	85
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same	

both necessary, 59 Self-love the stronger, and why?, 67 their End the same, 81 [P]

⁵³ Alluding to the fundamental antithesis, in all the traditional psychologies, between regulatory and appetitive elements in man's nature, usually connected in one way or another with the doctrine of his two souls, rational and sensitive

⁵⁴ Self-love] I e self-maintenance or self-fulfilment, each natural being strives to keep going with its own particular go

⁵⁹ acts] activates
62, 65-6 Self-love is likened to the tendency of heavenly bodies to keep moving, and reason to the force of gravitation that is necessary to hold them in their orbits

Self-love and Reason to one end aspire, Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire, But greedy that its object would devour, This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r 90 Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood. Our greatest evil, or our greatest good III Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call, 'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all, But since not every good we can divide. 95 And Reason bids us for our own provide, Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair, List under Reason, and deserve her care. Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim. Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name 100 In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast Their Virtue fix'd, 'tis fix'd as in a frost, Contracted all, retiring to the breast, But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest The rising tempest puts in act the soul, 105 Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole On life's vast ocean diversely we sail, Reason the card, but Passion is the gale, Nor God alone in the still calm we find. He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind TTO Passions, like Elements, tho' born to fight, Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite These 'tis enough to temper and employ, But what composes Man, can Man destroy? Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road, 115 Subject, compound them, follow her and God

⁹³ ff The Passions, and their Use [P]

⁹⁸ List Enlist

⁹⁹ Those, that imparted I e the passions when reason is imparted to them

¹⁰⁸ card] The mariner's chart or map

¹⁰⁰⁻¹⁰ Cf the 'great calm' of Matt VIII 26

¹¹¹⁻²² A further comparison between man and the exterior universe to emphasize the importance of utilizing his whole nature—in keeping with the implications in the preceding passage that the world outside man is inclusive, not exclusive tempests are as necessary as calms, gales as necessary as compasses or maps Man's duty is to achieve by creative skill an inner harmony of all his powers, imposing order on the *chaos* indicated in II 13

¹¹¹⁻¹² The traditional conception of personality as a blending of the four humours or elements in man, the application of which to the passions was regularly made

Love, Hope, and Joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of pain,
These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind 120
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Gives all the strength and colour of our life
Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes,
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise,
Present to grasp, and future still to find, 125
The whole employ of body and of mind
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike,
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike,
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak, the organs of the frame, 130
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest
As Man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death,
The young disease, that must subdue at length, 135
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his strength
So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The Mind's disease, its ruling Passion came,
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul 140
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part
Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse, 145
Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse,
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
As Heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sowr,

133 ff The Predominant Passion, and its Force The Use of this doctrine, as apply'd to the Knowledge of mankind, is one of the subjects of the second book [P]

139 vital humour] The several sorts of 'spirits'—natural, vital, animal—that in the old physiology were credited with nourishing the powers of body and soul

142 I e as the individual matures from infancy into manhood

143-4. The traditional view of the dangerous force of imagination in man's moral life

144 peccant] An epithet given to the humours of the body, when they are either morbid, or in too great abundance

146 Faculties] three sorts—natural, vital, and animal, corresponding to the kinds of spirits

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE II	521
We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway, In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey	150
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,	
What can she more than tell us we are fools? Teach us to mourn our Nature, not to mend,	
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!	
O C	155
The choice we make, or justify it made,	- , ,
Proud of an easy conquest all along,	
She but removes weak passions for the strong	
So, when small humors gather to a gout,	_
	160
Yes, Nature's road must ever be prefer'd, Reason is here no guide, but still a guard	
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,	
And treat this passion more as friend than foe	
_ • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	165
And sev'ral Men impels to sev'ral ends	-
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,	
This drives them constant to a certain coast	
Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,	
	170
Thro' life 'tis followed, ev'n at life's expence, The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,	
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,	
All, all alike, find Reason on their side	
	75
Grafts on this Passion our best principle	.,,
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,	
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd,	

150 Gout was thought to arise from 'a redundancy of humours' and was 'considered as a paroxysm, tending to free the body of an matter, by throwing it upon the extremities'

165 ff Its Necessity, in directing men to different purposes The particular application of this to the several Pursuits of Men, and the General Good resulting thence, falls also into the succeeding books [P]

165-6 The traditional view that God ensures the variety of dispositions and inclinations by which the world's work is enabled to be carried on 175 ff Its providential Use, in fixing our PRINCIPLE, and ascertaining our VIRTUE [P]

fix'd I e the dominion of a ruling passion 'sets or 177 Mercury determines the otherwise infinite variableness of man's emotional nature, as various 'sulphurs' (according to the metallurgy of Pope's time) 'fix', in the metallic substances as we know them, the primal mercury of which all of them are composed. The term mercury was frequently applied to volatility of character

The dross cements what else were too refin'd,	_
And in one interest body acts with mind As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care	180
On savage stocks inserted learn to bear,	
The surest Virtues thus from Passions shoot,	
Wild Nature's vigor working at the root	
What crops of wit and honesty appear	185
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear	103
See anger, zeal and fortitude supply,	
Ev'n av'rice, prudence, sloth, philosophy,	
Lust, thro' some certain strainers well refin'd,	
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind	190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,	190
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave	
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,	
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on Shame	
Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)	195
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd,	-//
Reason the byass turns to good from ill,	
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will	
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,	
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine	200
The same ambition can destroy or save,	
And make a patriot as it makes a knave	
IV This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,	
What shall divide? The God within the mind	
Extremes in Nature equal ends produce,	205
In Man they join to some mysterious use,	
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,	
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,	

180 Pope's point is analogous to Donne's in The Extasse neither body nor soul is dispensable

181 fruits] Equivalent, as used here, to 'grafts' or 'scions'

195 ff VIRTUE and VICE join'd in our Mixt Nature, the Limits near, yet the things separate, and evident The Office of Reason [P]

195-6 An epigrammatic way of saying (in contradistinction to theories that real virtue is the result of pure reason or pure grace) that we are indebted to nature for a passional force that can be turned as readily into a characteristic virtue as a characteristic vice

198 will Both 'if he chooses' and 'if he performs an act of will' Curtius] Examples of patriotic self-abnegation

203-4 Alludes to the creative act of God which man is to imitate in

ordering his own 'chaos'

205 Extremes in Nature] Evidently the 'reconciled extremes' of drought and rain, seedtime and harvest, life and death, chance and permanence, to which Pope refers in Mor Ess, III 159 ff and on which, in the traditional view, the well-being of the world is founded

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE II	523
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice Where ends the Virtue, or begins the Vice	210
Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,	
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all	
If white and black blend, soften, and unite	
A thousand ways, is there no black or white?	
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain,	215
'Tis to mistake them, costs the time and pain	
v Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,	
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen,	
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,	
We first endure, then pity, then embrace	220
But where th' Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed	
Ask where's the North? at York, 'tis on the Tweed,	
In Scotland, at the Orcades, and there,	
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where	
No creature owns it in the first degree,	225
But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he	
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,	
Or never feel the rage, or never own,	
What happier natures shrink at with affright,	
The hard inhabitant contends is right	230
VI Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be,	-
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree,	
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,	
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise	
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill,	235
For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still,	
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal,	
But HEAV'N's great view is One, and that the Whol	le
That counter-works each folly and caprice,	
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice	240
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,	-

211-15 I e good and evil are absolutes, and known intuitively Pope is making the point of the Cambridge Platonists

Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,

217 ff VICE odious in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it [P] 225 degree] An equivoque, sustaining both the usual sense and Pope's

geographical image of zone in 227

230 hard] The man who lives in an atmosphere of vice becomes hardened to it, as the native of Greenland or Nova Zembla (1 224) to cold

231 ff The ENDS of PROVIDENCE and General Good answer'd in our Passions and Imperfections How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of men [P]

Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief, To kings presumption, and to crowds belief, That Virtue's ends from Vanity can raise, Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise, And build on wants, and on defects of mind,	245
The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind Heav'n forming each on other to depend,	
A master, or a servant, or a friend,	250
Bids each on other for assistance call,	250
'Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of all	
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally	
The common int'rest, or endear the tie	
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,	255
Each home-felt joy that life inherits here	200
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,	
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign	
Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,	
To welcome death, and calmly pass away	260
Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,	
Not one will change his neighbor with himself	
The learn'd is happy nature to explore,	
The fool is happy that he knows no more,	
The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,	265
The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n	5
See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing	
The sot a hero, lunatic a king,	
The starving chemist in his golden views	
Supremely blest, the poet in his muse	270
See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,	•
And Pride bestow'd on all, a common friend,	
See some fit Passion ev'ry age supply,	
Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die	
Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,	275
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw	
Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,	
A little louder, but as empty quite	
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,	
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age	280

249 ff How useful these are to Society in general, and to Individuals in particular, in every STATE, 261, and ev'ry AGE of Life, 271 [P]

²⁴⁹⁻⁵² A favourite thesis of traditional political theory

²⁵⁵ sincere] Cf IV 15n (p 536)
273 A standard conception in the theory of passions 279 Scarfs] The badge of doctors of divinity

Pleas'd with this bauble still, as that before, 'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er! Mean-while Opinion gilds with varying rays Those painted clouds that beautify our days, Each want of happiness by Hope supply'd, 285 And each vacuity of sense by Pride These build as fast as knowledge can destroy, In Folly's cup still laughs the bubble, joy, One prospect lost, another still we gain, And not a vanity is giv'n in vain, 290 Ev'n mean Self-love becomes, by force divine, The scale to measure others wants by thine See! and confess, one comfort still must rise, 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise

288 bubble] The word takes on additional meaning from its common early senses—'deceptive show' and dupe'
291-2 See farther of the Use of this Principle in Man Epist 3 Ver
121, 124, 134, 144, 199, &c And Epist 4 Ver 358, and 368 [P]

ARGUMENT OF THE THIRD EPISTLE

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Society I The whole Universe one system of Society, VER 7, &c Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, VER 27 The happiness of Animals mutual, VER 49 II Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, VER 79 Reason or Instinct operate also to Society, in all animals, VER 109 III How far Society carried by Instinct, VER 115 How much farther by Reason, VER 131 IV Of that which is called the State of Nature, VER 147 Reason instructed by Instinct in the invention of Arts, VER 171, and in the Forms of Society, VER 179 V Origin of Political Societies, VER 199 Origin of Monarchy, VER 209 Patriarchal government, VER 215 VI Origin of true Religion and Government, from the same principle, of Love, VER 231, &c Origin of Superstition and Tyranny, from the same principle, of Fear, VER 241, &c The Influence of Self-love operating to the social and public Good, VER 269 Restoration of true Religion and Government on their first principle, VER 283 Mixt Government, VER 294 Various Forms of each, and the true end of all, VER 303, &c

A
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray
Look round our World, behold the chain of Love
Combining all below and all above
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace
See Matter next, with various life endu'd,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of Matter born,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return 20
Nothing is foreign Parts relate to whole,
One all-extending all-preserving Soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast,
All serv'd, all serving! nothing stands alone, 25
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown
Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn

Epistle III Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to Society [P]

I ff The whole Universe one System of Society [P]

2 one end] The 'gen'ral good', as in 14, below

7-26 An influential group of concepts in traditional 'poetic' metaphysics

9 plastic Nature] The informing and forming power of God, as manifested in the creativity of nature cf the natura naturans of the Schools

12 neighbour embrace] A locution emphasizing unity through love at the inanimate level

14 Press centre] Alluding to the supposed movement of matter to earth's centre

18 I e man is also subject to vicissitude

27 ff Nothing made wholly for *Itself*, nor yet wholly for *another*, but the Happiness of all animals *mutual* [P] Pope's argument is both that man is made for the animals as well as the animals for man, and that animals are made for themselves as well as for men

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE III	527
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?	
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?	
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note	
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,	35
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride	33
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?	
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain	
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?	
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer	40
The hog, that plows not nor obeys thy call, Lives on the labours of this lord of all	
Know, Nature's children all divide her care,	
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear	
While Man exclaims, 'See all things for my use!'	45
'See man for mine!' replies a pamper'd goose,	7.7
And just as short of Reason he must fall,	
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all	
Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul,	
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole	50
Nature that Tyrant checks, he only knows,	
And helps, another creature's wants and woes Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,	
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove?	
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings?	55
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings?	"
Man cares for all to birds he gives his woods,	
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods,	
For some his Int'rest prompts him to provide,	
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride,	60
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy	
Th'extensive blessing of his luxury That very life his learned hunger craves,	
He saves from famine, from the savage saves,	
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,	65
And, 'till he ends the being, makes it blest,	-5
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,	
Than favour'd Man by touch etherial slain	
The creature had his feast of life before,	
Thou too must perish, when thy feast is o'er!	70

Wit] The only intellectual being in the terrestrial system 53-6 The traditional belief that man alone has sense of beauty 64 savage] Cf iii 168n

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,	
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end	
To Man imparts it, but with such a view	
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too	
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,	75
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near	
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd	
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind	
II Whether with Reason, or with Instinct blest,	
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best,	80
To bliss alike by that direction tend,	
And find the means proportion'd to their end	
Say, where full Instinct is th'unerring guide,	
What Pope or Council can they need beside?	
Reason, however able, cool at best,	85
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,	
Stays 'till we call, and then not often near,	
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,	
Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit,	
While still too wide or short is human Wit,	90
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,	
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain	
This too serves always, Reason never long,	
One must go right, the other may go wrong	
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs	95
One in their nature, which are two in ours,	
And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can,	
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man	
Who taught the nations of the field and wood	
To shun their poison, and to chuse their food?	100

⁷⁷ I e miracle] that while man is the only animal whose faculties enable him to apprehend the certain approach of death, his action is not paralysed by it

⁷⁹ ff Reason or Instinct alike operate for the good of each Individual, and they operate also to Society, in all Animals [P]

⁷⁹ I e whether man or animal

⁸³⁻⁹⁸ Pope throughout adopts the orthodox view of instinct as the direct power of God acting in animals, and therefore superior in its accuracy to reason

⁸⁴ Council] The Roman Catholic council, which claims to be infallible 99–108 The effects of animal instinct may be employed as evidence either of a contriving mind, or of a providential care, in the Creator They are here adduced in neither point of view, but to show the equable distribution of the means by which the great end of the universe is attained, that means being, reason in man, instinct in animals

Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,	
Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?	
Who made the spider parallels design,	
Sure as De-moivre, without rule or line?	
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore	105
Heav'ns not his own, and worlds unknown before?	
Who calls the council, states the certain day,	
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?	
III God, in the nature of each being, founds	
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds	110
But as he fram'd a Whole, the Whole to bless,	
On mutual Wants built mutual Happiness	
So from the first eternal ORDER ran,	
And creature link'd to creature, man to man	
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,	115
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,	
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds	
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds	
Not Man alone, but all that roam the wood,	
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,	120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,	
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one	
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace,	
They love themselves, a third time, in their race	
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,	125
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend,	
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,	
There stops the Instruct, and there ends the care,	
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,	720
Another love succeeds, another race	130

101-2 Evidently an allusion, in the first instance, to the supposed nesting habits of the halcyon, 'on the wave', and in the second, to the reported nesting habits, 'beneath the sand', of the kingfisher, with which the halcyon was usually identified

104 De-mouvre] Demoivre, an emment Mathematician [P] (1667-1754) a French Protestant who settled in London, propounded what is to-day known as 'De Moivre's Theorem' in trigonometry, and contributed significantly to the theory of probability

115 ff How far Society carry'd by Instinct [P]

2115 æther] 'the element breathed by the Gods' (OED)
2118 The flame A fine warm 1990 1991 flame] 'A fine warm, igneous substance, supposed to reside in the hearts of animals, as necessary to life, or rather, as that which

genial] Above, I 133n

constitutes life itself'

119-20 Creatures classified by the element they inhabit, as in 1 233 123 embrace] Cf III 12n

A longer care Man's helpless kind demands,

I hat longer care contracts more lasting bands	
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,	
At once extend the int'rest, and the love,	
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn,	135
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn,	33
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,	
That graft benevolence on charities	
Still as one brood, and as another rose,	
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those	140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,	•
Saw helpless him from whom their life began	
Mem'ry and fore-cast just returns engage,	
That pointed back to youth, this on to age	
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,	145
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind	
IV Nor think, in NATURE'S STATE they blindly	trod,
The state of Nature was the reign of God	•
Self-love and Social at her birth began,	
Union the bond of all things, and of Man	150
Pride then was not, nor arts, that Pride to aid,	-
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade,	
The same his table, and the same his bed,	
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed	
In the same temple, the resounding wood,	155
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God	
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,	
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest	
Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,	
And Man's prerogative to rule, but spare	160
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!	
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb,	
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,	
Murders their species, and betrays his own	
But just disease to luxury succeeds,	165
How much farther SOCIETY is carry'd by REASON [P]	
46 Pope's point is that marriage ramifies into all the characteristics	teristic
relationships, affections, and hence virtues	

131 fl 135human

138 I e a general virtuous habit of mind on concrete natural affections 147 ff Of the STATE of NATURE That it was SOCIAL [P]

147, 148 State With a play on the political meaning, of reign 156 equal Cf 187n

¹⁴⁷⁻⁵⁰ I e the state of nature was not a state of war, like Hobbes's, and not without society and law, like Lucretius's, but much more like Locke's, which 'approximates the Golden Age of the Poets'

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE III	531
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds,	
The Fury-passions from that blood began,	
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man	
See him from Nature rising slow to Art!	
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part,	170
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—	•
'Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take	
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield,	
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field,	
Thy arts of building from the bee receive,	175
Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave,	
Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,	
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale	
Here too all forms of social union find,	
And hence let Reason, late, instruct Mankind	180
Here subterranean works and cities see,	
There towns aerial on the waving tree	
Learn each small People's genius, policies,	
The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees,	
How those in common all their wealth bestow,	185
And Anarchy without confusion know,	
And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,	
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain	
Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,	
Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate	190
In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,	
Entangle Justice in her net of Law,	
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,	
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong	
Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,	195
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey,	
And for those Arts mere Instinct could afford,	
Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as Gods ador'd'	
v Great Nature spoke, observant Men obey'd,	
Cities were built, Societies were made	200
Savage here means wild animal, as in III 64	,

168 Savage here means wild animal, as in III 64
169 ff Reason instructed by Instinct in the Invention of Arts, and in
the FORMS of Society [P]

177-8 Oppian, Halieut Lib I describes this Fish in the following manner They swim on the surface of the Sea, on the back of their Shells, which exactly resemble the Hulk of a Ship, they raise two Feet like Masts, and extend a Membrane between which serves as a Sail, the other two Feet they employ as Oars at the side They are usually seen in the Mediterranean [P]

181-2 Referring especially to ant-hills and bee-hives 199 ff Origine of Political Societies [P]

Here rose one little state, another near Grew by like means, and 101n'd, thro' love or fear Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend. And there the streams in purer rills descend? What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow, 205 And he return'd a friend, who came a foe Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw, When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law Thus States were form'd, the name of King unknown, 'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one 210 'Twas VIRTUE ONLY (or in arts or arms, Diffusing blessings, or averting harms) The same which in a Sire the Sons obev'd, A Prince the Father of a People made VI 'Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch sate, 215 King, priest, and parent of his growing state, On him, their second Providence, they hung, Their law his eve, their oracle his tongue He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food, Taught to command the fire, controul the flood, 220 Draw forth the monsters of th'abvss profound. Or fetch th'aerial eagle to the ground 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying, they began Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as Man Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd 225 One great first father, and that first ador'd Or plain tradition that this All begun, Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son, The worker from the work distinct was known. And simple Reason never sought but one 230 Ere Wit oblique had broke that steddy light. Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right, To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure, trod, And own'd a Father when he own'd a God LOVE all the faith, and all th'allegiance then, 235

210 ff Origine of MONARCHY [P]

215 ff (Origin) of PATRIARCHIAL GOVERNMENT [P]

217-24 Like Locke, Temple, and other writers, Pope finds the origins of patriarchal authority in filial habit and the natural veneration of the offspring for their instructor and provider

235 ff Origine of TRUE RELIGION and GOVERNMENT from the Principle of LOVE and of SUPERSTITION and TYRANNY, from that

of FEAR [P]

235 In Stoic political theory, tyranny was said to operate on the principle of fear, proper rule on the principle of confidence and love

For Nature knew no right divine in Men,	
No ill could fear in God, and understood	
A sov'reign being but a sov'reign good	
True faith, true policy, united ran,	
That was but love of God, and this of Man	240
Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,	•
Th' enormous faith of many made for one,	
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,	
T'invert the world, and counter-work its Cause?	
Force first made Conquest, and that conquest, Law,	245
'Till Superstition taught the tyrant awe,	
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,	
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made	
She, 'midst the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's sound,	
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the groun	nd,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,	251
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they	-
She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,	
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise	
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes,	255
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods,	
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,	
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust,	
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,	
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe	260
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,	
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride	
Then sacred seem'd th'etherial vault no more,	
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore	
Then first the Flamen tasted living food,	265
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood,	
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,	
And play'd the God an engine on his foe	
So drives Self-love, thro' just and thro' unjust,	
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust	270
The same Self-love, in all, becomes the cause	
Of what restrains him, Government and Laws	
For, what one likes if others like as well,	
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?	
36 Locke's thesis throughout his Civil Govt	

²³⁶ Locke's thesis throughout his Civil Govt
241-82 The usual account of the corruption of the state of nature,
which finally drove men to formal government and laws
242 enormous] 'Deviating from ordinary rule or type, monstrous'
269 ff The Influence of Self-Love operating to the Social and Public Good [P]

How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake, A weaker may surprise, a stronger take? His safety must his liberty restrain	275
All join to guard what each desires to gain	
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,	
Ev'n Kings learn'd justice and benevolence	280
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,	
And found the private in the public good	
'Twas then, the studious head or gen'rous mind,	
Follow'r of God or friend of human-kind,	
Poet or Patriot, rose but to restore	285
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before,	5
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,	
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew	
Taught Pow'r's due use to People and to Kings,	
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,	290
The less, or greater, set so justly true,	•
That touching one must strike the other too,	
'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create	
Th'according music of a well-mix'd State	
Such is the World's great harmony, that springs	295
From Order, Union, full Consent of things!	
Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made	
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade,	
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,	
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest,	300
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring	
Beast, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King	
For Forms of Government let fools contest,	
Whate'er is best administer'd is best	

283 ff Restoration of *True Religion* and *Government* on their first Principle *Mixt* Governments, with the various Forms of each, and the TRUE USE OF ALL The Deduction and Application of the foregoing Principles, with the *Use* or *Abuse* of *Civil* and *Ecclesiastical Policy*, was intended for the subject of the third book [P]

286 Moral Equivalent to 'ethical principles'

292 strike] I e cause to sound

297-300 A common theme in moral and sermon literature, often with

implied or stated reference to 1 Cor, XII

303-4 Essentially the doctrine of Aristotle in the *Politics*, where he argues that forms of government are to be judged according to their effectiveness in procuring the aim of every good state, which is that the inhabitants of it should be happy Warburton notes that the lines were misinterpreted in a contemporary pamphlet (as they were later by others), with the consequence that Pope jotted down in the offending book "The author of these lines [Pope] was far from meaning that no one Form of Government is, in itself, better yn another but that no form of

AN ESSAY ON MAN (IV) ARGUMENT	535
For Modes of Faith, let graceless zealots fight, His can't be wrong whose life is in the right In Faith and Hope the world will disagree, But all Mankind's concern is Charity	305
All must be false that thwart this One great End,	
And all of God, that bless Mankind or mend Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives,	310
The strength he gains is from th'embrace he gives	
On their own Axis as the Planets run, Yet make at once their circle round the Sun	
So two consistent motions act the Soul,	315
And one regards Itself, and one the Whole	
Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,	

Government, however excellent or preferable in itself, can be sufficient to make a People happy, unless it be administerd with Integrity On ye contrary, the Best sort of Governmt, when ye Form of it is preserved, and ye administration corrupt, is most dangerous'

And bade Self-love and Social be the same

305-10 The position of the Cambridge Platonists

305 graceless An equivoque

gri-16 Pope closes the epistle (cf. its beginning) with two figures relating to the love that binds the universe. The love of the vine and elm was often cited in this connection, and Newton's principle of attractive force holding the planets in their orbits was assimilated in Pope's time to older ideas of the diffusive love of God

318 The central theme of much ethical writing in Pope's time and before

ARGUMENT OF THE FOURTH EPISTLE

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness I False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular, answered from VER 19 to 76 II It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all, VER 29 God intends Happiness to be equal, and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws, VER 35 As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, VER 49 But, notwithstanding the inequality, the balance of Happiness among Mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear, VER 67 III What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world, and that the good Man has here the advantage, VER 77 The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamittees of Nature, or of Fortune, VER 93 IV The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars, VER III V That we are not judges who are good, but that whoever they are, they must be happnest, VER 131, &c VI That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of Virtue, VER 167 That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue Instanced in Riches, VER 185 Honours, VER 193 Nobility, VER 205 Greatness, VER 217 Fame, VER 237 Superior Talents, VER 259 With pictures of human Infelicity in Men possest of them all, VER 269, &c VII That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, VER 309, &c That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter, VER 325, &c

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim! Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh. For which we bear to live, or dare to die. Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies, 5 O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below, Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow? Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine. Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine? IO Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian lawrels yield. Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? Where grows ?—where grows it not ?—If vain our toil. We ought to blame the culture, not the soil Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere. 15 'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where, 'Tis never to be bought, but always free, And fled from Monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee Ask of the Learn'd the way, the Learn'd are blind, This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind, 20 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease, Those call it Pleasure, and Contentment these, Some sunk to Beasts, find pleasure end in pain,

Epistle IV Of the NATURE and STATE of MAN, with respect to HAPPINESS [P]

⁸ mortal The epithet is important Where amongst human beings?

10 Appropriate to the plant figure, on the old belief that minerals were organisms ripened by the sun's rays

¹⁵ sincere Unmixed, pure, as perhaps at II 255

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE IV	537
Some swell'd to Gods, confess ev'n Virtue vain, Or indolent, to each extreme they fall, To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all Who thus define it, say they more or less	25
Than this, that Happiness is Happiness? If Take Nature's path, and mad Opinion's leave, All states can reach it, and all heads conceive, Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell, There needs but thinking right, and meaning well, And mourn our various portions as we please,	30
Equal is Common Sense, and Common Ease Remember, Man, 'the Universal Cause Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws,' And makes what Happiness we justly call	35
Subsist not in the good of one, but all There's not a blessing Individuals find, But some way leans and hearkens to the kind No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride, No cavern'd Hermit, rests self-satisfy'd Who most to shun or hate Mankind pretend,	40
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend Abstract what others feel, what others think, All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink, Each has his share, and who would more obtain, Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain	45
ORDER is Heav'n's first law, and this confest, Some are, and must be, greater than the rest, More rich, more wise, but who infers from hence That such are happier, shocks all common sense Heav'n to Mankind impartial we confess,	50
If all are equal in their Happiness But mutual wants this Happiness increase, All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace Condition, circumstance is not the thing, Bliss is the same in subject or in king,	55
In who obtain defence, or who defend, In him who is, or him who finds a friend	60

29 ff HAPPINESS the END of all Men, and attainable by all [P]

49 ff It is necessary for ORDER and the common Peace, that External Goods be unequal, therefore Happiness is not constituted in these [P]

The accepted view, in traditional ethics
35 ff God governs by general not particular Laws intends Happiness to be equal, and to be so, it must be social, since all perfect Happiness depends on general [P]

Heav'n breaths thro' ev'ry member of the whole	
One common blessing, as one common soul	
But Fortune's gifts if each alike possest,	
And each were equal, must not all contest?	
If then to all Men Happiness was meant,	65
God in Externals could not place Content	
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,	
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those,	
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,	
While those are plac'd in Hope, and these in Fear	70
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,	, -
But future views of better, or of worse	
Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,	
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies?	
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,	75
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise	
III Know, all the good that individuals find,	
Or God and Nature meant to mere Mankind,	
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of Sense,	
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence	80
But Health consists with Temperance alone,	
And Peace, oh Virtue! Peace is all thy own	
The good or bad the gifts of Fortune gain,	
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain	
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,	85
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?	_
Of Vice or Virtue, whether blest or curst,	
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?	
Count all th'advantage prosp'rous Vice attains,	
'Tis but what Virtue flies from and disdains	90
And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,	
One they must want, which is, to pass for good	
Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,	
Who fancy Bliss to Vice, to Virtue Woe!	
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,	95
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest	

67 ff The balance of human happiness kept equal (notwithstanding Externals) by HOPE and FEAR The Exemplification of this Truth, by a view of the Equality of Happiness in the several particular Stations of Life, were [was] design'd for the subject of a future Epistle [P] 77 ff In what the Happiness of *Individuals* consists, and that the

GOOD MAN has the advantage, even in this world [P]

84 worse] Adverbial

93 ff That no man is unhappy thro' VIRTUE [P]

But fools the Good alone unhappy call, For ills or accidents that chance to all See FALKLAND dies, the virtuous and the just! See god-like TURENNE prostrate on the dust! 100 See SIDNEY bleeds amid the martial strife! Was this their Virtue, or Contempt of Life? Say, was it Virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave, Lamented DIGBY! sunk thee to the grave? Tell me, if Virtue made the Son expire, 105 Why, full of days and honour, lives the Sire? Why drew Marseille's good bishop purer breath, When Nature sicken'd, and each gale was death? Or why so long (in life if long can be) Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? IIO IV What makes all physical or moral ill? There deviates Nature, and here wanders Will God sends not ill, if rightly understood, Or partial Ill is universal Good, Or Change admits, or Nature lets it fall. 115 Short and but rare, 'till Man improv'd it all We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain, That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain, As that the virtuous son is ill at ease, When his lewd father gave the dire disease 120 Think we, like some weak Prince, th'Eternal Cause, Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws? Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires, Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?

99 Falkland was killed at the battle of Newbury, 20 Sept 1643 Clarendon refers to his 'prodigious parts, 'inimitable sweetness and goodness to mankind', and simplicity delight', 'flowing and obliging and integrity of life'

100 Turenne was slain 27 July 1675 at Sessbach in Baden He was called 'the Support of the Throne, the Father of his Soldiers the Delight of his Countrymen, and An Honour to Human Kind'

101 Sidney was fatally wounded at Zutphen, 22 Sept 1586

103-6 Robert Digby died, aged 40, in 1726 His father, Lord Digby, was 74 when this fourth epistle was published For Pope's epitaph on the son see p 498
107-8 Though most of the doctors and clergy who did not flee from

Marseilles in 1720 fell victim to the plague, Belsunce survived

110 Pope's mother died, aged 91, 7 June 1733

all] Eg in his fall and its consequences 116 'tıll

123-4 Empedocles was variously reported to have fallen into the crater of Aetna while trying to conceal himself, to have been the victim of an eruption which he was seeking to observe scientifically, or to have thrown

On air or sea new motions be imprest, Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast? When the loose mountain trembles from on high,	125
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?	
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall, For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?	
v But still this world (so fitted for the knave)	130
Contents us not A better shall we have?	
A kingdom of the Just then let it be	
But first consider how those Just agree	
The good must merit God's peculiar care,	T 2 4
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?	135
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell,	
Another deems him instrument of hell,	
If Calvin feel Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,	
This cries there is, and that, there is no God	140
What shocks one part will edify the rest,	*40
Nor with one system can they all be blest	
The very best will variously incline,	
And what rewards your Virtue, punish mine	
'Whatever IS, 18 RIGHT '—This world, 'tis true,	145
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too	-45
And which more blest? who chain'd his country, say,	
Or he whose Virtue sigh'd to lose a day?	
'But sometimes Virtue starves, while Vice is fed'	
What then? Is the reward of Virtue bread?	150
That, Vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil,	-
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,	
The knave deserves it when he tempts the main.	

himself into the volcano to confirm reports that he had become a God Pope lines fit best the second version

125-6 Hugh Bethel (d 1748), one of Pope's oldest and firmest friends 130 Francis Chartres, a notorious scoundrel, lately dead See Pope's note to *Moral Ess*, 111 20 (p 571)

133 kingdom Just] I e of the righteous in the sight of God

141-4 I e the very best men will differ in their judgement, with the result that what you take to be a reward of what you call virtue will seem to me a punishment of what I call virtue

145-6 This Caesar] Alluding to the complaint of Cato in Addi-

son's tragedy, IV IV 23-4

Justice gives way to force the conquer'd world Is Caesar's Cato has no business in it—

148 Alluding to the anecdote told of the Emperor Titus, that when he lost a day, he sighed at night

151 That I e bread

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE IV	54I
Where Folly fights for kings, or dives for gain The good man may be weak, be indolent, Nor is his claim to plenty, but content	155
Put great has Decker many description	
But grant him Riches, your demand is o'er?	- 32
'No—shall the good want Health, the good want Pow's	
Add Health and Pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing, 'Why bounded Pow'r? why private? why no king?'	-/-
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?	160
Why is not Man a God, and Earth a Heav'n?	
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive	
God gives enough, while he has more to give	
Immense that pow'r, immense were the demand,	165
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?	102
vi What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,	
The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,	
Is Virtue's prize A better would you fix?	
Then give Humility a coach and six,	170
Justice a Conq'ror's sword, or Truth a gown,	170
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a Crown	
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there	
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?	
The Boy and Man an individual makes,	175
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?	-/3
Go, like the Indian, in another life	
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife	
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,	
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind	180
Rewards, that either would to Virtue bring	
No joy, or be destructive of the thing	
How oft by these at sixty are undone	
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one	
To whom can Riches give Repute, or Trust,	185
Content, or Pleasure, but the Good and Just?	•
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,	
Esteem and Love were never to be sold	
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,	
The lover and the love of human-kind,	190
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,	
The state of the s	

Because he wants a thousand pounds a year

¹⁶⁰ I e why a private citizen?
169 ff That External Goods are not the proper rewards of Virtue, often inconsistent with, or destructive of it, but that all these can make no man happy without Virtue Instanced in each of them [P]
185 ff I RICHES [P]

Honour and shame from no Condition rise, Act well your part, there all the honour lies

Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made, One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade,	195
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,	
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd	
'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'	
I'll tell you, friend, A Wise man and a Fool	200
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,	
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,	
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow,	
The rest is all but leather or prunella /	
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings	205
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings	
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,	
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece,	
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,	
Count me those only who were good and great	210
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood	
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,	
Go! and pretend your family is young,	
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long	
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?	215
Alas' not all the blood of all the HOWARDS	
Look next on Greatness, say where Greatness lies	>
'Where, but among the Heroes and the Wise'	
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,	
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede,	220
The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find	
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!	
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,	
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose	
No less alike the Politic and Wise,	225
193 ff 2 Honours [P]	
194 The central maxim (along with that which opens Epistle	e 11) of
traditional ethics	
204 I e dress the cobbler's apron of leather, the clergyman' of prunella	s gown
205-6 3 TITLES [P]	
205 A contemptuous image of carcasses dressed for the table	(or for
sacrifice) may be relevant here. For Strings, see p. 631. 1 14n	

sacrifice) may be relevant here For Strings, see p 631, 1 14n 207 ff 4 BIRTH [P]

217ff 5 GREATNESS [P]

220 Macedona's madman] Alexander the Great the Swede] Charles XII (1682-1718) 'His behavior at Bender shews him rather fitted for Bedlam than to govern a Nation'

All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes	
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,	
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak	
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,	
'Tis phrase absurd to call a Villain Great	230
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,	
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave	
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,	
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,	
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed	235
Like Socrates, that Man is great indeed	
What's Fame? a fancy'd life in others breath,	
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death	
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown	
The same (my Lord) if Tullv's or your own	240
All that we feel of it begins and ends	
In the small circle of our foes or friends,	
To all beside as much an empty shade,	
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead,	
Alike or when, or where, they shone, or shine,	245
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine	
A Wit's a feather, and a Chief a rod,	
An honest Man's the noblest work of God	
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,	
As Justice tears his body from the grave,	250
When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,	
Is hung on high, to poison half mankind	
All fame is foreign, but of true desert,	
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart	
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs	255
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas,	
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,	
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels	
In Parts superior what advantage lies?	_
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wise?	260

237 ff 6 FAME [P]
243-4 as much dead] I e a Eugene living is as much an empty
shade as a Caesar dead

244 Eugene] Prince Eugene of Savoy (1663–1736), the commander of the Imperial armies in the War of the Spanish Succession and the joint hero with Marlborough of Blenheim and Malplaquet

247 Alluding to the pen with which the wit writes, and the truncheon

of the general

259 ff 7 SUPERIOR PARTS [P] 260 You] I e Bolingbroke

'Tis but to know how little can be known, To see all others faults, and feel our own Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge Without a second, or without a judge Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land? 265 All fear, none aid you, and few understand Painful preheminence! yourself to view Above life's weakness, and its comforts too Bring then these blessings to a strict account. Make fair deductions, see to what they mount 270 How much of other each is sure to cost. How each for other oft is wholly lost. How inconsistent greater goods with these. How sometimes life is risg'd, and always ease Think, and if still the things thy envy call, 275 Say, would'st thou be the Man to whom they fall? To sigh for ribbands if thou art so silly, Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life? Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife 280 If Parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd, The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind Or ravish'd with the whistling of a Name, See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame! If all, united, thy ambition call, 285 From ancient story learn to scorn them all There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd and great, See the false scale of Happiness complete! In hearts of Kings, or arms of Oueens who lav. How happy! those to run, these betray, 290 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows, From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose, In each how guilt and greatness equal ran, And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the Man Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold, 295 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold, Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease, Or infamous for plunder'd provinces

277 ribbands] Cf IV 205

²⁸⁵ all] The worldly goods dealt with separately above, 185 ff 275 ff 288 scale] Ladder of steps in 201

²⁹⁰ I e what a form their happiness took, consisting in ruining the kings who trusted and betraying the queens who loved them

Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame	
	300
What greater bliss attends their close of life?	
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,	
The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,	
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade	
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,	30 <i>5</i>
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day,	
The whole amount of that enormous fame,	
A Tale, that blends their glory with their shame!	
VII Know then this truth (enough for Man to know)	
'Virtue alone is Happiness below'	310
The only point where human bliss stands still,	
And tastes the good without the fall to ill,	
Where only Merit constant pay receives,	
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives,	
The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,	315
And if it lose, attended with no pain	
Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest,	
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd	
The broadest murth unfeeling Folly wears,	
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears	320
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,	
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd,	
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd,	
Never dejected, while another's bless'd,	
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,	325
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain	
See! the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,	
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know	
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,	
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find,	330

307 enormous] Cf III 242 308 Tale] 'Tally', as well as 'story' cf 'compute in 306

309 ff That VIRTUE only constitutes a Happiness, whose Object is Universal, and whose Prospect Eternal [P]

310 Virtue] Regularly identified with benevolence

311 The allusion here seems to be to the pole, or central point, of a spherical body which, during the rotatory motion of every other part, continues immovable and at rest

313-14 I e the only point where merit uninterruptedly receives its reward, in the recipient bringing the happiness of receiving, in the giver the happiness of giving

327 ff That the Perfection of Happiness consists in a Conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it, here and hereafter [P]

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God, Pursues that Chain which links th'immense design, Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine, Sees, that no being any bliss can know, But touches some above, and some below, Learns, from this union of the rising Whole, The first, last purpose of the human soul,	335
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began, All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal, And opens still, and opens on his soul,	340
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd, It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone Hope of known bliss, and Faith in bliss unknown (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)	345
Wise is her present, she connects in this His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss, At once his own bright prospect to be blest, And strongest motive to assist the rest Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,	350
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine Is this too little for the boundless heart? Extend it, let thy enemies have part Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense, In one close system of Benevolence	355
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree, And height of Bliss but height of Charity God loves from Whole to Parts but human soul Must rise from Individual to the Whole	360
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake, As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake, The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds, Another still, and still another spreads, Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace, His country next, and next all human race,	365

³⁴¹ I e from such objectives as are represented in Ep II and III (through the extension of self-love into *caritas*) to those represented here cf II 274, 285, III 145, with I 91 ff and this passage

cf 11 274, 285, 111 145, with 191 ff and this passage 347-8 A traditional argument for immortality based ultimately on the axiom, Natura nihil facit frustra

357 I e creatures with life only, creatures with feeling or 'sense'—as animals, and creatures with reason—as men and angels

AN ESSAY ON MAN EPISTLE IV	547
Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind, Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,	370
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast Come then, my Friend, my Genius, come along, Oh master of the poet, and the song!	
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,	375
To Man's low passions, or their glorious ends,	217
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,	
To fall with dignity, with temper rise,	
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer	
From grave to gay, from lively to severe,	380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,	
Intent to reason, or polite to please	
Oh! while along the stream of Time thy name	
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,	_
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,	385
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?	
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,	
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,	
Shall then this verse to future age pretend	
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?	390
That urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art	
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart,	
For Wit's false mirror held up Nature's light,	
Shew'd erring Pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT,	205
That REASON, PASSION, answer one great aim,	395
That true SELF-LOVE and SOCIAL are the same,	
That VIRTUE only makes our Bliss below,	
And all our Knowledge is, OURSELVES TO KNOW	

389 pretend] In the Latin sense stretch out before, 1e proclaim

Moral Essays

Est brevitate opus, ut currat sententia, neu se Impediat verbis lassas onerantibus aures Et sermone opus est modo tristi, sæpe jocoso, Defendente vicem modo Rhetoris atque Poetæ, Interdum urbam, parcentibus viribus, atque Extenuantis eas consultò

HOR [Sat I X 9-14]

Epistle I To Richard Temple, Viscount Cohham

[written 1730-33, published 1734]

ARGUMENT OF THE FIRST EPISTIE

Of the Knowledge and Characters of Men That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider Man in the Abstract Books will not serve the purpose, nor vet our own Experience singly, v I General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional, v 10 Some Peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself. V 15 The further difficulty of separating and fixing this, arising from our own Passions, Fancies, Faculties, &c v 23 The shortness of Life, to observe in, and the uncertainty of the Principles of Action in men, to observe by, y 29, &c Our own Principle of action often hid from ourselves v AI No judging of the Motives from the actions, the same actions proceeding from contrary Motives, and the same Motives influencing contrary actions. v 51 Yet to form Characters, we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree The utter uncertainty of this, from Nature itself, and from Policy, v 71 Characters given according to the rank of men in the world, v 87 And some reason for it, v 92 Education alters the Nature, or at

Heading First printed in 1733 [P] Sir Richard Temple (1675–1749), Whig politician and soldier, raised to the peerage as Viscount Cobham on the Hanoverian succession, became a Field Marshal in 1742. He opposed the Government in the debates on the Excise Bill (1733) and thereafter was one of the Opposition Whigs. He lived at Stowe, where he entertained his friends and erected monuments and temples to their memories in the elaborate landscape gardens.

least Character of many, v 101 Some few Characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent, v 122 The same man utterly different in different places and seasons, v 130 Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest, v 140, &c Nothing constant and certain but God and Nature, v 154 Actions, Passions, Opinions, Manners, Humours, or Principles all subject to change No judging by Nature, from v 158 to 173 It only remains to find (if we can) his Ruling Passion That will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions, v 174 Instanced in the extraordinary character of Wharton, v 179 A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind, v 210 Examples of the strength of the Ruling Passion, and its continuation to the last breath, v 222, &c

Yes, you despise the man to Books confin'd, Who from his study rails at human kind, Tho' what he learns, he speaks and may advance Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave, 5 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and Knave, Tho' many a passenger he rightly call. You hold him no Philosopher at all And yet the fate of all extremes is such, Men may be read, as well as Books too much IO To Observations which ourselves we make, We grow more partial for th' observer's sake, To written Wisdom, as another's, less Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from Guess There's some Peculiar in each leaf and grain. 15 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein Shall only Man be taken in the gross? Grant but as many sorts of Mind as Moss That each from other differs, first confess, Next, that he varies from himself no less 20 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife, And all Opinion's colours cast on life Yet more, the diff'rence is as great between

14 Notions] Defined by Locke as complex ideas, with 'their original and constant existence more in the thoughts of men than in the reality of things'

these] 1 e observations The general sceptical argument developed in the first half of the Epistle derives from Montaigne

18 There are above 300 sorts of Moss observed by Naturalists [P]

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO COBHAM	55 1			
The optics seeing, as the objects seen All Manners take a tincture from our own, Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown	25			
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,				
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes				
Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,				
Quick whirls, and shifting eddies, of our minds?	30			
Life's stream for Observation will not stay,				
It hurries all too fast to mark their way				
In vain sedate reflections we would make,				
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take				
On human actions reason tho' you can,	35			
It may be reason, but it is not man				
His Principle of action once explore, That instant 'tis his Principle no more				
Like following life thro' creatures you dissect,				
You lose it in the moment you detect	40			
Oft in the Passions' wild rotation tost,	40			
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost				
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield.				
And what comes then is master of the field				
As the last image of that troubled heap,	45			
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep,				
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)				
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought				
Something as dim to our internal view,				
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do	50			
In vain the Sage, with retrospective eye,				
Would from th' apparent What conclude the Why,				
Infer the Motive from the Deed, and show, That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do				
Behold! If Fortune or a Mistress frowns,				
Some plunge in bus'ness, others shave their crowns	55			
To ease the Soul of one oppressive weight,				
This quits an Empire, that embroils a State				
The same adust complexion has impell'd				
The second assessment and area and				

³⁹ Stephen Hales the physiologist was a neighbour and friend of Pope's See Moral Es II, 198n, p 566

⁴⁶ Sense] consciousness 56 shave their crowns] become monks

⁵⁹ adust complexion] originally a medical term, 'characterized by dryness of the body, heat, thirst, burnt colour of the blood and little serum in it' (OED)

impell'd The rhyme with field appears to be one of the very few false rhymes in Pope

Charles to the Convent, Philip to the Field Not always Actions show the man we find	60
Who does a kindness, is not therefore kind,	
Perhaps Prosperity becalm'd his breast,	
Perhaps the Wind just shifted from the east	
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,	65
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great	
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave,	
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave	
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise,	
His pride in Reas'ning, not in Acting lies	70
But grant that Actions best discover man,	,0
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can	
The few that glare each character must mark,	
You balance not the many in the dark	
What will you do with such as disagree?	75
Suppress them half, or call them Policy?	13
Must then at once (the character to save)	
The plain rough Hero turn a crafty Knave?	
Alas' in truth the man but chang'd his mind,	
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd	80
Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat?	•
Cæsar himself might whisper he was beat	
Why risk the world's great empire for a Punk?	
Cæsar perhaps might answer he was drunk	
But, sage historians! 'tis your task to prove	85
One action Conduct, one, heroic Love	ر
'Tis from high Life high Characters are drawn,	
A Saint in Crape is twice a Saint in Lawn,	
A Judge is just, a Chanc'lor juster still,	
A Gownman, learn'd, a Bishop, what you will,	90
Wise, if a Minister, but, if a King,	,-
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'rything	
Court-virtues bear, like Gems, the highest rate,	
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can penetrate	
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,	95
They please as Beauties, here as Wonders strike	73

60 Charles V (and) Philip II [P]

83-4 The substitution of Caesar for Peter the Great in 1744 has landed Pope in a historical mis-statement Drunkenness was never one of Caesar's vices And 'Punk'—though perhaps the right word for the Lithuanian peasant girl who was successively Peter's lover, consort, and successor (as Catherine I)—does not seem to suit Cleopatra
88 Lawn is the fine linen used for the sleeves of bishops, crape is the

thin worsted that the inferior clergy generally wore

Tho' the same Sun with all-diffusive rays	
Blush in the Rose, and in the Diamond blaze,	
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,	
And justly set the Gem above the Flow'r	100
'Tis Education forms the common mind,	
Just as the Twig is bent, the Tree's inclin'd	
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'Squire,	
The next a Tradesman, meek, and much a lyar,	
Tom struts a Soldier, open, bold, and brave,	105
Will sneaks a Scriv'ner, an exceeding knave	
Is he a Churchman? then he's fond of pow'r	
A Quaker? sly A Presbyterian? sow'r	
A smart Free-thinker? all things in an hour	
True, some are open, and to all men known,	110
Others so very close, they're hid from none,	110
(So Darkness strikes the sense no less than Light)	
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight,	
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul	
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole	115
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,	
All know 'tis Virtue, for he thinks them knaves	
When universal homage Umbra pays,	
All see 'tis Vice, and itch of vulgar praise	
When Flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a Queen,	120
While one there is who charms us with his Spleen	
But these plain Characters we rarely find,	
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind	
_	

101-9 Pope is satirizing the vulgar error and prevalent neoclassic notion that all members of a single profession share the same characteristics

106 Scrw'ner] Notary, and consequently one who 'received money to place out at interest, and who supplied those who wanted to raise money on security' (OED)

109 Free-thinker] A 'society' Deist or atheist See also ll 162-5

113 James Brydges, first Duke of Chandos (1673-1744) Whig millionaire Chandos was a lavish patron of all the arts and his mansion at Cannons, near Edgware, was one of the most magnificent in England Pope and his firends were irritated and distressed by a whispering campaign which identified the character of Timon (To Burlington, Il 99-176) with Chandos The compliment here was apparently intended to remove the impression that Pope had satirized the Duke as Timon

115 Cf him there they found

Squat like a Toad

Par Lost, IV 799-800 Another reminiscence of this passage is in Epistle to Arbuthnot, 319, p 608

116 Manly] The 'plain dealer' in Wycherley's comedy (1676)

121 his Spleen] His misanthropy The compliment appears to be intended for Swift

Or puzzling Contraries confound the whole,	
Or Affectations quite reverse the soul	125
Or Falshood serves the dull for policy,	
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lye	
Unthought-of Frailties cheat us in the Wise,	
The Fool lies hid in inconsistencies	
See the same man, in vigour, in the gout,	130
Alone, in company, in place, or out,	J -
Early at Bus'ness, and at Hazard late,	
Mad at a Fox-chace, wise at a Debate,	
Drunk at a Borough, civil at a Ball,	
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall	135
Catius is ever moral, ever grave,	-33
Thinks who endures a knave, is next a knave,	
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,	
A Rogue with Ven'son to a Saint without	
Who would not praise Patritio's high desert,	140
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,	-40
His comprehensive head! all Int'rests weigh'd,	
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd	
He thanks you not, his pride is in Picquette,	
New-market-fame, and judgment at a Bett	145
What made (say Montagne, or more sage Charron!)	-43
Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon?	
A perjur'd Prince a leaden Saint revere,	
A perjur a rinice a leaden Sami levere,	

126 I e flat falsehood is often, if unexpectedly, to be met with in the

stupid

135 I e full of professions, when a candidate for a seat in Parliament (for the Middlesex members were nominated at Hackney) and faithless to those professions when the object of them is secure

136 Catius] The epicure in Horace, Sat, II iv

140 Patritio] Sidney, first Earl of Godolphin (1645-1712)

143 Britain not betray'd] The Tories had accused Marlborough of pro-

longing the war against France to serve his own interest

146 'Charron was an admirer of Montagne, had contracted a strict friendship with him, and has transferred an infinite number of his thoughts into his famous book *De la Sagesse*, but his moderating everywhere the extravagant Pyrrhonism of his friend, is the reason why the poet calls him *more sage Charron*' [Warburton]

147 M Salvius Otho, Roman emperor from January to April 69, had been a companion of Nero in his debaucheries. On the news of the revolt of Vitellius reaching Rome, Otho is said by Tacitus to have led his army against the energy in person and on foot Cromwell's buffooneries are a reliant to the left of the

relic of royalist prejudice

148 Louis XI of France wore in his Hat a leaden image of the Virgin Mary, which when he swore by, he feared to break his oath [P]

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO COBHAM	555
A godless Regent tremble at a Star?	
The throne a Bigot keep, a Genius quit,	150
Faithless thro' Piety, and dup'd thro' Wit?	
Europe a Woman, Child, or Dotard rule,	
And just her wisest monarch made a fool?	
Know, God and Nature only are the same	
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game,	155
A bird of passage! gone as soon as found,	-
Now in the Moon perhaps, now under ground	
Ask men's Opinions Scoto now shall tell	
How Trade increases, and the World goes well,	
Strike off his Pension, by the setting sun,	160
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone	
That gay Free-thinker, a fine talker once,	
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?	
Some God, or Spirit he has lately found,	
Or chanc'd to meet a Minister that frown'd	165
Manners with Fortunes, Humours turn with Climes,	,
Tenets with Books, and Principles with Times	
Judge we by Nature? Habit can efface,	
Int'rest o'ercome, or Policy take place	
By Actions? those Uncertainty divides	170
By Passions? these Dissimulation hides	
Opinions? they still take a wider range	
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change	
Search then the Ruling Passion There alone,	
The Wild are constant, and the Cunning known,	175
The Fool consistent, and the False sincere,	

149 'Philip Duke of Orleans, Regent of France in the minority of Louis XV superstitious in judicial astrology, tho' an unbeliever in all religion'

Priests, Princes, Women, no dissemblers here

150-1 Philip V of Spain (d 1746), who, after renouncing the throne for Religion, resum'd it to gratify his Queen, and Victor Amadeus II King of Sardinia (d 1732), who resign'd the crown, and trying to reassume it, was imprisoned till his death [P]

152-3 The 'Child' is Louis XV, the 'wisest monarch' no doubt Victor Amadeus II, the 'Woman' probably the Czarına Anna Ivanovna (Empress 1730–40) and the 'Dotard' Clement XII (Pope 1730–41)

158-61 James Johnston (1655-1737), a Twickenham neighbour of Pope's, Secretary of State for Scotland, 1692-6 Johnston's 'Pension' was the grant of £5,000, received in 1697 and paid out of the annual tithes in the rents of the nonjuring Scotch bishops Johnston was a Whig and a great favourite of Queen Caroline

162 Free-thinker] See 1 109n, above

The also area found supervale all the most	
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,	
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest	_
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,	180
Whose ruling Passion was the Lust of Praise,	
Born with whate'er could win it from the Wise,	
Women and Fools must like him or he dies,	
Tho' wond'ring Senates hung on all he spoke,	
The Club must hail him master of the joke	185
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?	_
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too	
Then turns repentant, and his God adores	
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores,	
Enough if all around him but admire,	190
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Fryer	•
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,	
And wanting nothing but an honest heart,	
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt,	
And most contemptible, to shun contempt,	195
His Passion still, to covet gen'ral praise,	-23
His Life, to forfeit it a thousand ways,	
A constant Bounty which no friend has made,	
An angel Tongue, which no man can persuade,	
A Fool, with more of Wit than half mankind,	200
Too quick for Thought, for Action too refin'd,	200
• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	
A Tyrant to the wife his heart approves,	

179 Wharton] Philip, Duke of Wharton (1698–1731), visited Old Pretender at Avignon and Marie Beatrix at St. Germain, 1716, created Duke of Wharton 1718, to retain him in the Whig interest, adopted in 1726 the cause of 'James III', urging a Spanish invasion of England, and became a Roman Catholic, served against Gibraltar, 1727, and outlawed, 1729, died in Catalonia

184 His most dazzling parliamentary performance was his defence of Pope's friend Atterbury in the House of Lords in May 1723

185 He was president of one of the short-lived Hell-Fire Clubs 187 Wilmot] John Willmot, Earl of Rochester, famous for his Wit and

Extravagancies in the time of Charles the Second [P]

188-9 'He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion, and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner' (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu)

191 Fryer Wharton became a Roman Catholic in 1726 and entered a

convent for a brief period in 1729

198 One beneficiary of Wharton's 'Bounty' was Pope's friend Edward Young, who dedicated his tragedy *The Revenge* (1721) to the Duke and was said to have received £2,000 for the compliment 202 His first wife (by a Fleet marriage in 1715, when Wharton was only

202 His first wife (by a Fleet marriage in 1715, when Wharton was only sixteen) was Martha Holmes (d 1726) Although he abandoned or

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO COBHAM 55	57
A Rebel to the very king he loves, He dies, sad out-cast of each church and state, And (harder still) flagitious, yet not great!	05
Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule? 'Twas all for fear the Knaves should call him Fool	
Nature well known, no produgies remain,	
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain	
Yet, in this search, the wisest may mistake, 21	[0
If second qualities for first they take,	
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,	
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,	
In this the Lust, in that the Avarice	
Were means, not ends, Ambition was the vice 21	15
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,	
Had aim'd, like him, by Chastity at praise	
Lucullus, when Frugality could charm,	
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm	
	20
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile In this one Passion man can strength enjoy,	
As Fits give vigour, just when they destroy	
Time, that on all things lays his lement hand,	
	25
Consistent in our follies and our sins,	-
Here honest Nature ends as she begins	

neglected her for most of their married life, he had occasional fits of affection His second wife, Maria Theresa O Byrne, seems to have been better treated

203 A bill of indictment was preferred against him for High Treason He had been aide-de-camp to the Conde de los Torres at the unsuccessful siege of Gibraltar by the Spanish in 1727 He was outlawed by a resolution of the House of Lords on 3 April 1729

204. This is an overstatement Wharton died a member of the Church of Rome, in a Franciscan convent at Poblet in Catalonia, and attired in the habit of the Order

200 The study of comets had been notably advanced in Pope's time by Newton (De Systemate Mundi, 1687) and Halley (Synopsis Astronomiae Cometicae, 1705) 212 Catıline L Sergius Catılina, the notorious conspirator

213 noble dame] Servilia, the sister of Cato and mother of Brutus 216 Scipio] P Cornelius Scipio Africanus Major, the conqueror of

Hannıbal

218 Lucullus] L Licinius Lucullus, the conqueror of Mithridates, devoted his retirement to the exploitation of a natural genius for luxury 224 lement | softening

Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace	
Has made the father of a nameless race,	
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd	230
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd,	
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,	
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees	
A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate,	
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late	235
Mercy' cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!	
Is there no hope? Alas!—then bring the jowl	
The frugal Crone, whom praying priests attend,	
Still tries to save the hallow'd taper's end,	
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,	240
For one puff more, and in that puff expires	•
'Odious! in woollen! 'twould a Saint provoke,	
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)	
No, let a charming Chintz, and Brussels lace	
Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face	245
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—	
And—Betty—give this Cheek a little Red'	
Old Politicians chew on wisdom past,	
And totter on in bus'ness to the last,	
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,	250

228-33 Perhaps intended for Lancelot Blackburne (1658-1743), the disreputable Archbishop of York See also 1740, l 58 (p 829), and Sob Adv, ll 43-4 (p 669)

234-7 'When Philoxenus the Epicure had fallen desperately sick upon glutting himself on a delicate and costly fish, perceiving he was to die, he calls for the remainder of his fish, and eats it up, and dies a true Martyr to his belly' (Hales, Golden Remains)

242 Odious] Like frightful (1 246) this was fashionable feminine slang Congreve's Millamant—another of Mrs Oldfield's rôles—uses both

words See also Moral Es II, 1 40, p 561

242-7 This story, as well as the others, is founded on fact, tho' the author had the goodness not to mention the names Several attribute this in particular to a very celebrated Actress, who, in detestation of the thought of being buried in woollen, gave these her last orders with her dying breath [P] The actiess was Anne Oldfield (1683-1730), who is attacked, perhaps because she was Cibber's ally, more than once by Pope (See Sober Advice, 11 4-5, Imit Hor, Ep, 11 1331) Narcissa, the heroine of Cibber's Love's Last Shift, was one of her stock parts. A series of Acts of Parliament making it illegal to bury the dead in anything but woollens had been passed from 1666 onwards as a protective measure against foreign linen

247 Betty] A generic name in the eighteenth century for the lady's maid Compare Rape of Lock, I 148 (p 224)

249 bus'ness] in the conduct of public affairs

As sober Lanesb'row dancing in the gout The Courtier smooth, who forty years had shin'd An humble servant to all human kind. Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir, 'If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir' 255 'I give and I devise, (old Euclio said, And sigh'd) My lands and tenements to Ned' Your money, Sir? 'My money, Sir, what all? Why,-if I must-(then wept) I give it Paul' The Manor, Sir?—'The Manor! hold,' he cry'd, 260 'Not that,-I cannot part with that'-and dy'd And you! brave COBHAM, to the latest breath Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death Such in those moments as in all the past. 'Oh, save my Country, Heav'n!' shall be your last 265

251 Lanesb'row] An ancient Nobleman, who continued this practice long after his legs were disabled by the gout Upon the death of Prince George of Denmark, he demanded an audience of the Queen, to advise her to preserve her health and dispel her grief by Dancing [P] James Lane, second Viscount Lanesborough (1650-1724)
250-61 Euclio is the miser in Plautus' Aulularia

Epistle II To a Lady

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN¹
[written 1732-34, published 1735]

ARGUMENT

Of the Characters of Women (consider'd only as contradistinguished from the other Sex.) That these are yet more inconsistent and incomprehensible than those of Men, of which Instances are given even from such Characters as are plainest, and most strongly mark'd, as in the Affected, Ver. 7, &c. The Soft-natur'd 29 the Cunning, 45 the Whimsical, 53 the Wits and Refiners, 87 the Stupid and Silly, 101 How Contrarieties run thro' them all

But tho' the Particular Characters of this Sex are more various than those of Men, the General Characteristick, as to the Ruling Passion, is more uniform and confin'd In what That lies, and

¹ Of the CHARACTERS of Women, treating of this Sex only as contradistinguished from the other [P] The lady was Martha Blount ('Patty', 1690–1763), a Catholic and one of Pope's oldest friends, to whom his devotion remained unbroken By his will he left her £1,000, all his goods and chattels and a life-interest in the rest of his estate

whence it proceeds, 207, &c Men are best known in publick Life, Women in private, 199 What are the Aims, and the Fate of the Sex, both as to Power and Pleasure? 219, 231, &c Advice for their true Interest, 249 The Picture of an esteemable Woman. made up of the best kind of Contrarieties, 269, &c

> Nothing so true as what you once let fall, 'Most Women have no Characters at all' Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear, And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair How many pictures of one Nymph we view, 5 All how unlike each other, all how true! Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride, Is there, Pastora by a fountain side Here Fannia, leering on her own good man, Is there, a naked Leda with a Swan IO Let then the Fair one beautifully cry, In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eve. Or drest in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine, With simp'ring Angels, Palms, and Harps divine, Whether the Charmer sinner it, or saint it, 15 If Folly grows romantic, I must paint it Come then, the colours and the ground prepare! Dip in the Rainbow, trick her off in Air, Chuse a firm Cloud, before it fall, and in it Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute 20

I That their particular Characters are not so strongly mark'd as those of Men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves [P]

7-13 Attitudes in which several ladies affected to be drawn, and sometimes one lady in them all —The poet's politeness and complaisance to the sex is observable in this instance, amongst others, that, whereas in the Characters of Men he has sometimes made use of real names, in the Characters of Women always fictitious [P]

Arcadia's Countess] The full title of Sir Philip Sidney's romance was (in compliment to his sister Mary) The Countesse of Pembrokes Arcadia (1590) Pope's countess may have been Margaret, first wife of the eighth Earl of Pembroke, whose portrait with a lamb is still at Wilton This would explain 'Pastora' The other 'attitudes' may be due to a confused recollection by Pope of two fine double portraits of a husband and wife (Fannia), a version of Leonardo's 'Leda and the Swan', and two Mary Magdalens which are also at Wilton

9 Fanna Note the contrast between Fannia looking at her husband in the attitude of a modest matron, and Fannia in the looser posture of

an unattired wanton

16 romantic extravagant

17-18 Note the technical terms from painting To dip is to immerse in a colouring solution, to trick is to sketch in outline

Rufa, whose eye quick-glancing o'er the Park, Attracts each light gay meteor of a Spark, Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke, As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock, Or Sappho at her toilet's greazy task, 25 With Sappho fragrant at an evining Mask So morning Insects that in muck begun, Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting-sun How soft is Silia! fearful to offend, The Frail one's advocate, the Weak one's friend 30 To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice, And good Simplicius asks of her advice Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink, But spare your censure, Silia does not drink All eves may see from what the change arose, 35 All eyes may see—a Pimple on her nose Papillia, wedded to her doating spark, Sighs for the shades—'How charming is a Park!' A Park is purchas'd, but the Fair he sees All bath'd in tears—'Oh odious, odious Trees!' 40 Ladies, like variegated Tulips, show, 'Tis to their Changes that their charms we owe, Their happy Spots the nice admirer take, Fine by defect, and delicately weak 'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd, 45 Aw'd without Virtue, without Beauty charm'd, Her Tongue bewitch'd as odly as her Eyes, Less Wit than Mimic, more a Wit than wise Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had, 50 Was just not ugly, and was just not mad, Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,

21 Instances of contrarieties given even from such Characters as are most strongly mark'd and seemingly therefore most consistent As I In the Affected, V 21 &c [P]

Rufa] Red-head, popularly deemed lubricious 24 Sappho] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

29-40 Contrarieties in the Soft-natured [P] 31 Calista Calista was the guilty heroine of Rowe's The Fair Pentent

mce] Punctilious, though with a flavour of contempt

32 Simplicius The historical Simplicius was a sixth-century neoplatonist

37 Papillia] Papilio is Latin for butterfly

⁴⁵⁻⁵² III Contrarieties in the Cuming and Artful [P] Calypso represents a rewriting of the opening lines of 'Sylvia, a Fragment', p 492

As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild, To make a wash, would hardly stew a child, Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a Lover's pray'r, 55 And paid a Tradesman once to make him stare, Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim, And made a Widow happy, for a whim Why then declare Good-nature is her scorn, When 'tis by that alone she can be born? 60 Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name? A fool to Pleasure, and a slave to Fame Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs, Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres Now Conscience chills her, and now Passion burns. 6٢ And Atheism and Religion take their turns, A very Heathen in the carnal part, Yet still a sad, good Christian at her heart See Sin in State, majestically drunk, Proud as a Peeress, prouder as a Punk, 70 Chaste to her Husband, frank to all beside, A teeming Mistress, but a barren Bride What then? let Blood and Body bear the fault, Her Head's untouch'd, that noble Seat of Thought Such this day's doctrine-in another fit 75 She sins with Poets thro' pure Love of Wit What has not fir'd her bosom or her brain? Cæsar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne As Helluo, late Dictator of the Feast,

53-68 IV In the Whimsical [P] Narcissa, like Calypso, has been made up from the disjecta membra of 'Sylvia, a Fragment'

54 wash] Washes for the hair or the skin were normally home-made in

the eighteenth century

63 Taylor Jeremy Taylor's Holy Living and Holy Dying had reached its twenty-fourth edition in 1727

Book of Martyrs] John Foxe's martyrology, Actes and Monuments

(1563) reached a ninth edition in 1684

64 citron] Citron-water, brandy flavoured with citron- or lemon-peel his Grace Philip Duke of Wharton (see note to To Cobham, 179, p 556) Chartres] See To Bathurst, 20n, p 571 69-87 V In the Lewd and Vicious [P]

73 fault] Pope regularly rhymes 'fault' with such words as 'taught' (see 1 212), 'brought' (Dunciad, 1 226), 'ought' (Eloisa to Abelard, 184)
78 Tall-boy] The booby young lover in Richard Brome's comedy

The Joural Crew (1641), which was still a stock piece in the eighteenth century

Charles] Used generically for the typical footman

79 Helluo Glutton, in Latin

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO A LADY	563
The Nose of Hautgout, and the Tip of Taste, Critick'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat, Yet on plain Pudding deign'd at-home to eat, So Philomede, lect'ring all mankind	80
On the soft Passion, and the Taste refin'd, Th' Address, the Delicacy—stoops at once,	85
And makes her hearty meal upon a Dunce	0)
Flavia's a Wit, has too much sense to Pray,	
To Toast our wants and wishes, is her way,	
Nor asks of God, but of her Stars to give	
The mighty blessing, 'while we live, to live'	90
Then all for Death, that Opiate of the soul!	•
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl	
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?	
A Spark too fickle, or a Spouse too kind	
Wise Wretch! with Pleasures too refin'd to please,	95
With too much Spirit to be e'er at ease,	
With too much Quickness ever to be taught,	
With too much Thinking to have common Thought	
Who purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,	
And die of nothing but a Rage to live	100
Turn then from Wits, and look on Simo's Mate,	
No Ass so meek, no Ass so obstinate	
Or her, that owns her Faults, but never mends,	
Because she's honest, and the best of Friends Or her, whose life the Church and Scandal share,	105
For ever in a Passion, or a Pray'r	10)
Or her, who laughs at Hell, but (like her Grace)	
Cries, 'Ah! how charming if there's no such place!'	
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears	
Of Mirth and Opium, Ratafie and Tears,	IIO
The daily Anodyne, and nightly Draught,	
To kill those foes to Fair ones, Time and Thought	
Woman and Fool are two hard things to hit,	
For true No-meaning puzzles more than Wit	
But what are these to great Atossa's mind?	115

80 Hautgout] 'Anything with a strong relish or strong scent, as over-kept venison or game' (Johnson)
87-100 VI Contrarieties in the Witty and Refin'd [P]
98 common thought] Common sense

108 charming Feminine slang, like odious (l 140) 110 Ratafie] A sort of cherry brandy made with peach and apricot

115 Atossa] This character first appeared in the 1744 edition The

Scarce once herself, by turns all Womankind! Who, with herself, or others, from her birth Finds all her life one warfare upon earth Shines, in exposing Knaves, and painting Fools, Yet is, whate'er she hates and ridicules 120 No Thought advances, but her Eddy Brain Whisks it about, and down it goes again Full sixty years the World has been her Trade. The wisest Fool much Time has ever made From loveless youth to unrespected age, 125 No Passion gratify'd except her Rage So much the Fury still out-ran the Wit. The Pleasure miss'd her, and the Scandal hit Who breaks with her, provokes Revenge from Hell, But he's a bolder man who dares be well 130 Her ev'ry turn with Violence pursu'd, Nor more a storm her Hate than Gratitude To that each Passion turns, or soon or late, Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate Superiors? death! and Equals? what a curse! 135 But an Inferior not dependant? worse Offend her, and she knows not to forgive, Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live

name is well chosen. The historical Atossa was the daughter of Cyrus and the sister of Cambyses, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire (1682?-1743) was a natural daughter of James II and a half-sister of the Old Pretender The Duke had been one of the earliest to salute Pope's genius (see Epistle to Arbuthnot, 139) and Pope edited his posthumous Works (1723) Pope would seem to have been on friendly terms with the Duchess until 1729, when his revision of a character she had written of herself led to a quarrel The first draft of Atossa was probably written at this period. In 1735 there was a reconciliation and Pope wrote an epitaph on her 'Booby Son' the second Duke (see pp 698, 822) The Duchess's will irritated Pope since all her private papers were left in the hands of Lord Hervey, his enemy Perhaps prompted by this, Pope put the final touches to the character The Duchess was an arrogant, quarrelsome, eccentric woman, but was not without energy, intelligence, and public spirit

118 The Duchess was engaged in constant law-suits with the Duke's natural children

121-2 The Duchess, always eccentric, finally became insane

125 Her first husband was James, third Earl of Anglesey She obtained a separation from him by an Act of Parliament in 1701 because of his brutality to her In her old age she became one of the town's lokes

126 Pope later attributed her eventual insanity to the violence of her

rages

138 Pope had obliged her more in editing the Duke's works, but it was his attempt (made at her request) to revise the character she had written

1.00.10	
MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO A LADY	565
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the Bust And Temple rise—then fall again to dust Last night, her Lord was all that's good and great, A Knave this morning, and his Will a Cheat Strange! by the Means defeated of the Ends,	140
By Spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by Warmth of Friends, By Wealth of Follow'rs! without one distress Sick of herself thro' very selfishness! Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,	145
Childless with all her Children, wants an Heir To Heirs unknown descends th' unguarded store Or wanders, Heav'n-directed, to the Poor	150
Pictures like these, dear Madam, to design, Asks no firm hand, and no unerring line, Some wand'ring touch, or some reflected light,	-,-
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right For how should equal Colours do the knack? Chameleons who can paint in white and black? 'Yet Cloe sure was form'd without a spot—'	155
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot 'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part, Say, what can Cloe want '—she wants a Heart She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought, But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous Thought	160
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour, Content to dwell in Decencies for ever So very reasonable, so unmov'd, As never yet to love, or to be lov'd She, while her Lover pants upon her breast,	165
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest,	

of herself that precipitated the explosion. After the quarrel the Duchess tried to liquidate her obligations to him by sending him a note for £100 Pope refused the money

139-40 The Duchess erected elaborate and expensive monuments to her husband and her son

142 The disputes with the Duke's illegitimate children were over his

148-50 Her five children by the Duke all predeceased her and at her death there was 'a trial at bar to prove who was heir-at-law' to the Duke Some distant Irish connections called Walsh were at last found to be his heirs

157-80 The character of Cloe was probably a last-minute addition Some features seem to be derived from Henrietta Hobart, later Mrs Howard, later Countess of Suffolk (1681-1767), an intimate friend of Pope, Swift, and Martha Blount

And when she sees her Friend in deep despair, Observes how much a Chintz exceeds Mohair Forbid it Heav'n, a Favour or a Debt She e'er should cancel—but she may forget	170
Safe is your Secret still in Cloe's ear,	
But none of Cloe's shall you ever hear	
Of all her Dears she never slander'd one,	175
But cares not if a thousand are undone	
Would Cloe know if you're alive or dead?	
She bids her Footman put it in her head	
Cloe is prudent—would you too be wise?	
Then never break your heart when Cloe dies	180
One certain Portrait may (I grant) be seen,	
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen	
The same for ever! and describ'd by all	
With Truth and Goodness, as with Crown and Ball	
Poets heap Virtues, Painters Gems at will,	185
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill	
'Tis well—but, Artists! who can paint or write,	
To draw the Naked is your true delight	
That Robe of Quality so struts and swells,	
None see what Parts of Nature it conceals	190
Th' exactest traits of Body or of Mind,	•
We owe to models of an humble kind	
If QUEENSBERRY to strip there's no compelling,	
'Tis from a Handmaid we must take a Helen	
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing	195
To draw the man who loves his God, or King	
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)	
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale	

170 Mohair was a fine material made from the hair of the Angora goat 182 varmsh'd out] 1 e completed, and a coat of varmsh applied

a Queen] Queen Caroline (1683-1737) A firm supporter of Walpole Pope's antipathy to her was political, though politics may have been reinforced by his dislike of her Vice-Chamberlain and confidant Lord Hervey and his affection for the King's mistress, Mrs Howard

193 Catherine Hyde, Duchess of Queensberry (1700-77), the friend and protectress of Gay, and one of the most beautiful women of the eighteenth century

197 draught Drawing, sketch or picture
198 Mah met Servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa, whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person [P]

Parson Hale Dr Stephen Hales (1637-1761), the perpetual curate of Teddington and a famous physiologist, witnessed Pope's will His vivisec-

tions distressed Pope

But grant, in Public Men sometimes are shown,	
A Woman's seen in Private life alone	200
Our bolder Talents in full light display'd,	
Your Virtues open fairest in the shade	
Bred to disguise, in Public 'tis you hide,	
There, none distinguish 'twixt your Shame or Pride,	
Weakness or Delicacy, all so nice,	205
That each may seem a Virtue, or a Vice	-
In Men, we various Ruling Passions find,	
In Women, two almost divide the kind,	
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,	
The Love of Pleasure, and the Love of Sway	210
That, Nature gives, and where the lesson taught	
Is but to please, can Pleasure seem a fault?	
Experience, this, by Man's oppression curst,	
They seek the second not to lose the first	
Men, some to Bus'ness, some to Pleasure take,	215
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a Rake	
Men, some to Quiet, some to public Strife,	
But ev'ry Lady would be Queen for life	
Yet mark the fate of a whole Sex of Queens!	
Pow'r all their end, but Beauty all the means	220
In Youth they conquer, with so wild a rage,	
As leaves them scarce a Subject in their Age	
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam,	
No thought of Peace or Happiness at home	
But Wisdom's Triumph is well-tim'd Retreat,	225
As hard a science to the Fair as Great!	ر س س
Beauties, like Tyrants, old and friendless grown,	
Yet hate to rest, and dread to be alone.	

199 In the former Editions, between this and the foregoing lines, a want of Connection might be perceived, occasioned by the omission of certain Examples and Illustrations to the Maxims laid down, and tho' some of these have since been found, viz the Characters of Philomedé, Atossa, Cloe, and some verses following, others are still wanting, nor can we answer that these are exactly inserted [P]

207 The former part having shewn, that the particular Characters of Women are more various than those of Men, it is nevertheless observ'd, that the general Characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling Passion, is more uniform [P] For Pope's theory of the Ruling Passion see E on Man, ii 133 ff (p 520)

211 This is occasioned partly by their Nature, partly by their Education, and in some degree by Necessity [P]

212 fault For the rhyme see note to 1 73

215-26 This couplet, like the characters of Calypso and Narcissa, derives from Pope's 'Sylvia, a Fragment' (p 492)
210 What are the Aims and the Fate of this Sex?—I As to Power [P]

2 0 2 1 7 4 4 4	
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye, Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die Pleasures the sex, as children Birds, pursue, Still out of reach, yet never out of view,	230
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the Toy at most, To covet flying, and regret when lost At last, to follies Youth could scarce defend, 'Tis half their Age's prudence to pretend, Asham'd to own they gave delight before,	235
Reduc'd to feign it, when they give no more As Hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight, So these their merry, miserable Night, Still round and round the Ghosts of Beauty glide, And haunt the places where their Honour dy'd	240
See how the World its Veterans rewards! A Youth of frolicks, an old Age of Cards, Fair to no purpose, artful to no end, Young without Lovers, old without a Friend, A Fop their Passion, but their Prize a Sot,	245
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot! Ah Friend! to dazzle let the Vain design, To raise the Thought and touch the Heart, be thine That Charm shall grow, while what fatigues the Rin	
Flaunts and goes down, an unregarded thing So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the sight, All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light, Serene in Virgin Modesty she shines, And unobserv'd the glaring Orb declines Oh! blest with Temper, whose unclouded ray	255
Can make to morrow chearful as to day, She, who can love a Sister's charms, or hear Sighs for a Daughter with unwounded ear, She, who ne'er answers till a Husband cools, Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules,	260

231 II As to *Pleasure* [P]
231-2 This couplet derives from 'Stanzas From the french of Malherbe' (p 114)

240 Night] Visiting night

241-2 These two lines derive from 'Epigram' (p 808) 243-8 These lines had already appeared as 5-10 of 'To Mrs MB on Her Birth-day' (p 315)

249 Advice for their true Interest [P]

251 the Ring A clump of trees in Hyde Park, round which the carriages of the fashionable world used to drive

253-6 Transferred from verses to Mrs Judith Cowper (p 473)

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO A LADY	569
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways, Yet has her humour most, when she obeys,	
Lets Fops or Fortune fly which way they will,	265
Disdains all loss of Tickets, or Codille,	_
Spleen, Vapours, or Small-pox, above them all,	
And Mistress of herself, tho' China fall	
And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,	
Woman's at best a Contradiction still	270
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can	-,-
Its last best work, but forms a softer Man,	
Picks from each sex, to make its Fav'rite blest,	
Your love of Pleasure, our desire of Rest,	
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,	275
Your Taste of Follies, with our Scorn of Fools,	-/5
Reserve with Frankness, Art with Truth ally'd,	
Courage with Softness, Modesty with Pride,	
- 0	
Fix'd Principles, with Fancy ever new,	280
Shakes all together, and produces—You Be this a Woman's Fame with this unblest,	280
Toasts live a scorn, and Queens may die a jest	
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)	
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere,	-0-
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,	285
Averted half your Parents simple Pray'r,	
And gave you Beauty, but deny'd the Pelf	
Which buys your sex a Tyrant o'er itself	
The gen'rous God, who Wit and Gold refines,	
And ripens Spirits as he ripens Mines,	290
Kept Dross for Duchesses, the world shall know it,	
To you gave Sense, Good-humour, and a Poet	
266 Tickets] Lottery tickets	
Cadille A term in the fashionable card game ombre	
267 Small-pox Martha Blount had had small-pox in 1714 269 The Picture of an estimable Woman, with the best kir	nds of
contrarieties [P] 283 Martha Blount was forty-four when the Epistle was pub	lished
286 half your Parents simple Pray'r An allusion to Aeneia, 11 79	94 f —
which Dryden had translated.	
Apollo heard, and granting half his Pray'r,	
Shuffled in Winds the rest, and toss'd in empty Air 289 Wit and Gold refines Phoebus refined wit as god of poetry	r, gold
289 Wit and Gold refines Finesus terried wit as god of pool	, 5

289 Wit and Gold refines] Phoebus refined wit as god of poetry, gold as the god of the sun—in accordance with the vulgar error that it was created by the sun's rays

292 Good-humour] Martha's sunny disposition particularly endeared her to Pope He had already sung the praises of good humour in Rape of Lock, V 29-32 (p 238), and Ep to Miss Blount, 61 ff (p 170)

Epistle III To Allen Lord Bathurst

[written 1730-32, published 1733]

ARGUMENT

Of the Use of Riches That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, Avarice or Profusion, v I, &c The Point discuss'd, whether the invention of Money has been more commodious, or permicious to Mankind, v 21 to 78 That Riches, either to the Avaricious or the Prodigal, cannot afford Happiness, scarcely Necessaries, v 81 to 108 That Avance is an absolute Frenzy. without an End or Purpose, v 109 &c Conjectures about the Motives of Avaricious men, V II3 to I52 That the conduct of men. with respect to Riches, can only be accounted for by the ORDER OF PROVIDENCE, which works the general Good out of Extremes, and brings all to its great End by perpetual Revolutions, v 161 to 178 How a Miser acts upon Principles which appear to him reasonable. v 179 How a Produgal does the same, v 199 The due Medium, and true use of Riches, v 219 The Man of Ross, v 250 The fate of the Profuse and the Covetous, in two examples, both miserable in Life and in Death, v 301, &c The Story of Sir Balaam, v 341 to the end

Who shall decide, when Doctors disagree,
And soundest Casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That Man was made the standing jest of Heav'n,
And Gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
For some to heap, and some to throw away
But I, who think more highly of our kind,
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground
But when by Man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to, its Sire, the Sun,

5

10

Heading] Allen Bathurst (1685–1775), Tory M P for Circnester from 1705 till he was raised to the peerage as Baron Bathurst (1712) His easy morals were notorious, but the philosophy does not seem to have amounted to much more than worldly wisdom Bathurst was a lifelong friend of Congreve, Prior, and Swift as well as Pope He was an enthusiastic landscape gardener at both his country houses (Circnester and Riskins, recte Richings, near Slough, where 'Pope's Walk' is still preserved)

3 Momus] Derisive blame, personified as a god in the Theogony of Hesiod

Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of Men,
To squander these, and those to hide agen
Like Doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last
Both fairly owning, Riches in effect
No grace of Heav'n or token of th' Elect,
Giv'n to the Fool, the Mad, the Vain, the Evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil

20 JOHN WARD, of Hackney, Esq, Member of Parliament, being prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham, and convicted of Forgery, was first expelled the House, and then stood in the Pillory on the 17th of March 1727 He was suspected of joining in a conveyance with Sir John Blunt, to secrete fifty thousand pounds of that Director's Estate, forfeited to the South Sea Company by Act of Parliament The Company recovered the fifty thousand pounds against Ward, but he set up prior conveyances of his real estate to his brother and son, and conceal'd all his personal, which was computed to be one hundred and fifty thousand pounds These conveyances being also set aside by a bill in Chancery, Ward was imprisoned, and hazarded the forfeiture of his life, by not giving in his effects till the last day, which was that of his examination During his confinement, his amusement was to give poison to dogs and cats, and see them expire by slower or quicker torments. To sum up the worth of this gentleman, at the several æra's of his life, at his standing in the Pillory he was worth above two hundred thousand pounds, at his commitment to Prison, he was worth one hundred and fifty thousand, but has been since so far diminished in his reputation, as to be thought a worse man by fifty or sixty thousand

FR CHARTRES (1675–1732), a man infamous for all manner of vices When he was an ensign in the army, he was drumm'd out of the regiment for a cheat, he was next banish'd Brussels, and drumm'd out of Ghent on the same account After a hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due, in a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemn'd for rapes, and pardoned but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 62. The populace at his funeral rais'd a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c into the grave along with it. The following Epitaph contains his character very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.

HERE continueth to rot
The Body of FRANCIS CHARTRES,
Who with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY,
and INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of Life,

PERSISTED,
In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
In the Practice of Every Human Vice,
Excepting PRODIGALITY and HYPOCRISY
His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the
first.

What Nature wants, commodious Gold bestows,	
'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows	
But how unequal it bestows, observe,	
'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it, starve	
What Nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)	25
Extends to Luxury, extends to Lust	_
And if we count among the Needs of life	
Another's Toil, why not another's Wife?	
Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,	
But dreadful too, the dark Assassin hires	30
Trade it may help, Society extend,	_
But lures the Pyrate, and corrupts the Friend	
It raises Armies in a Nation's aid,	
But bribes a Senate, and the Land's betray'd	
Oh! that such bulky Bribes as all might see,	35
	33

His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second
Nor was he more singular
in the undeviating *Pravity* of his *Manners*Than successful

in Accumulating Wealth
For, without Trade or Profession,
Without Trust of Public Money,
And without Bribe-worthy Service,
He acquired, or more properly created,
A Ministerial Estate

He was the only Person of his Time, Who cou'd CHEAT without the Mask of HONESTY, Retain his Primeval Meanness

When possess'd of TEN THOUSAND a YEAR, And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what he did.

Was at last condemn'd to it for what he could not do

Oh Indignant Reader!
Think not his Life useless to Mankind!
PROVIDENCE conniv'd at his execrable Designs,
To give to After-ages

A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
Of how small Estimation is EXORBITANT WEALTH
in the Sight of GOD,

By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of ALL MORTALS

This Gentleman was worth seven thousand pounds a year estate in Land, and about one hundred thousand in Money [P]

Mr Waters, the third of these worthies, was a man no way resembling the former in his military, but extremely so in his civil capacity, his great fortune having been rais'd by the like diligent attendance on the necessities of others. But this gentleman's history must be deferred till his death, when his worth may be known more certainly [P] See 1 125n

Still, as of old, incumber'd Villainy! In vain may Heroes fight, and Patriots rave, If secret Gold saps on from knave to knave Could France or Rome divert our brave designs. With all their brandies or with all their wines? 40 What could they more than Knights and Squires confound, Or water all the Quorum ten miles round? A Statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil! 'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil, Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door. 45 A hundred oxen at your levee roar' Poor Avarice one torment more would find, Nor could Profusion squander all in kind Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet, And Worldly crying coals from street to street. 50 (Whom with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd, Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd) Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs, Could he himself have sent it to the dogs? His Grace will game to White's a Bull be led. 55 With spurning heels and with a butting head To White's be carried, as to ancient games, Fair Coursers, Vases, and alluring Dames

38 saps] A military metaphor, 'undermines the position'

39 Rome] The Pretender's headquarters

42 water] I e treat

Quorum] Justices of the Peace

50 Some Misers of great wealth, proprietors of the coal-mines, had enter'd at this time into an association to keep up coals to an extravagant price, whereby the poor were reduced almost to starve, till one of them taking the advantage of underselling the rest, defeated the design One of these Misers was worth ten thousand, another seven thousand a year [P]

Worldly is Lady Mary's penurious husband Edward Wortley Montagu

(1681-1761)

53 Sir WILLIAM COLEPEPPER, Bart (1668-1740) a person of an ancient family, and ample fortune, without one other quality of a Gentleman, who, after ruining himself at the Gaming-table, past the rest of his days in sitting there to see the ruin of others, preferring to subsist upon borrowing and begging, rather than to enter into any reputable method of life, and refusing a post in the army which was offer'd him [P]

55 His Grace The allusion is no doubt to Wriothesley Russell, third Duke of Bedford (1708-32), who on 27 November 1731 lost £3,800 at White's to Henry Jansen The episode is commemorated in Imit Donne,

11 88 (q v, p 678)

White's A chocolate-house established in St James's Street about 1699 and converted into a club about 1730 to exclude the professional sharpers White's was notorious for the high play

Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,	
Bear home six Whores, and make his Lady weep?	60
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,	
Drive to St James's a whole herd of swine?	
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,	
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!	
Once, we confess, beneath the Patriot's cloak,	65
From the crack'd bag the dropping Guinea spoke,	•
And gingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,	
'Old Cato is as great a Rogue as you'	
Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!	
That lends Corruption lighter wings to fly!	70
Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,	•
Can pocket States, can fetch or carry Kings,	
A single leaf shall waft an Army o'er,	
Or ship off Senates to a distant Shore,	
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro	75
Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow	
Pregnant with thousands flits the Scrap unseen,	
And silent sells a King, or buys a Queen	

59 Uvorio] John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol (1665-1751), passionately

fond of his wife, and a great sportsman

61 Adonis] Apparently Lord Bristol's son John, Baron Hervey (1696-1743), who as Vice-Chamberlain had official apartments in St James's Palace, and whose effeminate appearance was continually satirized by Pope

63 filthy] Feminine slang

64 Quadrille was the fashionable card-game

65-8 This is a true story, which happened in the reign of William III, to an unsuspected old Patriot, who coming out at the back-door from having been closeted by the King, where he had received a large bag of Guineas, the bursting of the bag discovered his business there [P]

71 imp'd] A term of falconry, meaning to insert a feather into a hawk's

damaged wing, so as to increase its power of flight

72 In our author's time, many Princes had been sent about the world, and great changes of Kings projected in Europe The partition-treaty (1700) had dispos'd of Spain, France had set up a King of England (1701), who was sent to Scotland, and back again (1715), King Stanislaus was sent to Poland (1704 and 1733), and back again (1700) and 1733), the Duke of Anjou was sent to Spain (1700), and Don Carlos to Italy (1731) [P]

74 Alludes to several Ministers, Counsellors, and Patriots banished in our times to Siberia, and to that MORE GLORIOUS FATE of the PARLIA-

MENT OF PARIS, banished to Pontoise in the year 1720 [P]

75 ALeaflike Sybils —Virg Aen 6 [P] Cf vi 116, in Dryden's version But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind To flitting leaves, and sport of every wind

78 buys a Queen An allusion to the rumour that Queen Caroline had accepted a large present from Robert Knight, the cashier of the South Sea Company

Since then, my Lord, on such a World we fall, What say you? 'Say? Why take it, Gold and all' 80 What Riches give us let us then enquire Meat, Fire, and Cloaths What more? Meat, Cloaths, and Fire Is this too little? would you more than live? Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give Alas! 'tis more than (all his Visions past) 85 Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last! What can they give? to dying Hopkins Heirs, To Chartres, Vigour, Japhet, Nose and Ears? Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow, In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below. 90 Or heal, old Narses, thy obscener ail, With all th' embroid'ry plaister'd at thy tail?

84 Turner] One, who, being possessed of three hundred thousand pounds, laid down his Coach, because Interest was reduced from five to four per cent and then put seventy thousand into the Charitable Corporation for better interest, which sum having lost, he took it so much to heart, that he kept his chamber ever after. It is thought he would not have outliv'd it, but that he was heir to another considerable estate, which he daily expected, and that by this course of life he sav'd both cloaths and all other expences [P]

86 Wharton] A Nobleman of great qualities, but as unfortunate in the application of them, as if they had been vices and follies See his Character in the first Epistle [P] For the career of Philip Duke of Wharton see

the notes to To Cobham, 179-209 (pp 556-7)

87 Hopkins A Citizen, whose rapacity obtained him the name of Vultur Hopkins He lived worthless, but died worth three hundred thousand pounds, which he would give to no person living, but left it so as not to be inherited till after the second generation. His counsel representing to him how many years it must be, before this could take effect, and that his money could only lie at interest all that time, he exprest great joy thereat, and said, 'They would then be as long in spending, as he had been in getting it' But the Chancery afterwards set aside the will, and gave it to the heir at law [P]

88 Chartres] See 1 20n

Japhet, Nose and Ears] Japhet Crook (1662-1734), alias Sir Peter Stranger, was punished with the loss of those parts, for having forged a conveyance of an Estate to himself, upon which he took up several thousand pounds He was at the same time sued in Chancery for having fraudulently obtain'd a Will by which he possess'd another considerable Estate, in wrong of the brother of the deceas'd By these means he was worth a great sum, which (in reward for the small loss of his ears) he enjoy'd in prison till his death, and quietly left to his executor [P]

89 Hippia] Hippia's name and complexion both derive from a fashion-

able abbreviation of hypochondria

91 old Narses] William, first Earl Cadogan (1675–1726), a distinguished soldier

They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend) Give Harpax self the blessing of a Friend, Or find some Doctor that would save the life 95 Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's Wife But thousands die, without or this or that, Die, and endow a College, or a Cat To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate, T' enrich a Bastard, or a Son they hate 100 Perhaps you think the Poor might have their part? Bond damns the Poor, and hates them from his heart The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule, That 'every man in want is knave or fool' 'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes) 105 The wretch he starves'—and piously denies

93-4 Harpax (Greek for 'robber') is perhaps an ideal figure 96 Shylock] Probably a further reference to Wortley Montagu (see 1 50n) and Pope's old enemy Lady Mary (see To a Lady, 24n)

98 A famous Dutchess of R in her last will left considerable legacies and annuities to her Cats [P] 'La Belle Stuart', Frances Theresa Stuart, Duchess of Richmond (1647–1702)

102 This epistle was written in the year 1730, when a corporation was established to hand money to the poor upon pledges, by the name of the Charitable Corporation, It was under the direction of the Right Honour able Sir R S, Sir Arch Grant, Mr Denis Bond, Mr Burroughs, &c, but the whole was turned only to an iniquitous method of enriching particular people, to the ruin of such numbers, that it became a parlia mentary concern to endeavour the relief of those unhappy sufferers, and three of the managers, who were members of the house, were expelled By the report of the committee, appointed to enquire into that iniquitous affair, it appears, that when it was objected to the intended removal of the office, that the Poor, for whose use it was erected, would be hurt by it, Bond, one of the Directors, replied, Damn the Poor That 'God hates the poor,' and, 'That every man in want is knave or fool,' &c were the genuine apothegms of some of the persons here mentioned [P] The Charitable Corporation, for Relief of Industrious Poor, by assisting them with small Sums upon Pledges at legal Interest' was incorporated in 1707, but only became active in 1725 By 1732 its subscribed capital amounted to £353,817 A large proportion of the capital found its way into the pockets of John Thomson, the chief warehouse-keeper, and his tools, but Thomson's depredations were only made possible by the active con nivance of most of the eight directors of the company Three of the directors were MPs and were all expelled the House of Commons

103 Str Gilbert] Sir Gilbert Heathcote (1652-1733), one of the founders, and later Governor, of the Bank of England, he was reputed to be the richest commoner in England His reputation for meanness arose from a dispute with the parson of his parish over his brother's funeral fees, his objection, however, was for paying fees for the same corpse in

two places

105 Blunt] Sir John Blunt See 1 135n

But the good Bishop, with a meeker air, Admits, and leaves them Providence's care Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf, Each does but hate his Neighbour as himself IIO Damn'd to the Mines, an equal fate betides The Slave that digs it, and the Slave that hides Who suffer thus, mere Charity should own, Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown Some War, some Plague, or Famine they foresee, II5 Some Revelation hid from you and me Why Shylock wants a meal, the cause is found, He thinks a Loaf will rise to fifty pound What made Directors cheat in South-sea year? To live on Ven'son when it sold so dear 120 Ask you why Phryne the whole Auction buys? Phryne foresees a general Excise Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum? Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum Wise Peter sees the World's respect for Gold. 125 And therefore hopes this Nation may be sold Glorious Ambition! Peter, swell thy store. And be what Rome's great Didius was before

120 In the extravagance and luxury of the South sea year, the price of a haunch of Venison was from three to five pounds [P]

121-2 Many people about the year 1733, had a conceit that such a thing was intended, of which it is not improbable this lady might have some intimation [P] Walpole's Excise Bill of 1733 was a warehousing scheme designed to make England a storehouse for the temporary deposit of goods, and London a free port The Opposition interpreted it as a general excise, which so much alarmed the public that Walpole decided to withdraw the measure Phryne was probably Maria Skerret (1702?-38), Walpole's mistress and his second wife The historical Phryne was an Athenian hetaira of humble origin, but of great beauty and wealth

124 plum Eighteenth-century slang for £100,000

125 PETERWALTER (1664?—1746), a person not only eminent in the wisdom of his profession, as a dextrous attorney, but allow'd to be a good, if not a safe, conveyancer, extremely respected by the Nobility of this land, tho' free from all manner of luxury and ostentation his Wealth was never seen, and his bounty never heard of, except to his own son, for whom he procured an employment of considerable profit, of which he gave him as much as was necessary Therefore the taxing of this gentleman with any Ambition, is certainly a great wrong to him [P] His activities as moneylender-in-chief to the aristocracy brought him much notoriety See also 1 20, Imit Hor, Sat, II 13, 40, II II 168, Ep, II 1197, Imit Donne, II 66 f, Epilogue to Satires, I 121, II 58, and 1740, 26(?)

128 A Roman Lawyer, so rich as to purchase the Empire when it was

set to sale upon the death of Pertinax [P]

The Crown of Poland, venal twice an age, To just three millions stinted modest Gage 130 But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold, Hereditary Realms, and worlds of Gold Congenial souls! whose life one Av'rice joins. And one fate buries in th' Asturian Mines Much mur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate? 135 A wizard told him in these words our fate 'At length Corruption, like a gen'ral flood, (So long by watchful Ministers withstood) Shall deluge all, and Av'rice creeping on, Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the Sun, 140 Statesman and Patriot ply alike the stocks, Peeress and Butler share alike the Box, And Judges 10b, and Bishops bite the town, And mighty Dukes pack cards for half a crown

129 The Polish throne became vacant in 1696 with the death of John Sobieski, in 1707, at the abdication of Augustus II, in 1709 at the abdication of Stanislas I, and in 1733 on the death of Augustus II The Polish nobility, who were the electors to the crown, were unblushingly venal

130-4 The two persons here mentioned were of Quality, each of whom in the Missisppi despis'd to realize above three hundred thousand pounds, the Gentleman with a view to the purchase of the Crown of Poland, the Lady on a vision of the like royal nature. They since retired into Spain, where they are still in search of gold in the mines of the Asturies [P] Joseph Gage (1678?-1753?) acquired Mississippi stock representing the value of 13,000,000 l and offered Augustus, king of Poland, 3,000,000 l for the crown, which was declined Gage obtained from the King of Spain a grant for working and draining all the gold mines in Old Spain. The Asturian gold-mines were not very profitable, but in 1741 the King give him a silver mine of great value. His second wife was Lady Mary Herbert (1700?-70?), of whom Horace Walpole reports that she made a 'prodigious fortune in the Mississippi, & refused the Duke of Bouillon, being determined to marry nobody but a Sovereign Prince, but refusing to realise, lost the whole, & met Gage in the Asturian mines.

132 Hereditary Realms] Lady Mary Herbert's mother is said to have

been the illegitimate daughter of James II

135 Sir John Blunt (1665-1733), originally a scrivener, was one of the first projectors of the South-sea company, and afterwards one of the directors of the famous scheme in 1720. He was also one of those who suffer'd most severely by the bill of pains and penalties on the said directors. He was a Dissenter of a most religious deportment, and profess'd to be a great believer. Whether he did really credit the prophecy here mentioned is not certain, but it was constantly in this very style he declaimed against the corruption and luxury of the age, the partiality of Parliaments, and the misery of party-spirit. He was particularly eloquent against Avarice in great and noble persons, of which he had indeed lived to see many miserable examples. He died in the year 1732. [P]

	217
See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,	145
And France reveng'd of ANNE's and EDWARD's arr	ns i'
No mean Court-badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy brain	n,
Nor lordly Luxury, nor City Gain	•
No, 'twas thy righteous end, asham'd to see	
Senates degen'rate, Patriots disagree,	150
And nobly wishing Party-rage to cease,	•
To buy both sides, and give thy Country peace	
'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage	
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?	
'The ruling Passion, be it what it will,	155
The ruling Passion conquers Reason still'	• •
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,	
Than ev'n that Passion, if it has no Aim,	
For the such motives Folly you may call,	
The Folly's greater to have none at all	160
Hear then the truth 'Tis Heav'n each Passion se	nds,
And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends	
Extremes in Nature equal good produce,	
Extremes in Man concur to gen'ral use'	
Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?	165
That Pow'r who bids the Ocean ebb and flow,	
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,	
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain,	
Builds Life on Death, on Change Duration founds,	
And gives th' eternal wheels to know their rounds	170
Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,	
Wait but for wings, and in their season, fly	
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,	
Sees but a backward steward for the Poor,	
This year a Reservoir, to keep and spare,	175
The next a Fountain, spouting thro' his Heir,	
In lavish streams to quench a Country's thirst,	
And men and dogs shall drink him 'till they burst	

150 Patriots disagree] Walpole owed his long tenure of power at least in part to the divisions within the Opposition

152 The South Sea Company offered to take over the National Debt, and since members of every political party rushed to buy stock, Blunt might be said to have bought both sides

155-6 For the Ruling Passion see To Cobham (especially ll 174 f) and

E on Man II 123-44 163-4 See E on Man, II 205-6, where the emphasis is on man the individual, and the paradox is the co-operation between vice and virtue in a particular person. Here Pope is thinking in terms of society, e.g. that the spendthrift is balanced by the miser

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,	
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth	180
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)	
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?	
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,	
With soups unbought and sallads blest his board	
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more	185
Than Bramins, Saints, and Sages did before,	5
To cram the Rich was prodigal expence,	
And who would take the Poor from Providence?	
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old Hall,	
Silence without, and Fasts within the wall,	190
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,	-50
No noontide-bell invites the country round,	
Tenants with sighs the smoakless tow'rs survey,	
And turn th' unwilling steeds another way	
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,	195
Curse the sav'd candle, and unop'ning door,	,5
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,	
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat	
Not so his Son, he mark'd this oversight,	
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right	200
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,	
But what to follow, is a task indeed)	
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,	
Fill the capacious Squire, and deep Divine!	
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws,	205
His oxen perish in his country's cause,	•
'Tis George and LIBERTY that crowns the cup,	
And Zeal for that great House which eats him up	
The woods recede around the naked seat,	
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the Fleet	210
Next goes his Wool—to clothe our valiant bands,	
Last, for his Country's love, he sells his Lands	
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,	
And heads the bold Train-bands, and burns a Pope	
And shall not Britain now reward his toils,	215
Britain, that pays her Patriots with her Spoils?	-

¹⁷⁹ Old Cotta] Sir John Cutler (see 1 315n)
184 —dapidus mensas onerabat inemptis VIRG [P] Georg, IV 133 199 Or rather his son-in-law, Charles Bodvile Robartes, second Earl of Radnor (1660-1723)

²¹⁴ Train-bands A trained company of citizen soldiery

Whose table, Wit, or modest Ment share,
Un-elbow'd by a Gamester, Pimp, or Play'r?
Who copies Your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th' oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where-e'er he shines, oh Fortune, gild the scene,
And Angels guard him in the golden Mean!
There, English Bounty yet a-while may stand,
And Honour linger ere it leaves the land
But all our praises why should Lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the MAN of Ross

250

243 Oxford's Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford (1689–1741) The son of Robert, created Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortuner by Queen Anne This Nobleman died regretted by all men of letters, great numbers of whom had experienc'd his benefits He left behind him one of the most noble Libraries in Europe [P]

250 MAN of Ross] The person here celebrated, who with a small Estate actually performed all these good works, and whose true name was almost lost (partly by the title of the *Man of Ross* given him by way of eminence, and partly by being buried without so much as an inscription) was called Mr John Kyrle He died in the year 1724, aged 90, and lies interr'd in the chancel of the church of Ross in Herefordshire [P]

Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds. And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds Who hung with woods von mountain's sultry brow? From the dry rock who bade the waters flow? Not to the skies in useless columns tost, 255 Or in proud falls magnificently lost, But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain Health to the sick, and solace to the swain Whose Cause-way parts the vale with shady rows? Whose Seats the weary Traveller repose? 260 Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise? The MAN of Ross, each lisping babe replies Behold the Market-place with poor o'erspread! The MAN of Ross divides the weekly bread Behold von Alms-house, neat, but void of state, 265 Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest, The young who labour, and the old who rest Is any sick? the MAN of Ross relieves, Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives 270 Is there a variance? enter but his door, Balk'd are the Courts, and contest is no more Despairing Quacks with curses fled the place. And vile Attornies, now an useless race 'Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue 275 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do! Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply? What mines, to swell that boundless charity?' Of Debts, and Taxes, Wife and Children clear, This man possest—five hundred pounds a year 280 Blush, Grandeur, blush! proud Courts, withdraw your Ye little Stars! hide your diminish'd rays [blaze] 'And what? no monument, inscription, stone? His race, his form, his name almost unknown? Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame, 285 Will never mark the marble with his Name Go, search it there, where to be born and die, Of rich and poor makes all the history, Enough, that Virtue fill'd the space between, Prov'd, by the ends of being, to have been 290 When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend

²⁵¹ Vaga] The Wye 287 The Parish-register [P] 291-2 See 1 87n

The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands, Belies his features, nay extends his hands, That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might own, 295 Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone Behold what blessings Wealth to life can lend! And see, what comfort it affords our end In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung, The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung. 300 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw, With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw, The George and Garter dangling from that bed Where tawdry vellow strove with dirty red. Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him, 305 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim! Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove, The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love, Or just as gay, at Council, in a ring Of mimick'd Statesmen, and their merry King 310 No Wit to flatter, left of all his store! No Fool to laugh at, which he valu'd more There, Victor of his health, of fortune, friends, And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee. 315 And well (he thought) advis'd him, 'Live like me'

293-6 The poet ridicules the wretched taste of carving large perriwigs on Busto's, of which there are several vile examples in the tombs at

Westminster and elsewhere [P]

299-314 This Lord, yet more famous for his vices than his misfortunes, after having been possess'd of about 50,000 pound a year, and past thro' many of the highest posts in the kingdom, died in the year 1687, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, reduc'd to the utmost misery [P] Though poetically effective Pope's lines and note are historically inaccurate Buckingham did die in Yorkshire in 1687, but not in an inn or in poverty The legend was already in existence a few days after Buckingham died

301 Flock-beds were only used by the middle classes, the aristocracy had feather-beds

307 A delightful palace, on the banks of the Thames, built by the Duke

of Buckingham [P] 308 The Countess of Shrewsbury a woman abandon'd to gallantries The Earl her husband was kill'd by the Duke of Buckingham in a duel, and it has been said, that during the combat she held the Duke's horses

in the habit of a page [P]

315 Cutler Sir John Cutler (1608?-1693) was a rich London merchant, who promoted the subscriptions raised by the City for Charles II He received both a knighthood and a baronetcy in 1660 Although he was a generous benefactor of the Grocers' Company, Gresham's College, the

As well his Grace reply'd, 'Like you, Sir John? That I can do, when all I have is gone' Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse, Want with a full, or with an empty purse?	220
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd, Arise, and tell me, was thy death more bless'd? Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,	320
For very want, he could not build a wall	
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,	325
For very want, he could not pay a dow'r	323
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,	
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound	
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,	
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?	330
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,	JJ -
Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had	
Cutler and Brutus, dying both exclaim,	
'Virtue! and Wealth! what are ye but a name!'	
Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?	335
Or are they both, in this their own reward?	
A knotty point to which we now proceed	
But you are tır'd—I'll tell a tale 'Agreed'	
Where London's column, pointing at the skies,	
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lyes,	340
There dwelt a Citizen of sober fame,	
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name,	
Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth,	
His word would pass for more than he was worth	
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,	345
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's	
Constant at Church, and Change, his gains were sur	e,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor	
The Dev'l was piqu'd such saintship to behold,	
And long'd to tempt him like good Job of old	350
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,	

College of Physicians, and the parish of St Margaret's, Westminster, his personal parsimony earned for him an undeserved notoriety, which by Pope's time had become legendary Pope's account is quite unhistorical 339 The Monument, built in memory of the fire of London, with a inscription, importing that city to have been burnt by the Papists [P] 342 Balaam Perhaps modelled on Thomas Pitt (1653–1726), grand-

342 Balaam Perhaps modelled on Thomas Pitt (1053–1720), grandfather of the statesman, who had made a great deal of money in underhand ways, was remarkably pious, owned an estate in Cornwall, and bought and represented the rotten borough of Old Sarum

And tempts by making rich, not making poor Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep,	
And two rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,	355
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes	
'Live like yourself,' was soon my Lady's word,	_
And lo! two puddings smoak'd upon the board	360
Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,	
An honest factor stole a Gem away	
He pledg'd it to the knight, the knight had wit,	
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit	٠
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,	365
'I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat,	
Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—	
And am so clear too of all other vice'	
The Tempter saw his time, the work he ply'd,	
Stocks and Subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,	370
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full descent,	
In one abundant show'r of Cent per Cent,	
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,	
Then dubs Director, and secures his soul	
Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,	375
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit,	
What late he call'd a Blessing, now was Wit,	
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit	
Things change their titles, as our manners turn	200
His Compting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn,	380
Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)	
But duly sent his family and wife	
There (so the Dev'l ordam'd) one Christmas-tide	
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd	385
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight,	دەد
He marries, nows at Court, and grows boute	

355 The author has placed the scene of these shipwrecks in Cornwall, not only from their frequency on that coast, but from the inhumanity of the inhabitants to those to whom that misfortune arrives. When a ship happens to be stranded there, they have been known to bore holes in it, to prevent its getting off, to plunder, and sometimes even to massacre the people. Nor has the Parliament of England been yet able wholly to suppress these barbarities [P]

361-4 Pitt bought the celebrated Pitt diamond for £20,400 when he was Governor of Fort St George, Madras Later he sold it for over six

times as much to the Duke of Orleans

Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to please the fair) The well-bred cuckolds in St Tames's air First, for his Son a gay Commission buys, Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies 390 His daughter flaunts a Viscount's tawdry wife, She bears a Coronet and P-x for life In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains, And one more Pensioner St Stephen gains My Lady falls to play, so bad her chance, 395 He must repair it, takes a bribe from France, The House impeach him, Coningsby harangues, The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs Wife, son, and daughter, Satan, are thy own, His wealth, vet dearer, forfeit to the Crown 400 The Devil and the King divide the prize, And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies

394 —atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ Juv [P] Juvenal, III 3 397 Coningsby] Thomas, Earl Coningsby (1645?—1729), appointed in 1715 a commissioner to investigate the intrigue leading up to the Peace of Utrecht, and to impeach Harley See his satirical epitaph, p 496

Epistle IV To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington

[written 1730-31, published 1731]

ARGUMENT

Of the Use of Riches The Vanity of Expence in People of Wealth and Quality The abuse of the word Taste, v 13 That the first principle and foundation, in this as in every thing else, is Good Sense, v 40 The chief proof of it is to follow Nature, even in works of mere Luxury and Elegance Instanced in Architecture and Gardening, where all must be adapted to the Genius and Use of the Place, and the Beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it, v 50 How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings, for want of this true Foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at

Heading] Richard Boyle, third Earl of Burlington and fourth Earl of Cork (1695–1753), an enthusiastic Palladian who was largely responsible for the exclusion of baroque and rococo influences from Georgian architecture. He reconstructed Burlington House, Piccadilly, on classical lines c 1716, and added to his country house at Chiswick a villa (1727–36) modelled on one of Palladio's own Pope was on friendly terms with him by 1716 or earlier.

all, and the best Examples and Rules will but be perverted into something burdensome or ridiculous, v 65, &c to 92 A description of the false Taste of Magnificence, the first grand Error of which is to imagine that Greatness consists in the Size and Dimension, instead of the Proportion and Harmony of the whole, v 97, and the second, either in joining together Parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the Repetition of the same too frequently, v 105. &c A word or two of false Taste in Books, in Music, in Painting, even in Preaching and Prayer, and lastly in Entertainments, v 133, &c Yet Providence is justified in giving Wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the Poor and Laborious part of mankind, v 169 [Recurring to what is laid down in the first book, Ep 11, and in the Epistle preceding this, v 159, &c] What are the proper Objects of Magnificence, and a proper field for the Expence of Great Men, v 177, &c, and finally, the Great and Public Works which become a Prince, v 191, to the end

MY LORD,

The Clamour rais'd about this Epistle could not give me so much pain, as I receiv'd pleasure in seeing the general Zeal of the World in the cause of a Great Man who is Beneficent, and the particular Warmth of your Lordship in that of a private Man who is innocent

It was not the Poem that deserv'd this from you, for as I had the Honour to be your friend, I cou'd not treat you quite like a Poet but sure the Writer deserv'd more Candor even from those who knew him not, than to promote a Report which in regard to that Noble Person, was Impertinent, in regard to me, Villainous Yet I had no great Cause to wonder, that a Character belonging to twenty shou'd be applied to one, since, by that means, nineteen wou'd escape the Ridicule

I was too well content with my Knowledge of that Noble Person's Opinion in this Affair, to trouble the publick about it But since Malice and Mistake are so long a dying, I take the opportunity of this third Edition to declare His Belief, not only of My Innocence, but of Their Malignity, of the former of which my own Heart is as conscious, as I fear some of theirs must be of the latter His Humanity feels a Concern for the Injury done to Me, while His Greatness of Mind can bear with Indifference the Insult offer'd to Himself

However, my Lord, I own, that Critics of this Sort can intimidate me, nay half incline me to write no more. It wou'd be making the Town a Compliment which I think it deserves, and which some, I am sure, wou'd take very kindly. This way of Satire is dangerous, as long as Slander rais'd by Fools of the lowest Rank, can find any Countenance from those of a Higher. Even from the Conduct shewn on this occasion,

I have learnt there are some who wou'd rather be wicked than ridiculous, and therefore it may be safer to attack Vices than Follies I will leave my Betters in the quiet Possession of their Idols, their Groves, and their High-Places, and change my Subject from their Pride to their Meanness, from their Vanities to their Miseries And as the only certain way to avoid Misconstruction, to lessen Offence, and not to multiply ill-natur'd Applications, I may probably in my next make use of Real Names and not of Fictitious Ones I am,

My Lord,

Your Faithful, Affectionate Servant. A POPE

5

'Tis strange, the Miser should his Cares employ, To gain those Riches he can ne'er enjoy Is it less strange, the Prodigal should wast His wealth, to purchase what he ne'er can taste? Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats, Artists must chuse his Pictures, Music, Meats He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs, For Pembroke Statues, dirty Gods, and Coins, Rare monkish Manuscripts for Hearne alone, And Books for Mead, and Butterflies for Sloane 10 Think we all these are for himself? no more Than his fine Wife, alas! or finer Whore For what has Virro painted, built, and planted? Only to show, how many Tastes he wanted What brought Sir Visto's ill got wealth to waste? 15 Some Dæmon whisper'd, 'Visto! have a Taste'

6 Artists] Experts, connoisseurs

7 Topham] A Gentleman famous for a judicious collection of Drawings [P] Richard Topham (d 1735), Keeper of the Records in the Tower His valuable collection of drawings, portraits, and engravings was bequeathed with his books to Eton College Library 8 Thomas Herbert, eighth Earl of Pembroke (1656–1733), Whig

politician who devoted his leisure to collecting statues, pictures, and coins

9 Thomas Hearne (1678-1735), the most eminent medievalist of

Pope's generation

10 Mead Sloane Two eminent Physicians, the one had an excellent Library, the other the finest collection in Europe of natural curiosities, both men of great learning and humanity [P] Richard Mead (1673–1754) was Physician in Ordinary to George II and Queen Caroline His collection of books numbered some thirty thousand volumes Sir Hans Sloane (1660–1753) was First Physician to George II and President of the Royal College of Physicians, 1719-35 His collections were bought by the nation after his death and formed the nucleus of the British Museum

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO BURLINGTON	589
Heav'n visits with a Taste the wealthy fool, And needs no Rod but Ripley with a Rule See! sportive fate, to punish aukward pride,	
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a Guide	20
A standing sermon, at each year's expense,	
That never Coxcomb reach'd Magnificence	
You show us, Rome was glorious, not profuse,	
And pompous buildings once were things of Use	
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules	25
Fill half the land with Imitating Fools,	
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take, And of one beauty many blunders make,	
Load some vain Church with old Theatric state,	
Turn Arcs of triumph to a Garden-gate,	20
Reverse your Ornaments, and hang them all	30
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall,	
Then clap four slices of Pilaster on't,	
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a Front	
Or call the winds thro' long Arcades to roar,	35
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door,	33
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,	
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art	
Oft have you hinted to your brother Peer,	
A certain truth, which many buy too dear	40
Something there is more needful than Expence,	70
And something previous ev'n to Taste—'tis Sense	
Time transfer of the part of t	

18 Ripley This man was a carpenter, employ'd by a first Minister, who rais'd him to an Architect, without any genius in the art, and after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public Buildings, made him

Comptroller of the Board of works [P]

20 Bubol George Bubb, who later took the name Dodington and finally became Baron Melcombe (1691-1762), satirized as 'Bubo' (Latin for owl) and 'Bufo' (Latin for toad) in Epistle to Arbuthnot, ll 230, 280 (pp 605-7) See also Epilogue to Satires I, 12, 68 (pp 688-90) He completed the mansion at Eastbury, Dorset The architect was Vanbrugh, for whose abilities Pope shared Swift's ignorant contempt

23 The Earl of Burlington was then publishing the Designs of Inigo Jones, and the Antiquities of Rome by Palladio [P] The Designs of Imgo Jones, consisting of Plans and Elevations for Public and Private Buildings, 2 vols, 1727, (published in Kent's name) and Fabriche antiche disegnate

da Andrea Palladio Vicentino, 1730

32 dog-hole] 'A vile hole, a mean habitation' (Johnson)
33 Pulaster] 'A square column sometimes insulated, but often set within a wall' (Johnson)

34 rustic] 'Characterized by a surface artificially roughened or left rough-hewn' (OED)

36 Venetian door] A Door or Window, so called, from being much practised at Venice, by Palladio and others [P]

Good Sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n, And tho' no science, fairly worth the sev'n A Light, which in yourself you must perceive, Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give To build, to plant, whatever you intend, To rear the Column, or the Arch to bend,	45
To swell the Terras, or to sink the Grot, In all, let Nature never be forgot But treat the Goddess like a modest fair, Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare,	50
Let not each beauty ev'ry where be spy'd, Where half the skill is decently to hide He gains all points, who pleasingly confounds, Surprizes, varies, and conceals the Bounds Consult the Genius of the Place in all,	55
That tells the Waters or to rise, or fall, Or helps th' ambitious Hill the heav'n to scale, Or scoops in circling theatres the Vale, Calls in the Country, catches opening glades, Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades,	60
Now breaks or now directs, th' intending Lines, Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs Still follow Sense, of ev'ry Art the Soul, Parts answ'ring parts shall slide into a whole, Spontaneous beauties all around advance,	65
Start ev'n from Difficulty, strike from Chance, Nature shall join you, Time shall make it grow A Work to wonder at—perhaps a STOW Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls, And Nero's Terraces desert their walls The vast Parterres a thousand hands shall make,	70
Lo! COBHAM comes, and floats them with a Lake	

46 Inigo Jones the celebrated Architect, and M Le Nôtre, the designer of the best Gardens of France [P] André Le Nôtre (1613-1700) laid out the gardens at Versailles and Fontainebleau

63 th' intending lines] Those which lead the eye forward

71 Until the advent of the landscape gardeners Le Nôtre's gardens at

Versailles were considered the best in Europe

72 Probably referring to the Golden House of Nero 74 floats] (= flood, inundate) a technical agricultural term

⁷⁰ STOW] The seat and gardens of the Lord Viscount Cobham in Buckinghamshire [P] Bridgman began the process of blending the landscape with the garden, and Gibbs, Vanbrugh, and Kent dotted temples, columns, and arches about Bridgman was succeeded by Kent, on whose death the ruralizing of the place continued under 'Capability' Brown

75-6 This was done in Hertfordshire, by a wealthy citizen, at the expence of above 5000 l by which means (merely to overlook a dead plain) he let in the north-wind upon his house and parterre, which were before adorned and defended by beautiful woods [P] At Moor Park, Rickmansworth

Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade

78 Dr S Clarke's busto placed by the Queen in the Hermitage, while the Dr duely frequented the Court [P] The Hermitage was one of the ornamental features in Richmond Park In 1732, busts of Boyle, Locke, Newton, and Wollaston by Rysbrack and of Samuel Clarke by Guelfi were installed there Samuel Clarke (1675-1729) was the most distinguished English philosopher between Locke and Berkeley

80 Quincunx A group of five trees, four planted in a square or rectangle (one at each corner) and the fifth in the centre For Pope's own

quincunx see Imt Hor, Sat, II 1 130 (p. 618) 84 See 'The Garden', ll 7-8, p. 12

95 The two extremes in parterres, which are equally faulty, a boundless Green, large and naked as a field, or a flourished Carpet, where the greatness and nobleness of the piece is lessened by being divided into too many parts, with scroll'd works and beds, of which the examples are frequent [P]

96 Touches upon the ill taste of those who are so fond of Ever-greens (particularly Yews, which are the most tonsile) as to destroy the nobler Forest-trees, to make way for such little ornaments as Pyramids of darkgreen, continually repeated, not unlike a Funeral procession [P]

At Timon's Villa let us pass a day,	
Where all cry out, 'What sums are thrown away!'	100
So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,	
Soft and Agreeable come never there	
Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught	
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought	
To compass this, his building is a Town,	105
His pond an Ocean, his parterre a Down	- 5
Who but must laugh, the Master when he sees,	
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!	
Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!	
The whole, a labour'd Quarry above ground	IIO
Two Cupids squirt before a Lake behind	
Improves the keenness of the Northern wind	
His Gardens next your admiration call,	
On ev'ry side you look, behold the Wall!	
No pleasing Intricacies intervene,	115
No artful wildness to perplex the scene,	5
Grove nods at grove, each Alley has a brother,	
And half the platform just reflects the other	
The suff'ring eye inverted Nature sees,	
Trees cut to Statues, Statues thick as trees,	120
With here a Fountain, never to be play'd,	
And there a Summer-house, that knows no shade,	
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs,	
There Gladiators fight, or die, in flow'rs,	
Un-water'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,	125
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty Urn	•
My Lord advances with majestic mien,	
Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen	
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—	
First thro' the length of you hot Terrace sweat,	130
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your th	ughs,
Tust at his Study-door he'll bless your eyes	-

99 At Timon's Villa] This description is intended to comprize the principles of a false Taste of Magnificence, and to exemplify what was said before, that nothing but Good Sense can attain it [P] Timon is almost certainly nobody in particular, a personification of aristocratic pride, but many of the details of the grounds and house derive from actual offences against taste committed by Pope's contemporaries

124 The two Statues of the Gladiator pugnans and Gladiator moriens [P]

¹³⁰ The Approaches and Communications of house with garden, or of one part with another, ill judged and inconvienient [P]

MORAL ESSAYS EPISTLE TO BURLINGTON	593
His Study! with what Authors is it stor'd? In Books, not Authors, curious is my Lord, To all their dated Backs he turns you round, These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound Lo some are Vellom, and the rest as good	135
For all his Lordship knows, but they are Wood	
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,	
These shelves admit not any modern book	140
And now the Chapel's silver bell you hear,	•
That summons you to all the Pride of Pray'r	
Light quirks of Musick, broken and uneven,	
Make the soul dance upon à Jig to Heaven	
On painted Cielings you devoutly stare,	145
Where sprawl the Saints of Verrio or Laguerre,	
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,	
And bring all Paradise before your eye	
To rest, the Cushion and soft Dean invite,	
Who never mentions Hell to ears polite	150
But hark! the chiming Clocks to dinner call,	_
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble Hall	
The rich Buffet well-colour'd Serpents grace,	

133 The false Taste in Books, a satyr on the vanity in collecting them, more frequent in men of Fortune than the study to understand them Many delight chiefly in the elegance of the print, or of the binding, some have carried it so far, as to cause the upper shelves to be filled with painted books of wood, others pique themselves so much upon books in a language they do not understand as to exclude the most useful in one they do [P]

And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face

136 Aldo Manutio, the Renaissance Venetian printer, and the Abbé Du

Sueil, a famous Paris binder of the early eighteenth century

143 The false Taste in Music, improper to the subjects, as of light airs in Churches, often practised by the organists, &c [P]

145 —And in Painting (1 e false taste in) (from which even Italy is not free) of naked figures in Churches, &c which has obliged some Popes to put draperies on some of those of the best masters [P]

146 Verrio or Laguerre] Verrio (Antonio) (1639-1707) painted many cielings, &c at Windsor, Hampton-court, &c and Laguerre (1663-1721) at Blenheim-castle, and other places [P] See Windsor-Forest, 303-10n

150 This is a fact, a reverend Dean preaching at Court, threatned the sinner with punishment in 'a place which he thought it not decent to name in so polite an assembly' [P] Knightly Chetwood (1650-1720), Dean of Gloucester

153 Taxes the incongruity of Ornaments (tho' sometimes practised by the ancients) where an open mouth ejects the water into a fountain, or where the shocking images of serpents, &c are introduced in Grottos or Buffets [P]

Is this a dinner? this a Genial room? No, 'tis a Temple, and a Hecatomb A solemn Sacrifice, perform'd in state,	155
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat	
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear	_
Sancho's dread Doctor and his Wand were there	160
Between each Act the trembling salvers ring,	
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,	
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,	
Treated, caress'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,	165
Sick of his civil Pride from Morn to Eve.	105
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,	
And swear no Day was ever past so ill	
Yet hence the Poor are cloath'd, the Hungry fed,	
Health to himself, and to his Infants bread	170
The Lab'rer bears What his hard Heart denies,	, -
His charitable Vanity supplies	
Another age shall see the golden Ear	
Imbrown the Slope, and nod on the Parterre,	
Deep Harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,	175
And laughing Ceres re-assume the land	
Who then shall grace, or who improve the Soil?	
Who plants like BATHURST, or who builds like Boyn	LE
'Tis Use alone that sanctifies Expence,	
And Splendor borrows all her rays from Sense	180
His Father's Acres who enjoys in peace,	
Or makes his Neighbours glad, if he encrease,	
Whose chearful Tenants bless their yearly toil,	
Yet to their Lord owe more than to the soil, Whose ample Lawns are not asham'd to feed	7 2 2
whose amble Lawns are not asnamid to feed	TXC

155 The proud Festivals of some men are here set forth to ridicule, where pride destroys the ease, and formal regularity all the pleasurable enjoyment of the entertainment [P]

155 Gental Of or pertaining to a feast' (OED)

160 Sancho's dread Doctor] See Don Quixote, chap xlv11 [P]

To The Moral of the whole, where PROVIDENCE is justified in giving Wealth to those who squander it in this manner A bad Taste employs more hands and diffuses Expence more than a good one This recurs to what is laid down in Book i Epist II v 230-7 (p 523), and in the Epistle preceding this, v 161 &c [P]

174 Slope] A technical term for the artificial banks used by landscape

gardeners

176 laughing Ceres] The smiling scene that a cornfield exhibits

178 For Allen, Lord Bathurst see p 570 above 'Boyle' is Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, the poem's dedicatee

The milky heifer and deserving steed, Whose rising Forests, not for pride or show, But future Buildings, future Navies grow Let his plantations stretch from down to down, First shade a Country, and then raise a Town 190 You too proceed! make falling Arts your care, Erect new wonders, and the old repair, Iones and Palladio to themselves restore, And be whate'er Vitruvius was before Till Kings call forth th' Idea's of your mind, 195 Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd, Bid Harbors open, public Ways extend, Bid Temples, worthier of the God, ascend, Bid the broad Arch the dang'rous Flood contain, The Mole projected break the roaring Main. 200 Back to his bounds their subject Sea command, And roll obedient Rivers thro' the Land, These Honours, Peace to happy Britain brings, These are Imperial Works, and worthy Kings

190 Country] A tract or district owned by the same proprietor 194 M Vitruvius Pollio (born c 88 BC), author of De Architectura

195-204 The poet after having touched upon the proper objects of Magnificence and Expence, in the private works of great men, comes to those great and public works which become a Prince This Poem was published in the year 1732, when some of the new-built Churches, by the Act of Queen Anne, were ready to fall, being founded in boggy land (which is satirically alluded to in our author's imitation of Horace Lib ii Sat 2 (1 119)

Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall)

others were vilely executed, thro' fraudulent cabals between undertakers, officers, & Dagenham-breach had done very great mischiefs, many of the Highways throughout England were hardly passable, and most of those which were repaired by Turnpikes were made jobs for private lucre, and infamously executed, even to the entrances of London itself. The proposal of building a Bridge at Westminster had been petition'd against and rejected, but in two years after the publication of this poem, an Act for building a Bridge past thro' both houses. After many debates in the committee, the execution was left to the carpenter above-mentioned (1 18), who would have made it a wooden one, to which our author alludes in these lines,

Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile? Should Riply venture, all the world would smile

See the notes on that place (Imit Hor, Ep, 11 1 186) [P] See the note to Imit Hor, Sat, 11 11 119, p 622 Dagenham Breach was the result of a storm in 1707 which broke through a sluice in the bank of the Thames, costing over £40,000 to repair and not completed until 1723 An Act for the construction of Westminster Bridge was passed in 1736, and Burlington was (from 1737) one of the Commissioners appointed to superintend the work The first stone was laid in 1739 and it was opened in 1750

An Epistle from Mr Pope, to Dr Arbuthnot

[written 1731-4, published 1735]

Neque sermonibus Vulgi dederis te, nec in Præmiis humanis spem posueris rerum tuarum suis te oportet illecebris ipsa Virtus trahat ad verum decus Quid de te alii loquantur, ipsi videant, sed loquentur tamen

TULLY [De Re Publica, Lib vi, cap XXIII]

ADVERTISEMENT

This Paper is a Sort of Bill of Complaint, begun many years since, and drawn up by snatches, as the several Occasions offer'd I had no thoughts of publishing it, till it pleas'd some Persons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors¹ of Verses to the Imitator of Horace, and of an Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court,] to attack in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which being publick the Publick judge) but my Person, Morals, and Family, whereof to those who know me not, a truer Information may be requisite Being divided between the Necessity to say something of Myself, and my own Laziness to undertake so awkward a Task, I thought it the shortest way to put the last hand to this Epistle If it have any thing pleasing, it will be That by which I am most desirous to please, the Truth and the Sentiment, and if any thing offensive, it will be only to those I am least sorry to offend, the Vicious or the Ungenerous

Many will know their own Pictures in it, there being not a Circumstance but what is true, but I have, for the most part spar'd their Names, and they may escape being laugh'd at, if they please

I would have some of them know, it was owing to the Request of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inscribed, that I make not as free use of theirs as they have done of mine However I shall have this Advantage, and Honour, on my side, that whereas by their proceeding, any Abuse may be directed at any man, no Injury can possibly be done by mine, since a Nameless Character can never be found out, but by its Truth and Likeness

Shut, shut the door, good John ' fatigu'd I said, Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead,

¹ Authors] Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

I good John Pope's servant, John Serle

1021110 1/30 1/44	
The Dog-star rages' nay 'tis past a doubt, All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out Fire in each eye, and Papers in each hand, They rave, recite, and madden round the land What Walls can guard me, or what Shades can hide? They pierce my Thickets, thro' my Grot they glide, By land, by water, they renew the charge, They stop the Chariot, and they board the Barge No place is sacred, not the Church is free,	5
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me	
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of Ryme,	
Happy to catch me, just at Dinner-time	
Is there a Parson, much be-mus'd in Beer,	15
A maudlin Poetess, a ryming Peer,	-
A Clerk, foredoom'd his Father's soul to cross,	
Who pens a Stanza when he should engross?	
Is there, who lock'd from Ink and Paper, scrawls	
With desp'rate Charcoal round his darken'd walls?	20
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain	
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain	
Arthur, whose giddy Son neglects the Laws,	
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause	
Poor Cornus sees his frantic Wife elope,	25
And curses Wit, and Poetry, and Pope	•
Friend to my Life, (which did not you prolong,	
The World had wanted many an idle Song)	
What Drop or Nostrum can this Plague remove?	
Or which must end me, a Fool's Wrath or Love?	30
A dire Dilemma! either way I'm sped,	
If Foes, they write, if Friends, they read me dead	
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!	
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye,	

3 The Dog-star rages] Sirius reappears in late summer, the customary time of rehearsing poetry in Ancient Rome

8 my Grot] see Sat II 1 124n, p 617

13 the Mint] see Sat 11 1 99n, p 616

15 A reference to the late poet laureate, Laurence Eusden-the word bemus'd echoes his name—a type of the Drunken Poet

23 Arthur Son] Arthur Moore a politician, and James Moore Smythe, who had given offence by refusing to remove some of Pope's unpublished verses from his comedy *The Rival Modes*, 1727

33 ty'd down Contemporary readers would recall the scene in Wycherley's Plain Dealer (v 3), where Oldfox gags and ties down the Widow, to hear his well-penned stanzas

¹⁰ the Barge] Pope employed a waterman to convey him between London and Twickenham

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT	599
To laugh, were want of Goodness and of Grace, And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of Face I sit with sad Civility, I read	35
With honest anguish, and an aking head,	
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,	
This saving counsel, 'Keep your Piece nine years'	40
Nine years' cries he, who high in Drury-lane	40
Lull'd by soft Zephyrs thro' the broken Pane,	
Rymes e're he wakes, and prints before <i>Term</i> ends,	
Oblig'd by hunger and Request of friends	
'The Piece you think is incorrect why take it,	45
I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it'	7.7
Three things another's modest wishes bound,	
My Friendship, and a Prologue, and ten Pound	
Pitholeon sends to me 'You know his Grace,	
I want a Patron, ask him for a Place'	50
Pitholeon libell'd me-'but here's a Letter	_
Informs you Sir, 'twas when he knew no better	
Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine,	
He'll write a Journal, or he'll turn Divine'	
Bless me' a Packet — 'Tis a stranger sues,	55
A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muse	
If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!'	
If I approve, 'Commend it to the Stage'	
There (thank my Stars) my whole Commission ends,	
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends	60

nine years] the famous counsel of Horace, Ars Poetica 388, 40 Keep nonumque prematur in annum, Membranis intus positis

41 high] ie in a garret

Drury-lane In Pope's time the abode of harlots and other disreputable characters

43 before Term ends] 1 e the legal terms, with which the publishing

'seasons' synchronized

49 Pstholeon] The name taken from a foolish Poet at Rhodes, who pretended much to Greek Schol in Horat lib 1 Dr Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Caesar also See notes on Hor Sat x 1 i (v 22) [P] The MS shows that Leonard Welsted was intended, a poet and critic of ability, for his quarrel with P, see 1 375n But 'Pitholeon' also fits Thomas Cooke, the translator of Hesiod (1728), who had written to P in apology for 'libelling' him

53 Edmund Curll, a bookseller of infamous reputation, who specialized in publishing scandalous biographies and private papers not meant for the press P had suffered from his attentions since 1714, and had revenged himself by administering an emetic He also manœuvred Curll into

publishing an unauthorized edition of his Letters

Fir'd that the House reject him, ''Sdeath I'll print it And shame the Fools—your Int'rest, Sir, with Lintot' Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much 'Not Sir, if you revise it, and retouch'	
All my demurrs but double his attacks,	65
At last he whispers 'Do, and we go snacks'	
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,	
Sir, let me see your works and you no more	
'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,	
(Midas, a sacred Person and a King)	70
His very Minister who spy'd them first,	-
(Some say his Queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst	
And is not mine, my Friend, a sorer case,	
When ev'ry Coxcomb perks them in my face?	
'Good friend forbear! you deal in dang'rous things,	75
I'd never name Queens, Ministers, or Kings,	
Keep close to Ears, and those let Asses prick,	
Tis nothing?—Nothing? if they bite and kick?	
Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,	
That Secret to each Fool, that he's an Ass	80
The truth once told, (and wherefore shou'd we lie?)	
The Queen of Midas slept, and so may I	
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,	
No creature smarts so little as a Fool	
Let Peals of Laughter, Codrus ' round thee break,	85
Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty Crack	•
Pit, Box and Gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,	
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting World	

62 Bernard Lintot, the bookseller who had published P's Homer 72 his Queen] The Story is told by some (Ovid Met xi 146 and Persius Sat 1 121) of his Barber, but by Chaucer of his Queen See Wife of Bath's Tale in Dryden's Fables (Il 157-200) [P] 76 A reflection upon the political alliance of Walpole and Queen

76 A reflection upon the political alliance of Caroline

80 I e that his ears (his marks of folly) are visible 85 Codrus] The name of a poet ridiculed by Virgil and Juvenal

86-8 Alluding to Horace (Ode III iii 7, 8)

Si fractus illabatur orbis, Impavidum ferient ruinæ [P]

But P alludes more particularly to Addison's rendering
Should the whole frame of nature round him break,
In ruine and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack,
And stand secure amidst a falling world

P had quoted the first and third lines in Ch xii of Peri Bathous to show how 'Sometimes a single Word [crack] will vulgarize a poetical idea'

96 Parnassian sneer] Cf Dunciad A 11 5 p 371

97 Colly] Cibber, comic actor, dramatist, and since 1730, poet laureate He had aroused P's animosity by his treatment of P and his friends in plays and as actor-manager, but the quarrel did not grow acute until C attacked P in A Letter to Mr Pope (1742) and P retaliated by displacing Theobald with C in The Duncial (1743)

I cough like *Horace*, and tho' lean, am short,

115

98 His Butchers Henley] A mountebank preacher in government pay who had frequently attacked P See p 414n On Easter Day, 1729, he delivered a sermon purporting to display the religious History and Use of

the Butchers Calling

his Free-masons Moor] Moore-Smythe (1 23n)

99 Bavius and Maevius were two poetasters who owe their immortality to the enmity which they displayed towards Virgil and Horace

100 to one Bishop] Ambrose Philips, P's rival in pastoral poetry, had gone to Ireland as secretary to Archbishop Boulter

113 Letters] Some of P's letters had been surreptitiously printed by Curll in 1726

Ammon's great Son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and 'Sir' you have an Eye—'
Go on, obliging Creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my Betters, met in me
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in Ink, my Parents', or my own?
As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came
I left no Calling for this idle trade,
No Duty broke, no Father dis-obey'd
The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life,
To second, Arbuthnot! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preserv'd, to bear

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write,
Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise,
And Congreve lov'd, and Swift endur'd my Lays,
The Courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more

117 Ammon's great Son] Alexander the Great, see Temple of Fame, 152n (p. 178)

130 no Father dis-obey'd] a reference to Moore-Smythe, see 1 23

140 Rochester] Atterbury

141 Dryden's friends] All these were Patrons or Admirers of Mr Dryden, tho' a scandalous Libel against him, entituled Dryden's Satyr to his Muse, has been printed in the Name of the Lord Somers, of which he

was wholly ignorant

These are the persons to whose account the Author charges the publication of his first pieces Persons with whom he was conversant (and he adds belov'd) at 16 or 17 years of age, an early period for such acquaintance! The catalogue might be made yet more illustrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the Pastorals and Windsor Forest, on which he passes a sort of Censure in the lines following,

While pure Description held the place of Sense, &c

[P]

135-41 Granville, Walsh, and Garth were poets, Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, Lord Somers and Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham were statesmen and patrons Sheffield's poems were edited by Pope

Happy my Studies, when by these approv'd! Happier their Author, when by these belov'd! From these the world will judge of Men and Books,	145
Not from the Burnets, Oldmxons, and Cooks Soft were my Numbers, who could take offence	-40
While pure Description held the place of Sense?	
Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry Theme,	
A painted Mistress, or a purling Stream	150
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill,	•
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sate still	
Yet then did Denms rave in furious fret,	
I never answer'd, I was not in debt	
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,	155
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint	
Did some more sober Critic come abroad?	
If wrong, I smil'd, if right, I kiss'd the rod	
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,	
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense	160
Comma's and points they set exactly right,	
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their Mite	
Yet ne'r one sprig of Laurel grac'd these ribalds,	
From slashing Bentley down to pidling Tibalds	
Each Wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,	165
Each Word-catcher that lives on syllables,	
Ev'n such small Critics some regard may claim,	
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name	
Pretty! in Amber to observe the forms	
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms,	170
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,	
But wonder how the Devil they got there?	

146 Authors of secret and scandalous History [P] Thomas Burnet is believed to have written *Pope Alexander's Supremacy* (1729), a severe attack upon P John Oldmixon had criticized his work in the *Arts of Logick and Rhetorick* (1728) For Cooke, see 1 49n

150 A painted Meadow, or a purling stream is a Verse of Mr Addison [P]

A Letter from Italy 11 165-6

151-92 A version of these lines originally introduced the character of Addison (Atticus), see p 490 Gildon had The Rape of the Lock censured in A New Rehearsal (1714) and Dennis in The Progress of Dulness (1728) 156 the Mint] see Sat II 1 99n

150 the Mini see Sut in 1991. 157-72 These lines first appeared in Miscellames (1727) as an expan-

sion of the character of Addison See p 490

164 slashing Bentley] Bentley had attempted to restore the true text of Par Lost (1732) on the assumption that the blind Milton was at the mercy of an amanuensis

Were others angry? I excus'd them too, Well might they rage, I gave them but their due A man's true ment 'tis not hard to find, But each man's secret standard in his mind, That Casting-weight Pride adds to Emptiness, This, who can gratify? for who can guess?	175
The Bard whom pilf red Pastorals renown, Who turns a <i>Persian</i> Tale for half a crown, Just writes to make his barrenness appear, And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year	180
He, who still wanting tho' he lives on theft, Steals much, spends liftle, yet has nothing left And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning, Means not, but blunders round about a meaning And he, whose Fustian's so sublimely bad,	185
It is not Poetry, but Prose run mad All these, my modest Satire bad translate, And own'd, that nine such Poets made a Tate How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe? And swear, not Addison himself was safe	190
Peace to all such! but were there One whose fires True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inspires, Blest with each Talent and each Art to please, And born to write, converse, and live with ease Shou'd such a man, too fond to rule alone,	195
Bear, like the <i>Turk</i> , no brother near the throne, View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes, And hate for Arts that caus'd himself to rise, Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer, And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer, Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,	200
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike, Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend, Dreading ev'n fools, by Flatterers besieg'd, And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd,	205
Like Cato, give his little Senate laws, And sit attentive to his own applause,	210

180 a Persian tale] Amb Philips translated a Book called the Persian Tales [P] Half a crown was the prostitute's customary charge 193-214 For earlier versions of the character of Atticus (Addison), see

pp 293, 490

²⁰⁵ The ideal critic, like Walsh (E on C 730), 'justly knew to blame or to commend'

²⁰⁹ Cf P's prologue to Addison's Cato (1713) l 23, p 211

While Wits and Templers ev'ry sentence raise,	
And wonder with a foolish face of praise	
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?	
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!	
What the' my Name stood rubric on the walls?	215
Or plaister'd posts, with Claps in capitals?	5
Or smoaking forth, a hundred Hawkers load,	
On Wings of Winds came flying all abroad?	
I sought no homage from the Race that write,	
I kept, like Asian Monarchs, from their sight	220
Poems I heeded (now be-rym'd so long)	
No more than Thou, great GEORGE! a Birth-day S	Song
I ne'r with Wits or Witlings past my days,	
To spread about the Itch of Verse and Praise,	
Nor like a Puppy daggled thro' the Town,	225
To fetch and carry Sing-song up and down,	_
Nor at Rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,	
With Handkerchief and Orange at my side	
But sick of Fops, and Poetry, and Prate,	
To Bufo left the whole Castalian State	230
Proud, as Apollo on his forked hill,	
Sate full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill,	
Fed with soft Dedication all day long,	
Horace and he went hand in hand in song	
His Library, (where Busts of Poets dead	235
And a true <i>Pindar</i> stood without a head)	
Receiv'd of Wits an undistinguish'd race,	
Who first his Judgment ask'd, and then a Place	
Much they extoll'd his Pictures, much his Seat,	
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat	240

214 Atticus] It was a great Falshood which some of the Libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's (Addison's) death, which see refuted in the Testimonies prefix d to the Dunciad But the occasion of writing it was such, as he would not make publick in regard to his memory, and all that could further be done was to omit the Name, in the Editions of his Works [P]

215-16 stood rubric] Books were advertised by 'clapping' copies of title-pages to boards or posts in front of booksellers' shops Pope's former publisher Lintot, was especially fond of red-letter title pages

218 Hopkins, in the 104th Psalm [P]

232 Bufo] A Theophrasian character of a Patron, composed of certain traits, which Pope had observed in Bubb Dodington (1 280n) and the Earl of Halifax

236 Pindar] ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headless Trunks and Terms of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c Vide Fulv, Ursin, &c [P]

Till grown more frugal in his riper days,	
He pay'd some Bards with Port, and some with Praise,	
To some a dry Rehearsal was assign'd,	
And others (harder still) he pay'd in kind	
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,	245
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye	
But still the Great have kindness in reserve,	
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve	
May some choice Patron bless each gray goose quill!	
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still!	250
So, when a Statesman wants a Day's defence,	
Or Envy holds a whole Week's war with Sense,	
Or simple Pride for Flatt'ry makes demands,	
May Dunce by Dunce be whistled off my hands!	
Blest be the Great ' for those they take away,	255
And those they left me—For they left me GAY,	
Left me to see neglected Genius bloom,	
Neglected die and tell it on his Tomb,	
Of all thy blameless Life the sole Return	
My Verse, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy Urn!	260
Oh let me live my own! and die so too!	
("To live and die is all I have to do ')	
Maintain a Poet's Dignity and Ease,	
And see what friends, and read what books I please	
Above a Patron, tho' I condescend	265
Sometimes to call a Minister my Friend	_
I was not born for Courts or great Affairs,	
I pay my Debts, believe, and say my Pray'rs,	
Can sleep without a Poem in my head,	
Nor know, if Dennis be alive or dead	270
Why am I ask'd, what next shall see the light?	
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?	
Has Life no Joys for me? or (to be grave)	
Have I no Friend to serve, no Soul to save?	
'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed? no doubt'	275
(Cries prating Balbus) 'something will come out'	
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will	

248 help'd to bury] Mr Dryden, after having liv'd in Exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral bestow'd upon him by the contribution of several Persons of Quality [P]

Persons of Quality [P]
260 Queensb'ry] During Gay's last years, he was taken under the protection of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, who erected his monument in Westminster Abbey

262 From Denham's Of Prudence, 11 93, 4

EPISTLE TO DR ARBUTHNOT	607
'No, such a Genius never can lye still,' And then for mine obligingly mistakes	
The first Lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes Poor guiltless I! and can I chuse but smile, When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my Style?	280
Curst be the Verse, how well soe'er it flow, That tends to make one worthy Man my foe,	
Give Virtue scandal, Innocence a fear,	285
Or from the soft-ey'd Virgin steal a tear!	-
But he, who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace, Insults fal'n Worth, or Beauty in distress,	
Who loves a Lye, lame slander helps about,	
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out	290
That Fop whose pride affects a Patron's name,	
Yet absent, wounds an Author's honest fame, Who can your Ment selfishly approve,	
And show the Sense of it, without the Love,	
Who has the Vanity to call you Friend,	295
Yet wants the Honour injur'd to defend,	
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say, And, if he lye not, must at least betray	
Who to the Dean and silver Bell can swear,	
And sees at Cannons what was never there	300
Who reads but with a Lust to mis-apply,	
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction, Lye	
A Lash like mine no honest man shall dread,	
But all such babling blockheads in his stead Let Sporus tremble—'What? that Thing of silk,	305
The special controls what thing of sinc,	5 ~3

279 ff Boileau had suffered in the same way (Ep vi 69 ff)

280 Easily recognizable type figures Sir William Yonge was a parliamentary tool of Walpole's, ready to speak agreeably by the hour on nothing Bubb Dodington was an obvious mark for satire owing to his political improbity, tactless extravagance, and affectation of patronage See also p 580, 1 20n

282 Style There is nothing more foolish than to pretend to be sure

of knowing a great writer by his style? Pope recorded by Spence 280-304. An abbreviated version of these lines had appeared in a news-

paper in January 1732 as a paraphrase of Horace, Sat 4 Lib 1 p 814
299 Dean See the Epistle to the Earl of Burlington [P] Moral Es 1V

141-50, p 593

305 Sporus] It was originally Paris, but that Name having been, as we conceive, the only reason that so contemptible a Character could be applied to a Noble and Beautiful Person, the Author changed it to this of Sporus, as a Name which has never yet been so mis-applied [P]

A passage in Suetonius (Nero, XXVIII 1) accounts for the change This is a character of Lord Hervey, who had been collaborating with Lady

M W Montagu in attacks upon Pope

Sporus, that mere white Curd of Ass's milk? Satire or Sense alas! can Sporus feel? Who breaks a Butterfly upon a Wheel?' Yet let me flap this Bug with gilded wings, This painted Child of Dirt that stinks and stings, Whose Buzz the Witty and the Fair annoys, Yet Wit ne'er tastes, and Beauty ne'er enjoys,	310
So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight In mumbling of the Game they dare not bite Eternal Smiles his Emptiness betray, As shallow streams run dimpling all the way Whether in florid Impotence he speaks,	315
And, as the Prompter breathes, the Puppet squeaks, Or at the Ear of <i>Eve</i> , familiar Toad, Half Froth, half Venom, spits himself abroad, In Puns, or Politicks, or Tales, or Lyes, Or Spite, or Smut, or Rymes, or Blasphemies	320
His Wit all see-saw between that and this, Now high, now low, now Master up, now Miss, And he himself one vile Antithesis Amphibious Thing! that acting either Part, The trifling Head, or the corrupted Heart! Fop at the Toilet, Flatt'rer at the Board,	325
Now trips a Lady, and now struts a Lord Eve's Tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest, A Cherub's face, a Reptile all the rest, Beauty that shocks you, Parts that none will trust,	330
Wit that can creep, and Pride that licks the dust Not Fortune's Worshipper, nor Fashion's Fool, Not Lucre's Madman, nor Ambition's Tool, Not proud, nor servile, be one Poet's praise That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways, That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a shame,	335
And thought a Lye in Verse or Prose the same That not in Fancy's Maze he wander'd long, But stoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his song	340

306 Ass's mulk Ass's milk was commonly prescribed as a tonic 'in all weakly Constitutions as being more thin, light, and easier of Digestion' than cow's milk

319 In the fourth Book of Milton (1 800), the Devil is represented in this Posture It is but justice to own that the Hint of Eve and the Serpent was taken from the Verses on the Imitator of Horace [P] Eve is Queen Caroline

341 stoop'd to Truth] The poet 'stoops' to Truth as a falcon to its lure,

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end, He stood the furious Foe, the timid Friend, The damning Critic, half-approving Wit, The Coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit,	345
Laugh'd at the loss of Friends he never had, The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad, The distant Threats of Vengeance on his head, The Blow unfelt, the Tear he never shed,	343
The Tale reviv'd, the Lye so oft o'erthrown, Th' imputed Trash, and Dulness not his own, The Morals blacken'd when the Writings scape, The libel'd Person, and the pictur'd Shape, Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread,	350
A Friend in Exile, or a Father, dead, The Whisper that to Greatness still too near, Perhaps, yet vibrates on his Sovereign's Ear— Welcome for thee, fair Virtue! all the past For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the last!	355
'But why insult the Poor, affront the Great?' A Knave's a Knave, to me, in ev'ry State, Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail, Sporus at Court, or Japhet in a Jayl,	360

or Browne's 'haggard and unreclaimed Reason' to 'the lure of Faith' (Rel Med Ix)

moraliz'd his song] cf E on Man iv 391-3, p 547 The phrase is found in Faerie Queene, I invoc 1 9

349 The Blow unfelt] Alluding to a fictitious account of an assault

committed on Pope in 1728

350 Lye] That he set his Name to Mr Broom's Verses, that he receiv'd Subscriptions for Shakespear, &c which tho' publickly disprov'd were nevertheless shamelessly repeated in the Libels, and even in the Paper call'd, The Nobleman's Epistle [P] Hervey's Nobleman's Epistle mentions only that he 'sold Broome's Labours printed with P—pe s Name'

351 Trash] Profane Psalms, Court Poems, and many Libellous Things

in his Name, printed by Curl, &c [P]

His version of the first psalm (see p 300) and Court Poems, the work

of Gay and Lady Mary, were printed in 1716

353 the pictur'd Shape] An illustration in Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility Examin'd (1729) represents Pope as a hunchbacked ape

squatting on a pedestal and leaning on a pile of books

354 Abuse] Namely on the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurst, Lord Bolingbroke, Bishop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Mr Gay, Dr Arbuthnot, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurse, aspers'd in printed Papers by James Moore and G Ducket, Esquires, Welsted, Tho Bentley, and other obscure persons [P]

355 Friend in Exile] Atterbury

356 The Whisper] I e from Hervey (cf 1 319)
[Japhet] Japhet Crook, the forger See Moral Es 111 88n, p 575

A hireling Scribler, or a hireling Peer,	
Knight of the Post corrupt, or of the Shire,	365
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,	5-5
He gain his Prince's Ear, or lose his own	
Yet soft by Nature, more a Dupe than Wit,	
Sapho can tell you how this Man was bit	
This dreaded Sat'rist Dennis will confess	370
Foe to his Pride, but Friend to his Distress	٠.
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,	
Has drunk with Cibber, nay has rym'd for Moor	
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?	
Three thousand Suns went down on Welsted's Lye	375
To please a Mistress, One aspers'd his life,	
He lash'd him not, but let her be his Wife	
Let Budgel charge low Grubstreet on his quill,	
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will,	
Let the Two Curls of Town and Court, abuse	380
His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muse	-

365 Knight of the Post] One who got his living by giving false evidence 366 Piltory lose his own] Pope writes with Japhet Crook's fate in mind

371 Friend to his Distress] Pope had tried to promote (1731) a subscription edition of some of Dennis's Works

374 ten years] It was so long, after many libels, before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that Poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many Scurrilities and Falsehoods concerning him [P]

375 Welsted's Lye] This Man had the Impudence to tell in print, that Mr P had occasion'd a Lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of He also publish'd that he had libell'd the Duke of Chandos, with whom (it was added) that he had liv'd in familiarity, and receiv'd from him a Present of five hundred pounds The Falsehood of which is known to his Grace Mr P never receiv'd any Present farther than the Subscription for Homer, from him, or from Any Great Man whatsoever [P]

376 William Windham is believed to have collaborated with Lady Mary and Hervey in Verses to an Imitator of Horace His mistress was the

Countess of Deloraine, the 'Delia' of Sat II 1 81, p 616

378 Budgel Budgel in a Weekly Pamphlet call'd the Bee, bestow'd much abuse on him, in the imagination that he writ some things about the Last Will of Dr Tindal, in the Grubstreet Journal, a Paper wherein he never had the least Hand, Direction, or Supervisal, nor the least knowledge of its author [P] Pope's connection with the Journal is still a matter of conjecture Budgell (see p 285) almost certainly forged Tindal's will, by means of which he excluded the next heir and obtained the greater part of the estate

380 The Court Curll was Hervey

381 In some of Curl's and other Pamphlets, Mr Pope's Father was said to be a Mechanic, a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt But, what is stranger, a Nobleman (Hervey) (if such a Reflection can be thought to

Yet why? that Father held it for a rule It was a Sin to call our Neighbour Fool, That harmless Mother thought no Wife a Whore,-Hear this! and spare his Family, James More! 385 Unspotted Names! and memorable long, If there be Force in Virtue, or in Song Of gentle Blood (part shed in Honour's Cause, While yet in Britain Honour had Applause) Each Parent sprung—'What Fortune, pray?'— Their own. 390 And better got than Bestra's from the Throne Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife, Nor marrying Discord in a Noble Wife, Stranger to Civil and Religious Rage, The good Man walk'd innoxious thro' his Age 395 No Courts he saw, no Suits would ever try, Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lve Un-learn'd, he knew no Schoolman's subtle Art, No Language, but the Language of the Heart By Nature honest, by Experience wise, 400 Healthy by Temp'rance and by Exercise

come from a Nobleman) has dropt an Allusion to this pitiful Untruth, in his Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity And the following line,

Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth Obscure,

had fallen from a like Courtly pen, in the Verses to the Imitator of Horace Mr Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordshire, the Head of which was the Earl of Downe, whose sole Heiress married the Earl of Lindsey—His Mother was the Daughter of William Turnor, Esq, of York She had three Brothers, one of whom was kill'd, another died in the Service of King Charles, the eldest following his Fortunes and becoming a General Officer in Spain, left her what Estate remain'd after the Sequestrations and Forfeitures of her Family—Mr Pope died in 1717, aged 75, She in 1733, aged 93, a very few Weeks after this Poem was finished The following Inscription was placed by their Son on their Monument, in the Parish of Twickenham, in Middlesex

DOM

ALEXANDRO POPE, VIRO INNOCUO,
PROBO, PIO, QUI VIXIT ANNOS LXXV, OB MDCCXVII
ET EDITHÆ CONJUGI INCULPABILI, PIENTISSIMÆ,
QUÆ VIXIT ANNOS XCIII, OB MDCCXXXIII
PARENTIBUS BENEMERENTIBUS FILIUS FECIT, ET SIBI

391 Bestia] L Calpurnius Bestia, who here seems to signify Marlborough was a Roman Consul, bribed by Jugurtha into a dishonourable peace

His Life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown, His Death was instant, and without a groan Oh grant me thus to live, and thus to die! Who sprung from Kings shall know less joy than I 405 O Friend! may each Domestick Bliss be thine! Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine Me, let the tender Office long engage To rock the Cradle of reposing Age, With lenient Arts extend a Mother's breath, 410 Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death, Explore the Thought, explain the asking Eye, And keep a while one Parent from the Sky! On Cares like these if Length of days attend, May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my Friend, 415 Preserve him social, chearful, and serene, And just as rich as when he serv'd a QUEEN! Whether that Blessing be deny'd, or giv'n, Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n

405 cf Hor, Sat I iii 142 Privatusque magis vivam te rege beatus 406-19 Pope sent a version of these lines to Aaron Hill on Sept 3, 1731, informing him of Mrs Pope's illness See p 812

Imitations of Horace

The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated

[written 1733, published 1733]

ADVERTISEMENT

The Occasion of publishing these Imitations was the Clamour raised on some of my Epistles An Answer from Horace was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I cou'd have made in my own person, and the Example of much greater Freedom in so eminent a Divine as Dr Donne, seem'd a proof with what Indignation and Contempt a Christian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever so low, or ever so high, a Station Both these Authors were acceptable to the Princes and Ministers under whom they lived The Satires of Dr Donne I versify'd at the Desire of the Earl of Oxford while he was Lord Treasurer, and of the Duke of Shrewsbury who had been Secretary of State, neither of whom look'd upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on those they serv'd in And indeed there is not in the world a greater Error, than that which Fools are so apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reason to incourage, the mistaking a Satyrist for a Libeller, whereas to a true Satyrist nothing is so odious as a Libeller, for the same reason as to a man truly Virtuous nothing is so hateful as a Hypocrite

-Uni aequus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis [P]

P There are (I scarce can think it, but am told) There are to whom my Satire seems too bold, Scarce to wise Peter complaisant enough, And something said of Chartres much too rough The Lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a Day Tim'rous by Nature, of the Rich in awe, I come to Council learned in the Law

5

8 His friend, William Fortescue later Master of the Rolls

^{3, 4} Referring to Moval Es 111 125, 20, 88, pp 571, 577 6 Lord Fanny] Pope first used this soubriquet, presumably for Hervey, in The Master Key to Popery (1732)

You'll give me, like a Friend both sage and free.

Advice, and (as you use) without a Fee F I'd write no more	10
P Not write? but then I think.	
And for my Soul I cannot sleep a wink	
I nod in Company, I wake at Night,	
Fools rush into my Head, and so I write	
F You could not do a worse thing for your Life	15
Why, if the Nights seem tedious—take a Wife,	٠
Or rather truly, if your Point be Rest,	
Lettuce and Cowslip Wine, Probatum est	
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise	
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your Eyes	20
Or if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's Praise	
You'll gain at least a Knighthood, or the Bays	
P What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough and fierce	e.
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the	е
Rend with tremendous Sound your ears asunder,	
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbus, & Thunder	25
Or nobly wild, with Budgell's Fire and Force,	
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?	
F Then all your Muse's softer Art display,	
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful Lay,	30
Lull with Amelia's liquid Name the Nine,	
And sweetly flow through all the Royal Line	
P Alas! few Verses touch their nicer Ear,	
They scarce can bear their Laureate twice a Year	
And justly CASAR scorns the Poet's Lays,	35
It is to History he trusts for Praise	
F Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,	
Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,	
Celsus The chief Roman writer on medicine	

20 Hartshorn] A pleasantry on the novelty of the prescription

23 Sir Richard] Blackmore, physician and poet

27 Referring to Budgell's ludicrous Poem upon His Majesty's Late Journey to Cambridge and Newmarket, 1728, in which the fate of George II's illustrious steed, shot under him at the battle of Oudenarde, is sung The trembling angels are Pope's invention

34 twice a Year The poet laureate's duties were to celebrate with odes the New Year and the King's Birthday At this time the office was held

by Colley Cibber

38 ridicule all Taste] See Moral Es IV passim blaspheme Quadrille] Referring to Moral Es 111 64, p 574

Abuse the City's best good Men in Metre,	
And laugh at Peers that put their Trust in Peter	40
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you	
P What should ail	'em
F A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam	
The fewer still you name, you wound the more,	
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a Score	
P Each Mortal has his Pleasure None deny	45
Scarsdale his Bottle, Darty his Ham-Pye,	
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see	
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she,	
F— loves the Senate, Hockley-Hole his Brother	
Like in all else, as one Egg to another	50
I love to pour out all myself, as plain	
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne	
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,	
The Soul stood forth, nor kept a Thought within,	
In me what Spots (for Spots I have) appear,	55
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear	
In this impartial Glass, my Muse intends	
Fair to expose myself, my Foes, my Friends,	
Publish the present Age, but where my Text	
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next	6 0
My Foes shall wish my Life a longer date,	
And ev'ry Friend the less lament my Fate	
My Head and Heart thus flowing thro' my Quill,	
Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,	
Papist or Protestant, or both between,	65
Like good Erasmus in an honest Mean,	
In Moderation placing all my Glory,	
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory	
Sature's my Weapon, but I'm too discreet	
To run a Muck, and tilt at all I meet,	70

39 Referring to Moral Es 111 103

Balaam] Referring to Moral Es iv ll 99 ff (p 592), and 42 Timon Moral Es 111 | 339-402 (p 584) 44 Bond Harpax Referring to Moral Es 111 102, 93

47 Ridotta] A name for a type of Society woman from the Italian, ridotto, a social assembly consisting of music and dancing, introduced into England in 1722 [OED]

49 F—] Stephen Fox His more famous brother Henry is credited by

Chesterfield with spending 'a fair younger brother's portion in the

common vices of youth, gaming included'

Hockley-Hole] A Bear-garden near Clerkenwell Green

I only wear it in a Land of Hectors, Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors Save but our Army! and let fove incrust Swords, Pikes, and Guns, with everlasting Rust! Peace is my dear Delight—not Fleury's more But touch me, and no Minister so sore Who-e'er offends, at some unlucky Time	75
Slides into Verse, and hitches in a Rhyme, Sacred to Ridicule! his whole Life long, And the sad Burthen of some merry Song Slander or Poyson, dread from <i>Deha</i> 's Rage,	80
Hard Words or Hanging, if your Judge be Page From furious Sappho scarce a milder Fate, P—x'd by her Love, or libell'd by her Hate	
Its proper Pow'r to hurt, each Creature feels, Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels, 'Tis a Bear's Talent not to kick, but hug, And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug	85
So drink with Waters, or with Chartres eat, They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat Then learned Sir (to cut the Matter short)	90
What-e'er my Fate, or well or ill at Court, Whether old Age, with faint, but chearful Ray, Attends to gild the Evening of my Day, Or Death's black Wing already be display'd	95
To wrap me in the Universal Shade, Whether the darken'd Room to muse invite, Or whiten'd Wall provoke the Skew'r to write,	,,
In Durance, Exile, Bedlam, or the Mint, Like <i>Lee</i> or <i>Budgell</i> , I will Rhyme and Print	100

71 Hectors] the name given to a group of dissolute young gentlemen in the second half of the seventeenth century, who swaggered 'by night about [London], breaking windows, upsetting sedans, beating quiet men, and offering rude caresses to pretty women' Here, perhaps less specifically, 'bullies

72 Supercargoes] Officers on board merchant ships whose business it was to superintend the cargo and commercial transactions of the voyage Supercargoes were proverbial for their wealth

Directors] South-Sea Company directors

73 'The maintenance of a standing army at the command of the sovereign had, since the revolution, been declaimed against by the tories as a constant menace to English liberty'

83 Sappho] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu 88 Pug] A common nickname for a pet dog

99 the Mint] A sanctuary for insolvent debtors and others in Southwark 100 Lee, tragic dramatist, spent five years in Bedlam, and was reported

F Alas young Man' your Days can ne'r be long, In Flow'r of Age you perish for a Song! Plums, and Directors, Shvlock and his Wife, Will club their Testers, now, to take your Life! P What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the Pen, 105 Brand the bold Front of shameless, guilty Men, Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded Car, Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a Star, Can there be wanting to defend Her Cause, Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws? TTO Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest Strain Flatt'rers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' Reign? Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage, Yet neither Charles nor James be in a Rage? And I not strip the Gilding off a Knave, 115 Un-plac'd, un-pension'd, no Man's Heir, or Slave? I will, or perish in the gen'rous Cause Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave Shall walk the World, in credit, to his grave 120 To virtue only and her friends, a friend The World beside may murmur, or commend Know, all the distant Din that World can keep Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but sooths my Sleep There, my Retreat the best Companions grace, 125 Chiefs, out of War, and Statesmen, out of Place There St John mingles with my friendly Bowl, The Feast of Reason and the Flow of Soul And He, whose Lightning pierc'd th' *Iberian* Lines,

to have written a twenty-five act play there Budgell, who was to commit suicide in 1737, was a miscellaneous writer of unstable mind

103 Plums 'A "plum" is no temptation to [an honest man] He likes and loves himself too well to change hearts with one of those corrupt miscreants, who amongst them gave that name to a round sum of money gained by rapine and plunder of the commonwealth' (Shaftesbury's Characteristics)

Directors Wife] Referring to Moral Es in 119, 96

112 Flatt'rers and Bigots] in Le Lutrin

113 Pump and Fry'r engage] united in the character of Friar Dominick in The Spanish Friar (1680)

124 my Grotto] Pope's grounds at Twickenham were divided by the main road from London to Hampton Court To avoid crossing it, Pope built an underground passage which also led to a stone arbour or temple, adorned with a large number of rare stones given to Pope by his friends Here he was accustomed to sit

129 He] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborough, who in the Year 1705

Now, forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,	130
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn Plain,	
Almost as quickly, as he conquer'd Spain	
Envy must own, I live among the Great,	
No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,	
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,	135
Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,	55
To help who want, to forward who excel,	
This, all who know me, know, who love me, tell,	
And who unknown defame me, let them be	
Scriblers or Peers, alike are Mob to me	140
This is my Plea, on this I rest my Cause—	- 4-
What saith my Council learned in the Laws?	
F Your Plea is good But still I say, beware!	
Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care	
It stands on record that in Richard's Times	145
A Man was hang'd for very honest Rhymes	-40
Consult the Statute quart I think it is,	
Edwards Sext or prim & quint, Ehz	
See Libels, Saures—here you have it—read	
P Libels and Satires ! lawless Things indeed!	150
But grave Epistles, bringing Vice to light,	-50
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,	
Such as Sir Robert would approve—	
F Indeed?	
The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed	
In such a Cause the Plaintiff will be hiss'd,	155
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd	-33
1419 Lords the Judges laught, and you le distins d	

took Barcelona, and in the Winter following with only 280 Horse and 900 foot enterprized, and accomplished the capture of Valentia [P]

130 Quincunx A disposition of five trees by which four are placed at the corners, the fifth at the centre, of a square

140 Mob] A popular abbreviation of mobile vulgus, against which Swift

had exclaimed in Tatler 230 146 The Man was the poet Collingbourne, the King was Richard III, and the very honest Rhymes were

> The Cat, the Rat, and Lovel our Dog, Do rule al England, vnder a Hog

See A Murror for Magustrates, 1563, tragedy 23
147 3 and 4 Edward VI c 15 is 'An Acte against fonde and fantasticall Prophesies' I Eliz c 6 is 'An Acte for the explanation of the Statute [1 Ph and Mary c 3] of sedytyous Woordes and Rumours '5 Eliz c 15 deals with the same subject as 3 and 4 Edward VI c 15 The maximum penalty allowed was imprisonment for life and loss of goods on the second offence

153 Sir Robert] Walpole

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The Second Sature of the Second Book of Horace Paraphrased [written 1733, published 1734]

What, and how great, the Virtue and the Art To live on little with a chearful heart, (A Doctrine sage, but truly none of mine) Lets talk, my friends, but talk before we dine Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride Turns you from sound Philosophy aside, Not when from Plate to Plate your eyeballs roll, And the brain dances to the mantling bowl Hear Bethel's Sermon, one not vers'd in schools, But strong in sense, and wise without the rules

Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began) Then scorn a homely dinner, if you can Your wine lock'd up, your Butler stroll'd abroad, Or fish deny'd, (the River yet un-thaw'd) If then plain Bread and milk will do the feat, The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat Preach as I please, I doubt our curious men Will chuse a Pheasant still before a Hen, Yet Hens of Gunea full as good I hold, Except you eat the feathers, green and gold Of Carps and Mullets why prefer the great, (Tho' cut in pieces e'er my Lord can eat) Yet for small Turbots such esteem profess? Because God made these large, the other less Oldfield, with more than Harpy throat endu'd,

Cries, 'Send me, Gods' a whole Hog barbecu'd' Oh blast it, South-winds! till a stench exhale, Rank as the ripeness of a Rabbit's tail By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think, If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink? 30 When the tir'd Glutton labours thro' a Treat, He finds no relish in the sweetest Meat,

8 mantling] sparkling

9 Bethel] See E on Man, IV 125-6n (p 540)

²⁵ Oldfield] This eminent Glutton ran thro' a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a year in the simple luxury of good eating [Warburton] He is mentioned again in Ep ii ii 87

²⁶ barbecu'd] A West-Indian Term of Gluttony, a Hog roasted whole, stuff'd with Spice, and basted with Madera Wine [P]

He calls for something bitter, something sour, And the rich feast concludes extremely poor Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see, Thus much is left of old Simplicity! The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest, And children sacred held a Martin's nest,	35
Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear To one that was, or would have been a Peer Let me extoll a Cat on Oysters fed, I'll have a Party at the Bedford Head, Or ev'n to crack live Crawfish recommend,	40
I'd never doubt at Court to make a Friend 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother About one Vice, and fall into the other Between Excess and Famine lies a mean,	45
Plain, but not sordid, tho' not splendid, clean Avidien or his Wife (no matter which, For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch) Sell their presented Partridges, and Fruits, And humbly live on rabbits and on roots	50
One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine, And is at once their vinegar and wine But on some lucky day (as when they found A lost Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd) At such a feast old vinegar to spare,	55
Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear, Oyl, tho' it stink, they drop by drop impart, But sowse the Cabbidge with a bounteous heart He knows to live, who keeps the middle state, And neither leans on this side, nor on that	60
Nor stops, for one bad Cork, his Butler's pay, Swears, like Albutius, a good Cook away, Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass, The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass	65

37 The Robin-red-breast] A Hayward (Art of Dining, 1883, p 37) reports that the robin is 'remarkable for a delicate bitter flavour'

39 Becca ficos] A name given in Italy to small migratory birds of the genus Sylvia much esteemed as dainties identical with the British Petty chaps and Blackcaps [OED]

42 Bedford Head] A famous Eating-house [and Tavern] [P] In Southampton Street, Covent Garden See Sob Adv 1 150 (p 672)
49 Avidien his Wife] Generally recognized as a portrait of Wortley

Montagu and Lady Mary
51 Sell Partridges] 1 e sell the presents which had been given to

them But compare Ep II II 234 (p 656)
56 their Son] E W Montagu (1713-76), who was notoriously unstable

Now hear what blessings Temperance can bring Thus said our Friend, and what he said I sing)	
First Health The stomach (cram'd from ev'ry dish,	
A Tomb of boil'd, and roast, and flesh, and fish,	70
Where Bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,	
And all the Man is one intestine war)	
Remembers oft the School-boy's simple fare,	
The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air!	
How pale, each Worshipful and rev'rend Guest	75
Rise from a Clergy, or a City, feast!	
What life in all that ample Body say,	
What heav'nly Particle inspires the clay?	
The Soul subsides, and wickedly inclines	
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines	80
On morning wings how active springs the Mind,	
That leaves the load of yesterday behind?	
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues?	
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse?	
Not but we may exceed, some Holy time,	85
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme	
Ill Health some just indulgence may engage,	
And more, the Sickness of long Life, Old-age	
For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,	
If our intemp'rate Youth the Vessel drains?	90
	=
Our Fathers prais'd rank Ven'son You suppose	
Perhaps, young men! our Fathers had no nose?	
Not so a Buck was then a week's repast,	
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last	
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,	95
Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home	
Why had not I in those good times my birth,	
E're Coxcomb-pyes or Coxcombs were on earth?	
Unworthy He, the voice of Fame to hear,	
(That sweetest Music to an honest ear,	100
For 'faith Lord Fanny' you are in the wrong,	
The World's good word is better than a Song)	
Who has not learn'd, fresh Sturgeon and Ham-pye	
Are no rewards for Want, and Infamy!	
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,	105
Curs'd by thy neighbours, thy Trustees, thy self,	
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,	
Think how Posterity will treat thy name,	

7,3	
And buy a Rope, that future times may tell Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well 'Right, cries his Lordship, for a Rogue in need To have a Taste, is Insolence indeed	IIO
In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,	
My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great'	
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,	115
And shine that Superfluity away	
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy store,	
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor?	
Shall half the new-built Churches round thee fall?	
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair White-hall	120
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,	
As M**o's was, but not at five per Cent	
Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,	
Prepares a dreadful Jest for all mankind!	
And who stands safest, tell me? is it he	125
That spreads and swells in puff'd Prosperity,	
Or blest with little, whose preventing care	
In Peace provides fit arms against a War?	
Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,	
And always thinks the very thing he ought	130
His equal mind I copy what I can,	
And as I love, would imitate the Man	
In South-sea days not happier, when surmis'd	
The Lord of thousands, than if now Excis'd,	

119 f Pope recurs once more to favourite projects of Windsor Forest. ll 375 ff (p 208), Moral Es IV 101-204 (p 595)

119 Churches in London and Westminster built under the acts of o and 10 Anne and 1 Geo I St John's, Smith Square, and St Anne's, Limehouse, were giving cause for concern

120 Make Keys Pope refers to the need of an embankment on the

river front at Whitehall

build Bridges] The Thames at this time was crossed by London Bridge only, in the London area, but an Act was passed in 1736, in spite of opposition, for the construction of Westminster Bridge

repair White-hall Whitehall had been the King's palace since the time of Henry VIII All but the banqueting hall was destroyed by fire in 1691 and 1698, and was never rebuilt, the ruins being allowed to cumber the ground for many years See Dunciad A 111 324 (p 423)

122 The Duchess of Marlborough's own account (1737) reads 'From the beginning of the reduction of the interest I lent such sums to the government as reduced the interest from 6 per cent to 4 per cent, thinking it would have a good effect for the security of the nation' (Opinions, 1788, p 49)

133 South-sea days] The South Sea Bubble broke in the latter half of 1720

134 Excis'd] The excise was originally 'a commodity tax paid indirectly

IMITATIONS OF HORACE SAT II 11	623
In Forest planted by a Father's hand, Than in five acres now of rented land	135
Content with little, I can piddle here	
On Broccoli and mutton, round the year,	
But ancient friends, (tho' poor, or out of play)	
That touch my Bell, I cannot turn away	140
'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards,	•
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords	
To Hounslow-heath I point, and Bansted-down,	
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own	
From you old wallnut-tree a show'r shall fall,	145
And grapes, long-lingring on my only wall,	-45
And figs, from standard and Espalier join	
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine	
Then chearful healths (your Mistress shall have place)	
And, what's more rare, a Poet shall say Grace	150
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast,	-)-
Tho' double-tax'd, how little have I lost?	
My Life's amusements have been just the same,	
Before, and after Standing Armies came	
My lands are sold, my Father's house is gone	155
I'll hire another's, is not that my own,	1))
And yours my friends? thro' whose free-opening gate	
None comes too early, none departs too late,	
(For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,	
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest	τ60
A CICOME THE COMMIS' SOCETHING SOME SHEST	100

by consumers as a contribution to the expenses of national defence' (Ashley, Finan and Commer Policy under the Cromwellian Protectorate, 1934, p 62) But Walpole's Excise Bill of 1733 was a warehousing scheme designed to make England a storehouse for the temporary deposit of goods, and London a free port The Opposition interpreted it as a general excise, which so much alarmed the public that Walpole decided to withdraw the measure

135 In Forest] Binfield, in Windsor Forest, where the elder Pope had retired about 1700

136 five acres] at Twickenham, which Pope leased, with a house, from Thomas Vernon in 1718

137 piddle] 1 e to toy with one's food [OED] Pope speaks of piddling with his translation of Homer, and also applies the word to Theobald (Ep to Arbuthnot, 1 164)

143 Bansted-down] Banstead Downs, four miles from Epsom, are still noted for their sheep pasturage

147 Espalier] A fruit-tree trained on a lattice [OED]

154 Standing Armies] see Sat II 1 73n (p 616)

159 sage Homer's rule] Odyssey, xv 83-4 Translated by Pope,

True friendship's laws are by this rule exprest, Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest

'Pray heav'n it last! (cries Swift) as you go on. I wish to God this house had been your own Pity! to build, without a son or wife Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life '-Well, if the Use be mine, can it concern one 165 Whether the Name belong to Pope or Vernon? What's Property? dear Swift! you see it alter From you to me, from me to Peter Walter, Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's share, Or, in a jointure, vanish from the Heir, 170 Or in pure Equity (the Case not clear) The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year At best, it falls to some ungracious Son Who cries, my father's damn'd, and all's my own Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford, 175 Become the portion of a booby Lord, And Hemsley once proud Buckingham's delight. Slides to a Scriv'ner or a City Knight Let Lands and Houses have what Lords they will. Let Us be fix'd, and our own Masters still 180

164 Referring to Swife's Imit Hor, Sat II vi I-10, printed below at p 659

166 Vernon Pope's landlord

168 Peter Walter] a notorious money-lender See p 578, l 125n 175 Shades] Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of Sir Francis, had built a mansion at Gorhambury near St Albans, which was finished in 1568 From the Bacon family it passed to the Meautis family, from whom it was purchased by Sir Harbottle Grimston, whose son left it at his death in 1700 to his great-nephew, William Luckyn Luckyn took the name of Grimston, and was raised to the peerage in 1719 His reputation as a 'booby Lord' is based on his play The Lawyer's Fortune, or Love in a Hollow Tree, 1705, which was reprinted in 1736 with derisive notes and a frontispiece in the foreground of which is an ass, wearing a coronet

177 proud Buckingham's delight] Villers, Duke of Buckingham [P] Helmsley, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, came into the Duke's possession in 1657 on his marrying the daughter of Lord Fairfax, who then owned it The house and estates were sold in 1602 to Sir Charles Duncombe, a London banker, for the sum of (it is said) £90,000

The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated

[written c 1737, published 1738]

St John, whose love indulg'd my labours past Matures my present, and shall bound my last!

16 Blackmore] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elsewhere, was universally received in the City of London His versification is here exactly described stiff, and not strong, stately and yet dull, like the sober and slow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor and therefore here humourously opposed to Pegasus [P] 26 Montagne Lock] 1 e now with a loose, now with a regular way of thinking

30

Mix with the World, and battle for the State, Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue, Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true

Sometimes, with Aristippus, or St Paul, Indulge my Candor, and grow all to all,

27 Patriot] A member of the Opposition See Dia 1 24n (p 689) 31 Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & res [P] (Horace,

I please all men in all things to all men (I Cor ix 22), Even as I please all men in all things [that they may be saved] (I Cor x 33),

'Let your moderation be known unto all men' (Phil iv 5)

³¹ Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status, & les [1] (Holter, Ep I xvii 23) Aristippus founded the Cyrenaic school of Philosophers, who held that, since the present only can be experienced, momentary pleasure is the chief good He was Bolingbroke's favourite philosopher St Paul] cf 'I am made all things to all men' (I Cor ix 22), 'Even as

Back to my native Moderation slide,	
And win my way by yielding to the tyde	
Long, as to him who works for debt, the Day,	35
Long as the Night to her whose love's away,	•
Long as the Year's dull circle seems to run,	
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one,	
So slow th' unprofitable Moments roll,	
That lock up all the Functions of my soul,	40
That keep me from Myself, and still delay	40
Life's instant business to a future day	
That task, which as we follow, or despise,	
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise,	
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure,	45
And which not done, the richest must be poor	4)
Late as it is, I put my self to school,	
And feel some comfort, not to be a fool	
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,	
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite,	50
I'll do what MEAD and CHESELDEN advise,	۰,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes	
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance,	
And men must walk at least before they dance	
Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move	55
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?	,,
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can controll	
(Between the Fits) this Fever of the soul	
Know, there are Rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)
Will cure the arrant'st Puppy of his Pride	_ 60
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad or drunk,	
Slave to a Wife or Vassal to a Punk,	
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch Bear-	
All that we ask is but a patient Ear	
'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor,	65
And the first Wisdom, to be Fool no more	- 5
But to the world, no bugbear is so great,	
As want of figure, and a small Estate	
To either India see the Merchant fly,	
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty	70
See him, with pains of body, pangs of soul,	, -
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!	

52 these eyes] Towards the end of his life, Pope suffered from cataract

⁴⁵ can endure] 1 e can want nothing 51 Mead was the most famous physician of his day, and Cheselden the most famous surgeon

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP I 1	627
Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end, Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend? To stop thy foolish views, thy long desires, And ease thy heart of all that it admires? Here, Wisdom calls 'Seek Virtue first! be bold!	75
As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold? There, London's voice 'Get Mony, Mony still! And then let Virtue follow, if she will? This, this the saving doctrine, preach'd to all, From low St James's up to high St Paul,	80
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear, To him who notches Sticks at Westminster BARNARD in spirit, sense, and truth abounds 'Pray then what wants he?' fourscore thousand pounds A Pension, or such Harness for a slave	8 ₅
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have BARNARD, thou art a Cit, with all thy worth, But wretched Bug, his Honour, and so forth Yet every child another song will sing, 'Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King' True, conscious Honour is to feel no sin,	90
He's arm'd without that's innocent within, Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Brass, Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass And say, to which shall our applause belong, This new Court jargon, or the good old song?	95
The modern language of corrupted Peers, Or what was spoke at CRESSY and POITIERS?	100

82 The Dean of St Paul s, Francis Hare, had shown his High-Churchmanship by attacking the Bishop of Bangor's views in a pamphlet entitled *Church Authority Vindicated*, 1719 The Rector of St James s, Westminster was Secker, whose Whig politics must have associated him in Pope's mind with the Low Church party

84 Sticks] Exchequer tallies, 1 e sticks cut into two parts, on each of which is marked with notches, what is due between debtor and creditor 87 Harness] the order of the Garter, which 'Bug' had been given in

1712

Dorimant] a fop in Etherege's Man of Mode

89 Cit | Short for citizen

⁸⁸ Bug] the nickname of Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent Its origin is suggested in a note of the Earl of Dartmouth to Burnet's History of his Own Times 'The Earl of Kent was strong in nothing but money and smell, the latter to a high degree'

⁹⁵ Screen] Warburton quotes from Dacier's note on murus aheneus "an old veteran, armed cap-à-pie in brass, and placed to cover his Fellow" Our Poet has happily served himself of this impertinence to convey a fine stroke of Satire See Dia 1 22n (p 689)

Who counsels best? who whispers, 'Be but Great, With Praise or Infamy, leave that to fate, Get Place and Wealth, if possible, with Grace,	
If not, by any means get Wealth and Place? For what? to have a Box where Eunuchs sing, And foremost in the Circle eye a King Or he, who bids thee face with steddy view	105
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness thro' And, while he bids thee, sets th' Example too? If such a Doctrine, in St James's air, Shou'd chance to make the well-drest Rabble stare, If honest S*z take scandal at a spark,	110
That less admires the Palace than the Park,	
Faith I shall give the answer Reynard gave,	
'I cannot like, Dread Sir! your Royal Cave,	115
Because I see by all the Tracks about,	
Full many a Beast goes in, but none comes out'	
Adieu to Virtue if you're once a Slave	
Send her to Court, you send her to her Grave	
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least	120
The People are a many-headed Beast	
Can they direct what measures to pursue,	
Who know themselves so little what to do?	
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,	
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold	125
Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,	
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main	
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews,	
Some keep Assemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews,	
Some with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn,	130
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn,	
While with the silent growth of ten per Cent, In Dirt and darkness hundreds stink content	
Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,	70-
Sature be kind, and let the wretch alone	135

106 a King] George II was an enthusiastic patron of Handel's operas 112 S*z] Augustus Schutz, Keeper of the Privy Purse, noted for his gravity of demeanour

127 to plunder Provinces] A reference to Marlborough, 'infamous for plunder'd provinces' (E on Man, 1v 298)

128 farm the Poor-box] alluding to the officers who embezzled the funds for the Charitable Corporation See Moral Es 111 101 (p 576)

129 keep Assembles] e g Beau Nash, who had ruled at Bath since about 1705

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP I 1	629
But show me one, who has it in his pow'r To act consistent with himself an hour Sir Job sail'd forth, the evening bright and still,	
'No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich hill' Up starts a Palace, lo! th' obedient base Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace, The silver Thames reflects its marble face	140
Now let some whimzy, or that Dev'l within Which guides all those who know not what they mean But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen, 'Away, away' take all your scaffolds down,	145
For Snug's the word My dear! we'll live in Town' At am'rous Flavio is the Stocking thrown? That very night he longs to lye alone	
The Fool whose Wife elopes some thrice a quarter, For matrimonial Solace dies a martyr Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any Witch,	150
Transform themselves so strangely as the Rich? 'Well, but the Poor'—the Poor have the same itch	
They change their weekly Barber, weekly News, Prefer a new Japanner to their shoes, Discharge their Garrets, move their Beds, and run (They know not whither) in a Chaise and one,	155
They here their Sculler, and when once aboard, Grow sick, and damn the Climate—like a Lord You laugh, half Beau half Sloven if I stand,	160
My Wig all powder, and all snuff my Band, You laugh, if Coat and Breeches strangely vary, White Gloves, and Linnen worthy Lady Mary!	_
But when no Prelate's Lawn with Hair-shirt lin'd, Is half so incoherent as my Mind, When (each Opinion with the next at strife, One ebb and flow of follies all my Life)	165
I plant, root up, I build, and then confound, Turn round to square, and square again to round,	170

148 An old custom according to which on the wedding night the bride's stocking was thrown among the guests, it was supposed that the person hit by it would be the first of the company to be married [OED].

152 Proteus] a sea-god who had the power of assuming any form he pleased

156 Japanner] Shoe-black A new 'art', according to Gay, Trivia, 11

164 Lady Mary Wortley Montague seems to have been a bye-word for slovenliness

You never change one muscle of your face, You think this Madness but a common case. Nor once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hales apply, Yet hang your lip, to see a Seam awry! Careless how ill I with myself agree, 175 Kind to my dress, my figure, not to Me Is this my Guide, Philosopher, and Friend? This, He who loves me, and who ought to mend? Who ought to make me (what he can, or none,) That Man divine whom Wisdom calls her own. 180 Great without Title, without Fortune bless'd. Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honour'd while oppress'd. Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without power, At home tho' exil'd, free, tho' in the Tower In short, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing, 185 Just less than Jove, and much above a King, Nav half in Heav'n—except (what's mighty odd) A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demi-god

173 Hales] The Doctor of Bedlam [P] But he had died in 1728 177 Guide, Philosopher, and Friend] Pope had addressed Bolingbroke by these titles in E on Man, iv 390

The Sixth Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated

[written c 1737, published 1738]

'Not to Admire, is all the Art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so'
[Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech]
This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-centred Sun, and Stars that rise and fall,

5

There are, my Friend! whose philosophic eyes Look thro', and trust the Ruler with his Skies,

4 Creech] From whose Translation of Horace $\langle 1684 \rangle$ the two first lines are taken [P] Creech's version runs

Not to admire, as most are wont to do, It is the only method that I know, To make Men happy, and to keep 'em so

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP I VI	631
To him commit the hour, the day, the year, And view this dreadful All without a fear Admire we then what Earth's low entrails hold, Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold? All the mad trade of Fools and Slaves for Gold?	10
Or Popularity, or Stars and Strings? The Mob's applauses, or the gifts of Kings? Say with what eyes we ought at Courts to gaze, And pay the Great our homage of Amaze? If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,	15
The fear to want them is as weak a thing Whether we dread, or whether we desire, In either case, believe me, we admire, Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse, Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse	20
Thus good, or bad, to one extreme betray Th' unbalanc'd Mind, and snatch the Man away, For Vertue's self may too much Zeal be had, The worst of Madmen is a Saint run mad Go then, and if you can, admire the state	25
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate, Procure a <i>Taste</i> to double the surprize, And gaze on Parian Charms with learned eyes Be struck with bright Brocade, or Tyrian Dye, Our Birth-day Nobles splendid Livery	30
If not so pleas'd, at Council-board rejoyce, To see their Judgments hang upon thy Voice, From morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall, Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all But wherefore all this labour, all this strife? For Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?	35
Shall One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conspir'd To form, not to admire, but be admir'd, Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to Wit and Worth, Weds the rich Dulness of some Son of earth? Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line,	40
It brighten'd CRAGS's, and may darken thine And what is Fame? the Meanest have their day, The Greatest can but blaze, and pass away	45

¹⁴ Strings] the ribbons of the knightly Orders Cf E on Man, 1v 2o5 33 Cf Rape, 1 23, Ep 11 1 332 36 I e in Parliament, the Court of Chancery, and the High Court of Justice

Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words, So known, so honour'd, at the House of Lords, Conspicuous Scene! another yet is nigh, (More silent far) where Kings and Poets lye, Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride) Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde!	50
Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone, Will any mortal let himself alone? See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over, And desp'rate Misery lays hold on Dover The case is easier in the Mind's disease,	55
There, all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they please Would ye be blest? despise low Joys, low Gains, Disdain whatever CORNBURY disdains, Be Virtuous, and be happy for your pains But art thou one, whom new opinions sway,	60
One, who believes as Tindal leads the way, Who Virtue and a Church alike disowns, Thinks that but words, and this but brick and stones? Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire!	65
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire Is Wealth thy passion? Hence! from Pole to Pole, Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll, For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold, Prevent the greedy, and out-bid the bold Advance thy golden Mountain to the skies,	70
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise, Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair) Add fifty more, and bring it to a square For, mark th' advantage, just so many score Will gain a Wife with half as many more,	75
Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste, And then such Friends—as cannot fail to last A Man of wealth is dubb'd a Man of worth, Venus shall give him Form, and Anstis Birth (Believe me, many a German Prince is worse, Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purse)	80

⁵⁰ another] He was buried in Westminster Abbey 53 Hyde] First Earl of Clarendon Charles II's chief adviser and Lord Chancellor

⁵⁶ Joshua Ward, the quack doctor, see Ep II 1 182n (p 642)
57 Dover Thomas Dover (1660–1742), physician, extravagantly fond of prescribing quicksilver
61 Henry Hyde, Viscount Cornbury (1710-53), a political opponent

of Walpole

His Wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds, Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds, Or if three Ladies like a luckless Play, Takes the whole House upon the Poet's day Now, in such exigencies not to need, Upon my word, you must be rich indeed, A noble superfluity it craves, Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves, Something, which for your Honour they may cheat, And which it much becomes you to forget If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, Still, still be getting, never, never rest But if to Pow'r and Place your Passion lye, If in the Pomp of Life consist the Joy, Then hire a Slave, (or if you will, a Lord) To do the Honours, and to give the Word, To do the Honour with your hand to make remarks, Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks, 'This may be troublesome, is near the Chair,
Upon my word, you must be rich indeed, A noble superfluity it craves, Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves, Something, which for your Honour they may cheat, And which it much becomes you to forget If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, Still, still be getting, never, ever rest But if to Pow'r and Place your Passion lye, If in the Pomp of Life consist the Joy, Then hire a Slave, (or if you will, a Lord) To do the Honours, and to give the Word, Told at your Levee, as the Crouds approach, To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach, Whom honour with your hand to make remarks, Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks, 'This may be troublesome, is near the Chair,
A noble superfluity it craves, Not for your self, but for your Fools and Knaves, Something, which for your Honour they may cheat, And which it much becomes you to forget If Wealth alone then make and keep us blest, Still, still be getting, never, ever rest But if to Pow'r and Place your Passion lye, If in the Pomp of Life consist the Joy, Then hire a Slave, (or if you will, a Lord) To do the Honours, and to give the Word, Toll at your Levee, as the Crouds approach, To whom to nod, whom take into your Coach, Whom honour with your hand to make remarks, Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks, 'This may be troublesome, is near the Chair,
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Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks, 'This may be troublesome, is near the Chair,
'This may be troublesome, is near the Chair, 105
That makes three Members, this can chuse a May'r'
Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
Adopt him Son, or Cozen at the least,
Then turn about, and laugh at your own Jest
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If to live well means nothing but to eat, Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey,
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So Russel did, but could not eat at night,

85 Timon] see Moral Es iv 99 ff (p 592)

104 Who rules in Cornwall A matter of great importance since the county and its boroughs returned forty-four members to parliament Corruption was notoriously rife there

115

Berks] Pope may be hinting at court influence upon the Windsor seats,

or he may have been in need of a rhyme

115 Russel 'There was a Lord Russell who, by living too luxuriously, had quite spoiled his constitution. He did not love sport, but used to go out with his dogs every day, only to hunt for an appetite If he felt anything of that, he would cry out, "Oh, I have found it!" turn short round and ride home again, though they were in the midst of the finest chase -It was this Lord, who, when he met a beggar, and was entreated by him to give him something because he was almost famished with hunger, called him "a happy dog!" and envied him too much to relieve him -P' (Spence, p 291)

Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door, And envy'd Thirst and Hunger to the Poor Or shall we ev'ry Decency confound, Thro' Taverns, Stews, and Bagnio's take our round. Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice out-do 120 K-l's lewd Cargo, or Tv-v's Crew, From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feasts. Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beasts. Or for a Titled Punk, or Foreign Flame, Renounce our Country, and degrade our Name? 125 If, after all, we must with Wilmot own, The Cordial Drop of Life is Love alone, And Swift cry wisely, 'Vive la Bagatelle!' The Man that loves and laughs, must sure do well Adieu-if this advice appear the worst, 130 E'en take the Counsel which I gave you first Or better Precepts if you can impart, Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart

121 K—l's Ty—y's] George Hay, Earl of Kinnoull, and James O'Hara, Baron Tyrawley, ambassadors at Constantinople and Lisbon Kinnoull behaved notoriously badly to his wife, Lord Oxford's daughter, Tyrawley's seraglio was equally notorious

127 The Cordial Drop] Rochester's Letter from Artemisa, in the town, to Cloe in the country, 11 40-5

Love,

That Cordial-drop Heav'n in our cup has thrown, To make the nauseous Draught of Life go down

The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated

TO AUGUSTUS

[written c 1736, published 1737]

Ne Rubeam, pingui donatus Munere! HOR [Ep II 1 267]

ADVERTISEMENT

The Reflections of Horace, and the Judgments past in his Epistle to Augustus, seem'd so seasonable to the present Times, that I could not help applying them to the use of my own Country The Author thought

them considerable enough to address them to His Prince¹, whom he paints with all the great and good Qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Encrease of an Absolute Empire But to make the Poem entirely English, I was willing to add one or two of those Virtues which contribute to the Happiness of a Free People, and are more consistent with the Welfare of our Neighbours

This Epistle will show the learned World to have fallen into two mstakes, one, that Augustus was a Patron of Poets in general, whereas he not only prohibited all but the Best Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magistrate Admonebat-Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen suum obsolefieri, & The other, that this Piece was only a general Discourse of Poetry, whereas it was an Apology for the Poets, in order to render Augustus more their Patron Horace here pleads the Cause of his Cotemporaries, first against the Taste of the Town, whose humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age, secondly against the Court and Nobility, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre, and lastly against the Emperor himself, who had conceived them of little use to the Government He shews (by a view of the Progress of Learning, and the Change of Taste among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of Greece had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predecessors, that their Morals were much improved, and the Licence of those ancient Poets restrained that Satire and Comedy were become more just and useful, that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the Ill Taste of the Nobility, that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many respects useful to the State, and concludes, that it was upon them the Emperor himself must depend, for his Fame with Posterity

We may farther learn from this Epistle, that Horace made his Court to this Great Prince, by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a just Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly Regard to his own Character

While You, great Patron of Mankind, sustain The balanc'd World, and open all the Main,

- ¹ This poem is addressed to George II, also christened Augustus, but since the king was openly contemptuous of letters, and Pope (and the Opposition for whom he is speaking) disliked the Court, the compliments, imitated from those sincerely paid by Horace to Augustus, are to be construed ironically
 - ² Admonebat &c] from Suetonius, Augustus, sect 89

I sustain World] Pope seems to imply that Walpole's pacific policy prevented England from taking her full part in foreign affairs

2 open To render available for trade, used ironically Complaints of Spanish attacks upon English merchantmen were frequent

Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend, At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend, How shall the Muse, from such a Monarch, steal An hour, and not defraud the Publick Weal? Edward and Henry, now the Boast of Fame, And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred Name,	5
After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd, The Gaul subdu'd, or Property secur'd, Ambition humbled, mighty Cities storm'd, Or Laws establish'd, and the World reform'd, Clos'd their long Glories with a sigh, to find	10
Th' unwilling Gratifude of base mankind! All human Virtue to its latest breath Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour past,	15
Had still this Monster to subdue at last Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray Each Star of meaner merit fades away, Oppress'd we feel the Beam directly beat, Those Suns of Glory please not till they set	20
To Thee, the World its present homage pays, The Harvest early, but mature the Praise Great Friend of LIBERTY! in Kings a Name Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame Whose Word is Truth, as sacred and rever'd,	25
As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise Just in one instance, be it yet confest Your People, Sir, are partial in the rest	30
Foes to all living worth except your own, And Advocates for Folly dead and gone Authors, like Coins, grow dear as they grow old, It is the rust we value, not the gold Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote, And beastly Skelton Heads of Houses quote	35

³ See 1 397n Written before George II's exploits at the battle of Dettingen

abroad This poem was published soon after the King's return from a prolonged visit to Hanover

⁷ Edward III and Henry V

³⁶ rust we value] cf Ep to Addison (p 216) 1 36
38 beastly Skelton] Poet Laureat to Hen 8 a Volume of whose Verses has been lately reprinted, consisting almost wholly of Ribaldry, Obscenity,

and Scurrilous Language [P] Skelton's works were reprinted in 1736 for the first time since 1568

40 Christ's Kirk o' the Green] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland [P] Variously attributed to James I and James V. The poem had been reprinted frequently in Pope's life-time

42 The Devil Tavern, where Ben Johnson held his Poetical Club [P] 48 A reference to the contemporary popularity of pantomime

62 Courtesy of England] A legal term signifying the custom by which a husband, after his wife's death, holds certain kinds of property which she has inherited The husband will not be disturbed in his tenure of property, nor the poet in his tenure of fame, in spite of their being unable to make out a prescriptive title

66 Stowel 'The most accurate and businesslike of the Elizabethan chroniclers' (DNB) His Summarie of Englyshe Chronicles was published

in 1565 and his Annales in 1580

Shakespear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-house bill Style the divine, the matchless, what you will) For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight, And grew Immortal in his own despight	70
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed	
Who now reads Cowley? if he pleases yet,	75
His moral pleases, not his pointed wit,	
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,	
But still I love the language of his Heart	
'Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!	
What Boy but heafs the sayings of old Ben?	80
In all debates where Criticks bear a part,	
Not one but nods, and talks of Johnson's Art,	
Of Shakespear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit,	
How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher v	vrıt.
How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow,	85
But, for the Passions, Southern sure and Rowe	
These, only these, support the crouded stage,	
From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age '	
All this may be, the People's Voice is odd,	
It is, and it is not, the voice of God	90
	-

69 Shakespear and Ben Johnson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality, the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage, the other in his Latter works in general, which Dryden call'd his Dotages [P]

75 Cowley's reputation declined with the turn of the century, when 'correctness' of versification and restraint of expression came to be valued His wit had been adversely criticized by Dryden in the Preface to the Fables, and by Addison in Spectator 62, Gildon and others had published their disapproval of his epic, the Daviders, and the taste for Pindarique imitations was going out

77 Pindaric Art] which has much more merit than his Epic but very

unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar [P]

Nature] e g Dryden's Essay of Dramatic Poesy cf 82-3 Art

Dunciad A 11 216 (p 389)

Wycherly] Nothing was less true than this particular 85 Shadwell But the whole Paragraph has a mixture of Irony, and must not altogether be taken for Horace's own Judgment, only the common Chatt of the pretenders to Criticism, in some things right, in others wrong as he tells us in his answers.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat [P]

86 Southern Rowel The principal followers of Otway in senti-

mental tragedy

88 John Heywood (1497)-1580?) was the author of several interludes, amongst them The Four P's and The Pardoner and the Friar See Dunciad, A 1 96 Eldest distinguishes him from the Jacobean dramatist, Thomas Heywood

To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays, And yet deny the Careless Husband praise, Or say our fathers never broke a rule, Why then I say, the Publick is a fool But let them own, that greater faults than we 95 They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree Spenser himself affects the obsolete, And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet Milton's strong pinion now not Heav'n can bound, Now serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground. 100 In Outbbles, Angel and Archangel 1011, And God the Father turns 2 School-Divine Not that I'd lop the Beauties from his book. Like slashing Bentley with his desp'rate Hook, Or damn all Shakespear, like th' affected fool 105 At Court, who hates whate'er he read at School But for the Wits of either Charles's days, The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with Ease, Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,

91 Gammer Gurton, a piece of very low humour, one of the first printed Plays in English, and therefore much valued by some Antiquaries [P] It was reprinted in 1661

92 the Careless Husband] A successful comedy by Cibber, first pro

duced in 1704

97 Spenser obsolete] Particularly in the Shepherd's Calendar, where he imitates the unequal Measures, as well as the Language, of Chaucer [P] Pope is quoting from Ben Jonson's Discoveries 'Spencer, in affecting the Ancients writ no Language'

98 on Roman feet] Specimens of Sidney's elegiacs and sapphics are found in the Arcadia, Book I His works had been reprinted by Curll and

others in 1725

101 Quibbles] e g Par Lost, vi 609-28 102 School-Divine] e g ibid 111 80-134

104 Like slashing Bentley] See Ep to Arbuthnot, 1 164n (p 603)

Hook] In a note to Dunctad, B iv 194, Pope, mimicking Bentley, uses the word to designate the square brackets within which Bentley enclosed passages which he considered spurious The metaphor from hedging is also apparent

106 Pope refers to Hervey's Epistle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of

Divinity, 1733

That all I learn'd from *Doctor Freund* at School, By *Gradus*, *Levicon*, or Grammar-Rule Has quite deserted this poor *John-Trot* Head, And left plain native *English* in its stead

109 Sprat Thomas Sprat (1635-1713), Bishop of Rochester, 1684 'A worse Cowley,' Pope thought him

Carew] Thomas Carew (1595?-1639?), lyric poet Pope called him 'a

bad Waller'

Sedley] Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701), lyric poet 'Sedley is a very

(Like twinkling Stars the Miscellanies o'er) One Simile, that solitary shines In the dry Desert of a thousand lines,	110
Or lengthen'd Thought that gleams thro' many a pa	age,
Has sanctify'd whole Poems for an age	
I lose my patience, and I own it too,	115
When works are censur'd, not as bad, but new,	
While if our Elders break all Reason's laws,	
These fools demand not Pardon, but Applause	
On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,	
If I but ask, if any weed can grow?	120
One Tragic sentence if I dare deride	
Which Betterton's grave Action dignify'd,	
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims,	
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster-roll of Names)	
How will our Fathers rise up in a rage,	125
And swear, all shame is lost in George's Age!	
You'd think no Fools disgrac'd the former Reign,	
Did not some grave Examples yet remain,	
Who scorn a Lad should teach his Father skill,	
And, having once been wrong, will be so still	130
He, who to seem more deep than you or I,	_
Extols old Bards, or Merlin's Prophecy,	
Mistake him not, he envies, not admires,	
And to debase the Sons, exalts the Sires	
Had ancient Times conspir'd to dis-allow	135
What then was new, what had been ancient now?	23
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read	
By learned Criticks, of the mighty Dead?	
In Days of Ease, when now the weary Sword	
Was sheath'd, and Luxury with Charles restor'd,	140
In every Taste of foreign Courts improv'd,	-
'All by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd'	
Then Peers grew proud in Horsemanship t' excell,	

insipid writer,' Pope told Spence, 'except in some few of his little love-verses'

¹²⁴ An absurd Custom of several Actors, to pronounce with Emphasis the meer *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player [P]

¹³² Merlin's Prophecy] Translated from the Welsh by Geoffrey of Monmouth and embodied in his Historia Regum Britanniae (Book vii), an English translation of which was made by Aaron Thompson (1718)

¹³⁹ ff Cf E on C 11 534-59

¹⁴² A Verse of the Lord Lansdown [P] From The Progress of Beauty
143 Horsemanshp Romance] The Duke of Newcastle's Book of

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 1	641
New-market's Glory rose, as Britain's fell, The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,	145
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance	14)
Then Marble soften'd into life grew warm,	
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form	
Lely on animated Canvas stole	
The sleepy Eye, that spoke the melting soul	150
No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,	-5-
The willing Muses were debauch'd at Court,	
On each enervate string they taught the Note	
To pant, or tremble thro' an Eunuch's throat	
But Britain, changeful as a Child at play,	155
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away	
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate,	
Now all for Pleasure, now for Church and State,	
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws,	
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cause	160
Time was, a sober Englishman wou'd knock	
His servants up, and rise by five a clock,	
Instruct his Family in ev'ry rule,	
And send his Wife to Church, his Son to school	
To worship like his Fathers was his care,	165
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir,	
To prove, that Luxury could never hold,	
And place, on good Security, his Gold	
Now Times are chang'd, and one Poetick Itch	
Has seiz'd the Court and City, Poor and Rich	170
Sons, Sires, and Grandsires, all will wear the Bays,	
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,	
To Theatres, and to Rehearsals throng,	
And all our Grace at Table is a Song	
I, who so oft renounce the Muses, lye,	175
Not —'s self e'er tells more Fibs than I,	
When, sick of Muse, our follies we deplore,	
And promise our best Friends to ryme no more,	

Horsemanship the Romance of Parthenissa (1654), by the Earl of Orrery, and most of the French Romances translated by Persons of Quality [P]

The Duke of Newcastle wrote two books on Horsemanship, Methode et Invention Nouvelle de Dresser les Chevaux (Antwerp, 1658) and A New Method and Extraordinary Invention to Dress Horses (1667)

149 Sir Peter I ely (1618-80), a Dutchman, came to England in 1641 and established a reputation as a portrait-painter, but his greatest fame and prosperity was gained after the Restoration

153 The Siege of Rhodes (1656) by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England [P]

We wake next morning in a raging Fit, And call for Pen and Ink to show our Wit He serv'd a 'Prenticeship, who sets up shop, Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop,	180
Ev'n Radcliff's Doctors travel first to France, Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pyle?	185
(Should Ripley venture, all the World would smile) But those who cannot write, and those who can,	10)
All ryme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man Yet Sir, reflect, the mischief is not great, These Madmen never hurt the Church or State	190
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind, And rarely Av'rice taints the tuneful mind	-) -
Allow him but his Play-thing of a Pen, He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men Flight of Cashiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind,	.
And knows no losses while the Muse is kind To cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter,	195
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre, Enjoys his Garden and his Book in quiet,	
And then—a perfect Hermit in his Diet Of little use the Man you may suppose,	200
Who says in verse what others say in prose, Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight, And (tho' no Soldier) useful to the State	

182 Ward] A famous Empirick, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing effects, and were one of the principal subjects of Writing and Conversation at this time [P]

183 Sir John Radcliffe (1653–1714), physician, left money to endow medical travelling fellowships From his estate the Radcliffe Library, Infirmary, and Observatory at Oxford were built and endowed

186 Thomas Ripley (d. 1758), architect, who owed his advancement to Walpole

195 Flight of Cashiers] Robert Knight, cashier of the South Sea Company, fled to France, after being found guilty of notorious breach of trust by the House of Lords

197 Peter] 1 e Peter Walter See Sat II 11 168n (p 624) and p 577, l

204 Horace had not acquitted himself much to his credit in this capacity, (non bene relicta parmula, (Od II vii 10)) in the battle of Philippi It is manifest he alludes to himself in this whole account of a Poet's character, but with an intermixture of Irony Vivit siliquis & pane secundo has a relation to his Epicurism, Os tenerum pueri, is ridicule The nobler office of a Poet follows, Torquet ab obscæmis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, & which the Imitator has apply'd where he thinks it more due than to himself He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is sincerely

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 1	б43
What will a Child learn sooner than a song? What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?	205
What's long or short, each accent where to place,	
And speak in publick with some sort of grace	
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,	
Unless he praise some monster of a King,	210
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,	
To please a lewd, or un-believing Court	
Unhappy Dryden!—In all Charles's days,	
Roscommon only boas's unspotted Bays,	
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)	215
No whiter page than Addison remains	
He, from the taste obscene reclaims our Youth,	
And sets the Passions on the side of Truth,	
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,	
And pours each human Virtue in the heart	220
Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her cause,	
Her Trade supported, and supply'd her Laws,	
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verse ingrav'd,	
The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet sav'd	
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,	225
Stretch'd to relieve the Idiot and the Poor,	
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,	
And stretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn	
Not but there are, who ment other palms,	
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Psalms,	230
The Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,	
Implore your help in these pathetic strains	
How could Devotion touch the country pews,	
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper Muse?	

inclined to praise what deserves to be praised, he arraigns what deserves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verses [P]

Verse chears their leisure, Verse assists their work,

214 Roscommon] Wentworth Dillon, fourth Earl of Roscommon (1633?-1685), whose Essay on Translated Verse was published in 1684 See E on C 11 725-6

222 Trade supported] He refers to Swift's Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufacture (1720)

supply'd] 1 e made up for the deficiences of her laws

220 the Idiot and the Poor] A Foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for assisting the Poor, by lending small sums of Money on demand [P]

230 Sternhold's metrical version of the Psalms, begun in 1549, was completed by Hopkins and others in 1562

Verse prays for Peace, or sings down Pope and Turk The silenc'd Preacher yields to potent strain. And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain. The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng, And Heav'n is won by violence of Song 240 Our rural Ancestors, with little blest, Patient of labour when the end was rest. Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain. With feasts, and off'rings, and a thankful strain The 10v their wives, their sons, and servants share. 245 Ease of their toil, and part'ners of their care The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl, Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry soul With growing years the pleasing Licence grew, And Taunts alternate innocently flew 250 But Times corrupt, and Nature, ill-inclin'd, Produc'd the point that left a sting behind, Till friend with friend, and families at strife, Triumphant Malice rag'd thro' private life Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm, 255 Appeal'd to Law, and Justice lent her arm At length, by wholesom dread of statutes bound. The Poets learn'd to please, and not to wound Most warp'd to Flatt'ry's side, but some, more nice, Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice 260 Hence Satire rose, that just the medium hit, And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms, Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms Britain to soft refinements less a foe. 265 Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow Waller was smooth, but Dryden taught to join The varying verse, the full resounding line,

The long majestic march, and energy divine

236 sings Turk] 'My name is as bad a one as yours, and hated by all bad poets, from Hopkins and Sternhold to Gildon and Cibber The first prayed against me joined with the Turk '(Pope to Swift, Oct 15, 1725) The allusion is to a line in the prayer at the end of the metrical psalms 'From Pope and Turk defend us, Lord'

257 statutes] See Sat II 1 147n (p 618)

267 Mr Waller about this time <1664>, with the E of Dorset, Mr Godolphin, and others, translated the Pompey of Corneille, and the more correct French Poets began to be in reputation [P]

268 'Energy' as a critical term denoting vigour of expression is derived from an imperfect understanding of Aristotle's use of ενέργεια for the

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 1	645
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain Late, very late, correctness grew our care, When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire	270
Show'd us that France had something to admire Not but the Tragic spirit was our own, And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone But Otway fail'd to polish or refine, And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line	275
Ev'n copious Dryden, wanted, or forgot, The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot Some doubt, if equal pains or equal fire The humbler Muse of Comedy require? But in known Images of life I guess	280
The labour greater, as th' Indulgence less Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed Tell me if Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed? What pert low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ! How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!	285
The stage how loosely does Astræa tread, Who fairly puts all Characters to bed And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws, To make poor Pinky eat with vast applause! But fill their purse, our Poet's work is done,	290

species of metaphor which calls up a mental picture of something 'acting' or moving (OED)

278 Thomas Otway (1652-1685), tragic dramatist, author of The

Orphan, 1680, and Vemce Preserved, 1682

287 Congreve's Fools] Pope probably refers to Brisk, the 'pert Coxcomb' in The Double Dealer, and more particularly to Witwoud, whose character Congreve mentions in the epistle dedicatory to The Way of the World, as intended for an unusual type of fool, who 'should appear as through an affected ridiculous, not so much through a natural folly wit?

288 Farqu'ar] George Farquhar (1677-1707), author of The Beaux

Stratagem (1707) and other comedies

289 Van] Sir John Vanbrugh (1664-1726), comic dramatist and architect Author of The Confederacy (1705) and other plays

290 Astraa] A Name taken by Mrs Afra Behn, Authoress of

several obscene Plays, &c [P]

B 1640, d 1689 Astræa was the goddess of justice Hence the use of 'fairly' in l 201

293 cf The Tatler (No 188) 'Penkethman devours a cold Chick with great Applause' As Don Lewis in Cibber's Love Makes a Man (1700) (Act IV) Penkethman ate two chickens in three seconds

Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of Praise,	295
With what a shifting gale your course you ply,	
For ever sunk too low, or born too high!	
Who pants for glory finds but short repose,	300
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows!	300
Farewel the stage! if just as thrives the Play,	
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away	
There still remains to mortify a Wit,	
The many-headed Monster of the Pit	305
A sense-less, worth-less, and unhonour'd crowd,	3-5
Who to disturb their betters mighty proud,	
Clatt'ring their sticks, before ten lines are spoke,	
Call for the Farce, the Bear, or the Black-joke	
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!	310
Farce once the taste of Mobs, but now of Lords,	_
(For Taste, eternal wanderer, now flies	
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)	
The Play stands still, damn action and discourse,	
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse,	315
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,	
Peers, Heralds, Bishops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn,	
The Champion too! and, to complete the jest,	
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breast!	
With laughter sure Democritus had dy'd,	320
Had he beheld an Audience gape so wide	
Let Bear or Elephant be e'er so white,	
The people, sure, the people are the sight!	
Ah luckless Poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,	
That Bear or Elephant shall heed thee more	325
While all its throats the Gallery extends,	
And all the Thunder of the Pit ascends!	

309 Black-joke] A popular air

313 From Plays to Operas, and from Operas to Pantomimes

315 scenes] The flats which met in the centre to form a painted scene,

and were drawn apart to reveal the inner stage

319 The Coronation of Henry the Eighth and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouses vied with each other to represent all the pomp of a Coronation In this noble contention, the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dress the Champion [P]

George II was crowned on Oct 11, 1727 On Oct 26, Shakespeare's Henry VIII was performed at Drury Lane with Booth as Henry, Cibber as Wolsey, Wilks as Buckingham, and Mrs Porter as Queen Catherine Special attention was paid to the coronation of Anne Boleyn, which alone cost the managers £1,000

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 1	647
Loud as the Wolves on Orcas' stormy steep,	
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep	
Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,	330
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat,	
Or when from Court a birth-day suit bestow'd	
Sinks the lost Actor in the tawdry load	
Booth enters—hark! the Universal Peal!	
'But has he spoken?' Not a syllable	335
'What shook the stage, and made the people stare?'	
Cato's long Wig, flowr'd gown, and lacquer'd chair	
Yet lest you think I railly more than teach,	
Or praise malignly Arts I carnot reach,	
Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,	340
To know the Poet from the Man of Rymes	
'Tis He, who gives my breast a thousand pains,	
Can make me feel each Passion that he feigns,	
Inrage, compose, with more than magic Art, With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart,	245
And snatch me, o'er the earth, or thro' the air,	345
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where	
But not this part of the poetic state	
Alone, deserves the favour of the Great	
Think of those Authors, Sir, who would rely	350
More on a Reader's sense, than Gazer's eye	354
Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?	
Who climb their Mountain, or who taste their spring	3 5
How shall we fill a Library with Wit,	•
When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?	355
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,	

328 Orcas] The farthest Northern Promontory of Scotland, opposite to the Orcades [P]

331 Qum's high plume] Addison remarks (Spect 42) that 'the ordinary method of making an Hero, is to clap a huge Plume of feathers upon his head'

Oldfield's petticoat] 'A Princess generally receives her grandeur from the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage' (Addison, op cit) Mrs Townley (Mrs Oldfield) hides her lover Plotwell under her petticoat in Three Hours after Marriage (1717), Act II, by Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot

332 birth-day suit one of the magnificent suits worn at royal birthday celebrations See Ep 1 vi 33, Rape, 123, Imit Donne, iv 218-25

337 See Addison's Cato (1713) V 1, where the initial stage direction reads 'CATO solus, sitting in a thoughtful posture

355 Merlin's Cave] A Building (by Kent, 1735) in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a small, but choice Collection of Books [P]

	, = ,	
	I guess, and, with their leave, will tell the fault We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)	
	Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd	
	The season, when to come, and when to go,	360
	To sing, or cease to sing, we never know,	
	And if we will recite nine hours in ten,	
	You lose your patience, just like other men	
	Then too we hurt our selves, when to defend	
	A single verse, we quarrel with a friend,	365
	Repeat unask'd, lament, the Wit's too fine	
	For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line	
	But most, when straining with too weak a wing,	
	We needs will write Epistles to the King,	
	And from the moment we oblige the town,	370
	Expect a Place, or Pension from the Crown,	٠.
	Or dubb'd Historians by express command,	
	T' enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land,	
	Be call'd to Court, to plan some work divine,	
	As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine	375
	Yet think great Sir! (so many Virtues shown)	3,3
	Ah think, what Poet hest may make them known?	
7	Or chuse at least some Minister of Grace,	
	Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place	
	Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,	380
	Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care,	5
	And great Nassau to Kneller's hand decreed	
	To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed	
	So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit	
	But Kings in Wit may want discerning spirit	385
	The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,	5-5
	One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd Quarles	,

372 Dryden and Shadwell had held the office of historiographer royal (recreated in 1661) with the laureateship

375 Boileau and Racine were appointed historiographers to Louis XIV in 1677

378 some Minister] Walpole appointed Cibber poet laureate in 1730 381 Bernini was the architect who designed the great colonnade of St Peter's His bust of Charles I, made in Rome in 1636-7, perished in the fire at Whitehall in 1696

382 Kneller's equestrian portrait of William III with allegorical figures, now at Hampton Court, was painted in 1701 to commemorate William's return to England after signing the peace of Ryswick in 1607

387-9 Blackmore was knighted for his services as court physician, not for his poetry Nothing is known of Quarles's pension or Jonson's reference to it The meaning of ll 388-9 still awaits explanation

Which made old Ben, and surly Dennis swear, 'No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear'

Not with such Majesty, such bold relief, The Forms august of King, or conqu'ring Chief, E'er swell'd on Marble, as in Verse have shin'd (In polish'd Verse) the Manners and the Mind Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,	390
Your Arms, your Actions, your Repose to sing! What seas you travers'd! and what fields you fought Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought! How barb'rous rage subsided at your word,	
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the sword	
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep, Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep, Till Earth's extremes your mediation own, And Asia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—	400
But Verse alas! your Majesty disdains,	
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric strains	405
The Zeal of Fools offends at any time,	
But most of all, the Zeal of Fools in ryme	
Besides, a fate attends on all I write, That when I aim at praise, they say I bite	
A vile Encomium doubly ridicules,	410
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools,	410
If true, a woful likeness, and if lyes,	
'Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise'	
Well may he blush, who gives it, or receives,	
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves	415
(Like Journals, Odes, and such forgotten things	
As Eusden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)	
Cloath spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,	
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Sohoe	

394 Homer was thought to have been an inhabitant of Maeonia 397 Walpole's pacific policy, reluctantly adopted by George II, was becoming increasingly unpopular *Dearly* is especially ironical cf *Dia* 1 151-160 (p 694)

417 For Eusden and Philips, see *Ep to Arbuthnot*, 151, 1001 Elkanah

417 For Eusden and Philips, see Ep to Arbuthnot, 15n, 100n Elkanah Settle (1648–1724) wrote birthday odes for George I and the Prince of Wales, 1717

The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace Imitated by Mr Pope

[written c 1736, published 1737]

Ludentis speciem dabit & torquebitur— [HOR Ep II 11 124]

Dear Col'nel! Cobham's and your Country's Friend! You love a Verse, take such as I can send A Frenchman comes, presents you with his Boy, Bows and begins —'This Lad, Sir, is of Blois Observe his Shape how clean! his Locks how curl'd! 5 My only Son, I'd have him see the World His French is pure, his Voice too-you shall hear-Sir, he's your Slave, for twenty pound a year Mere Wax as yet, you fashion him with ease, Your Barber, Cook, Upholst'rer, what you please 10 A perfect Genius at an Opera-Song-To say too much, might do my Honour wrong Take him with all his Virtues, on my word, His whole Ambition was to serve a Lord, But Sir, to you, with what wou'd I not part? 15 Tho' faith, I fear 'twill break his Mother's heart Once, (and but once) I caught him in a Lye, And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry The Fault he has I fairly shall reveal, '(Cou'd you o'erlook but that)—it is, to steal ' 20 If, after this, you took the graceless Lad, Cou'd you complain, my Friend, he prov'd so bad? Faith, in such case, if you should prosecute, I think Sir Godfry should decide the Suit, Who sent the Thief that stole the Cash, away, 25 And punish'd him that put it in his way Consider then, and judge me in this light, I told you when I went, I could not write,

r Colonel Anthony Browne of Abscourt farm, near Walton-on-Thames

⁴ Bloss A town in which French was reputed to be spoken with exceptional purity

²⁴ Sir Godfry An eminent Justice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pança [P] Sir Godfrey Kneller This alluded to his dismissing a soldier who had stolen a joint of meat, and accused the butcher of having tempted him by it

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 11	651
You said the same, and are you discontent With Laws, to which you gave your own assent? Nay worse, to ask for Verse at such a time! D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhime?	30
In Anna's Wars, a Soldier poor and old, Had dearly earn'd a little purse of Gold Tir'd with a tedious'March, one luckless night, He slept, poor Dog! and lost it, to a doit This put the Man in such a desp'rate Mind, Between Revenge, and Grief, and Hunger join'd,	35
Against the Foe, himself, and all Mankind, He leapt the Trenches, scaled a Castle-Wall, Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all 'Prodigious well' his great Commander cry'd,	40
Gave him much Praise, and some Reward beside Next pleas'd his Excellence a Town to batter, (Its Name I know not, and it's no great matter) 'Go on, my Friend (he cry'd) see yonder Walls! Advance and conquer! go where Glory calls!	45
More Honours, more Rewards, attend the Brave'— Don't you remember what Reply he gave? D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, such a Sot? Let him take Castles who has ne'er a Groat' Bred up at home, full early I begun	50
To read in Greek, the Wrath of Peleus' Son Besides, my Father taught me from a Lad, The better Art to know the good from bad (And little sure imported to remove, To hunt for Truth in Maudhn's learned Grove)	55
But knottier Points we knew not half so well, Depriv'd us soon of our Paternal Cell, And certain Laws, by Suff'rers thought unjust, Deny'd all Posts of Profit or of Trust Hopes after Hopes of pious Papists fail'd, While mighty WILLIAM's thundring Arm prevail'd	60
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd, He stuck to Poverty with Peace of Mind, And me, the Muses help'd to undergo it, Convict a Papist He, and I a Poet But (thanks to <i>Homer</i>) since I live and thrive Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,	65

 $some\ Revard$] a departure from the Latin in order to reflect upon Marlborough s avarice

Sure I should want the Care of ten Monroes,	70
If I would scribble, rather than repose	, -
Years foll'wing Years, steal something ev'ry day,	
At last they steal us from our selves away,	
In one our Frolicks, one Amusements end,	
In one a Mistress drops, in one a Friend	75
This subtle Thief of Life, this paltry Time,	,,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my Rhime?	
If ev'ry Wheel of that unweary'd Mill	
That turn'd ten thousand Verses, now stands still	
But after all, what wou'd you have me do?	80
When out of twenty I can please not two,	
When this Heroicks only deigns to praise,	
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?	
One likes the Pheasant's wing, and one the leg,	
The Vulgar boil, the Learned roast an Egg,	85
Hard Task! to hit the Palate of such Guests,	_
When Oldfield loves, what Dartmeuf detests	
But grant I may relapse, for want of Grace,	
Again to rhime, can London be the Place?	
Who there his Muse, or Self, or Soul attends?	90
In Crouds and Courts, Law, Business, Feasts and Fr	rends?
My Counsel sends to execute a Deed	
A Poet begs me, I will hear him read	
In Palace-Yard at Nine you'll find me there—	
At Ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsb'ry-Square-	95
Before the Lords at Twelve my Cause comes on—	
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at One —	
'Oh but a Wit can study in the Streets,	
And raise his Mind above the Mob he meets?	
Not quite so well however as one ought,	100
A Hackney-Coach may chance to spoil a Thought,	
And then a nodding Beam, or Pig of Lead,	
God knows, may hurt the very ablest Head	
Have you not seen at Guild-hall's narrow Pass,	
Two Aldermen dispute it with an Ass?	105
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,	
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Carr?	

⁷⁰ Monroes] Dr Monroe, Physician to Bedlam Hospital [P] 87 Oldfield] See Sat II 11 25 Dartineuf, another celebrated epicure, appears in Sat II 1 46

¹⁰⁷ S—r—v—nce] Sir-reverence, 1 e human excrement Carr] A word normally used in the sense of 'triumphal chariot'

6	5	2
v	2	3

Go, lofty Poet! and in such a Croud, Sing thy sonorous Verse—but not aloud	
Alas! to Grotto's and to Groves we run,	IIO
To Ease and Silence, ev'ry Muse's Son	
Blackmore himself, for any grand Effort,	
Would drink and doze at <i>Tooting</i> or <i>Earl's-Court</i>	
How shall I rhime in this eternal Roar?	
How match the Bards whom none e'er match'd before?	***
The Man, who stretch'd in Isis' calm Retreat	נוו
To Books and Study gives sev'n years compleat,	
See! strow'd with learned dust, his Night-cap on,	
He walks, an Object new beneath the Sun!	
The Boys flock round him, and the People stare	120
So stiff, so mute! some Statue, you would swear,	120
Stept from its Pedestal to take the Air	
And here, while Town, and Court, and City roars,	
With Mobs, and Duns, and Soldiers, at their doors,	
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?	125
Composing Songs, for Fools to get by heart?	123
The Temple late two Brother Sergeants saw,	
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law,	
With equal Talents, these congenial Souls	
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one stunn'd the Rolls,	130
Each had a Gravity wou'd make you split,	150
And shook his head at Murray, as a Wit	
'Twas, 'Sır your Law'—and 'Sır, your Eloquence'—	
'Yours Cowper's Manner—and yours Talbot's Sense'	
Thus we dispose of all poetic Merit,	725
Yours Milton's Genius, and mine Homer's Spirit	135
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll swear the Nine	
Dear Cibber / never match'd one Ode of thine	
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see	
No Poets there, but <i>Stephen</i> , you, and me	T 40
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease	140
Weave Laurel Crowns, and take what Names we please	
'My dear Tibullus' if that will not do,	
Let me be <i>Horace</i> , and be <i>Ovid</i> you	
Let the be morace, and be obtained	

113 Tooting or Earl's Court] Two Villages within a few Miles of London [P]

117 sev'n years] the term for completing the M A degree
134 Cowper Talbot] Two Lord Chancellors
Merlin's Cave] See Ep 11 1 355n (p 647)
140 Stephen] Stephen Duck, the Thresher Poet, was Library Keeper
at Merlin's Cave See p 802 and note

Or, I'm content, allow me <i>Dryden</i> 's strains, And you shall rise up <i>Otway</i> for your pains 'Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhiming Race, And much must flatter, if the Whim should bite	145
To court applause by printing what I write But let the Fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough, To stop my ears to their confounded stuff	150
In vain, bad Rhimers all mankind reject, They treat themselves with most profound respect,	
'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue, Each prais'd within, is happy all day long	155
But how severely with themselves proceed	
The Men, who write such Verses as we can read?	
Their own strict Judges, not a word they spare	
That wants or Force, or Light, or Weight, or Care,	160
Howe'er un willingly it quits its place,	
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace	
Such they'll degrade, and sometimes, in its stead,	
In downright Charity revive the dead,	
Mark where a bold expressive Phrase appears,	165
Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years,	
Command old words that long have slept, to wake,	
Words, that wise Bacon, or brave Raleigh spake,	
Or bid the new be <i>English</i> , Ages hence,	
(For Use will father what's begot by Sense)	170
Pour the full Tide of Eloquence along,	
Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,	
Rich with the Treasures of each foreign Tongue,	
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,	
But show no mercy to an empty line,	175
Then polish all, with so much life and ease,	
You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please	
'But Ease in writing flows from Art, not Chance,	
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance'	
If such the Plague and pains to write by rule,	180
Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool,	
Call, if you will, bad Rhiming a disease,	
It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease	

¹⁶⁸ When talking over the design of a standard English Dictionary with Warburton, Pope accepted Bacon as an authority but rejected Raleigh as 'too affected' 178–9 Slightly altered from E on C, ll $_362-_3$

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP II 11	655
There' lu'd, <i>in primo Georgii</i> (they record) A worthy Member, no small Fool, a Lord,	185
Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sate,	
Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full Debate	
In all but this, a man of sober Life,	
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife,	
Not quite a Mad-man, tho' a Pasty fell,	190
And much too wise to walk into a Well	
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,	
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd, in short, they cur	'd
Whereat the Gentleman began to stare—	
My Friends? he cry'd, p—x take you for your care!	195
That from a Patriot of distinguish'd note,	
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple Vote	
Well, on the whole, plain Prose must be my fate	
Wisdom (curse on it) will come soon or late	
There is a time when Poets will grow dull	200
I'll e'en leave Verses to the Boys at school	
To Rules of Poetry no more confin'd,	
I learn to smooth and harmonize my Mind,	
Teach ev'ry Thought within its bounds to roll,	
And keep the equal Measure of the Soul	205
Soon as I enter at my Country door,	
My Mind resumes the thread it dropt before,	
Thoughts, which at Hyde-Park-Corner I forgot,	
Meet and rejoin me, in the pensive Grott	
There all alone, and Compliments apart,	210
I ask these sober questions of my Heart	
If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,	
You tell the Doctor, when the more you have,	
The more you want, why not with equal ease	
Confess as well your Folly, as Disease?	215
The Heart resolves this matter in a trice,	
'Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice	
When golden Angels cease to cure the Evil,	
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil	
When servile Chaplains cry, that Birth and Place	220
Indue a Peer with Honour, Truth, and Grace,	
Look in that Breast, most dirty Duke' be fair,	
Say, can you find out one such Lodger there?	

218 It was generally believed as late as Stuart times that King's Evil (1 e Scrofula) could be cured by the royal touch Queen Anne 'touched, but the power was not claimed for George I or subsequent kings The angel was a gold coin presented by the king to each patient

Yet still, not heeding what your Heart can teach, You go to Church to hear these Flatt'rers preach Indeed, could Wealth bestow or Wit or Merit,	225
A grain of Courage, or a spark of Spirit,	
The wisest Man might blush, I must agree,	
If vile Van-muck lov'd Sixpence, more than he	
If there be truth in Law, and Use can give	230
A Property, that's yours on which you live	-
Delightful Abs-court, if its Fields afford	
Their Fruits to you, confesses you its Lord	
All Worldly's Hens, nay Partridge, sold to town,	
His Ven'son too, a Guinea makes your own	235
He bought at thousands, what with better wit	
You purchase as you want, and bit by bit,	
Now, or long since, what diff'rence will be found?	
You pay a Penny, and he paid a Pound	
Heathcote himself, and such large-acred Men,	240
Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln Fen,	·
Buy every stick of Wood that lends them heat,	
Buy every Pullet they afford to eat	
Yet these are Wights, who fondly call their own	
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln Town	245
The Laws of God, as well as of the Land,	
Abhor, a Perpetuity should stand	
Estates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r	
Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring Hour,	
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,	250
By sale, at least by death, to change their Lord	•
Man? and for ever? Wretch! what wou'dst thou have	>
Heir urges Heir, like Wave impelling Wave	
All vast Possessions (just the same the case	
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)	255

229 vile Van-muck] Joshua [7] Vanneck, a Dutch merchant in London, who in the autumn of 1738 had offered to buy Dawley Farm from Bolingbroke at a price which proved unacceptable

232 The estate of Apps-Court, near Walton-on-Thames, was leased by Lord Halifax to Anthony Browne

234 Worldly] 1 e Wortley Montagu cf Sat II 11 51 and Moral Es 111 62

245 An oblique way of saying that they envy their neighbours' estates 247 Perpetuity] 'Unlimited duration, exemption from intermission or ceasing, where, though all who have interest should join in a covenant, they could not bar or pass the estate It is odious in law, destructive to the commonwealth, and an impediment to commerce, by preventing the

wholesome circulation of property'

Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?	
Join Cotswold Hills to Saperton's fair Dale,	
Let rising Granaries and Temples here,	
There mingled Farms and Pyramids appear,	
Link Towns to Towns with Avenues of Oak,	260
Enclose whole Downs in Walls, 'tis all a joke!	
Inexorable Death shall level all,	
And Trees, and Stones, and Farms, and Farmer fall	
Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vases sculptur'd high,	
Paint, Marble, Gems, and Robes of Persian Dye,	265
There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there are	
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care	
Talk what you will of Taste, my Friend, you'll find,	
Two of a Face, as soon as of a Mind	
Why, of two Brothers, rich and restless one	270
Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from Sun to Sun,	
The other slights, for Women, Sports, and Wines,	
All Townshend's Turnips, and all Grovenor's Mines	
Why one like Bu — with Pay and Scorn content,	
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament,	275
One, driv'n by strong Benevolence of Soul,	
Shall fly, like Oglethorp, from Pole to Pole	
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,	
Who forms the Genius in the natal Hour,	0 -
That God of Nature, who, within us still,	280
Inclines our Action, not constrains our Will,	
Various of Temper, as of Face or Frame,	
Each Individual His great End the same	
Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,	~0~
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep	285
My Heir may sigh, and think it want of Grace	
A man so poor wou'd live without a Place	
But sure no Statute in his favour says,	
How free, or frugal, I shall pass my days	290
I, who at some times spend, at others spare,	290
Divided between Carelesness and Care	
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store,	
Another, not to heed to treasure more,	

²⁷³ The Grosvenors had owned coal mines in N Wales since the sixteenth century Townshend, the retired Whig statesman was cultivating his Norfolk estates His large-scale turnip-culture permitted subsequent development in breeding stock
274 Bu—] Bubb Dodington

Glad, like a Boy, to snatch the first good day, And pleas'd, if sordid Want be far away What is't to me (a Passenger God wot) Whether my Vessel be first-rate or not?	295
The Ship it self may make a better figure, But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath, Nor strive with all the Tempest in my teeth	300
In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd Behind the foremost, and before the last	
'But why all this of Av'rice? I have none'	
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone, But does no other lord it at this hour,	305
As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?	
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?	
Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all?	
With Terrors round can Reason hold her throne,	310
Despise the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?	J
Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,	
In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and Fire?	
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,	
And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?	315
Has Life no sourness, drawn so near its end?	
Can'st thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?	
Has Age but melted the rough parts away,	
As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?	
Or will you think, my Friend, your business done,	320
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?	
Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will,	
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill	
Walk sober off, before a sprightlier Age	
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage	325
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,	
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please	

300 strut] swell, or protrude Pope contrasts the picture of a man swaggering along, with that of a man forcing his way, head forward, against a strong wind

An Imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace

[written c 1737, published 1738]

ADVERTISEMENT

The World may be assured, this Publication is no way meant to interfere with the *Imitations* of *Horace* by Mr *Pope* His Manner, and that of Dr *Swift* are so entirely different, that they can admit of no Invidious Comparison The Design of the one being to sharpen the Sat re, and open the Sense of the Poet, of the other to rend[er] his native *Ease* and *Familiarity* yet more easy and familiar

I've often wish'd that I had clear For life, six hundred pounds a year, A handsome House to lodge a Friend, A River at my garden's end, A Terras-walk, and half a Rood 5 Of Land, set out to plant a Wood Well, now I have all this and more, I ask not to increase my store, But here a Grievance seems to lie, All this is mine but till I die, TO I can't but think 'twould sound more clever, To me and to my Heirs for ever If I ne'er got, or lost a groat, By any Trick, or any Fault, And if I pray by Reason's rules, 15 And not like forty other Fools As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker! To grant me this and t' other Acre Or if it be thy Will and Pleasure Direct my Plow to find a Treasure ' 20 But only what my Station fits, And to be kept in my right wits Preserve, Almighty Providence! Just what you gave me, Competence And let me in these Shades compose 25 Something in Verse as true as Prose, Remov'd from all th' ambitious Scene, Nor puff'd by Pride, nor sunk by Spleen

This poem was written by Swift in 1714 and published in 1727 It was reprinted in 1738 with additions by Pope, lines 9-28 are possibly his, ll 133-221 certainly his

In short, I'm perfectly content, Let me but live on this side <i>Trent</i>	3 0
Nor cross the Channel twice a year, To spend six months with Statesmen here	
I must by all means come to town,	
'Tis for the Service of the Crown,	
'Lewis, the Dean will be of use,	35
Send for him up, take no excuse'	33
The toil, the danger of the Seas,	
Great Ministers ne'er think of these,	
Or let it cost five hundred pound,	
No matter where the money's found,	40
It is but so much more in debt,	
And that they ne'er consider'd yet	
'Good Mr Dean go change your gown,	
Let my Lord know you've come to town'	
I hurry me in haste away,	45
Not thinking it is Levee-day,	
And find his Honour in a Pound,	
Hemm'd by a triple Circle round, Chequer'd with Ribbons blue and green,	
How should I thrust my self between?	70
Some Wag observes me thus perplext,	50
And smiling, whispers to the next,	
'I thought the Dean had been too proud,	
To justle here among a croud?	
Another in a surly fit,	55
Tells me I have more Zeal than Wit,))
'So eager to express your love,	
You ne'er consider whom you shove,	
But rudely press before a Duke'	
I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,	60
And take it kindly meant to show	
What I desire the World should know	
I get a whisper, and withdraw,	
When twenty Fools I never saw	
Come with Petitions fairly penn'd,	65
Desiring I would stand their friend	
This, humbly offers me his Case—	
That, begs my int'rest for a Place—	
A hundred other Men's affairs	
Like Bees are humming in my ears	70

⁴⁹ Ribbons] the insignia of the Orders of the Garter and the Thistle

84 Swift was first introduced to Harley on Oct 4, 1710 94 Three of Swift's fellow-members of the Scriblerus Club 100 Charing-cross] where Royal Proclamations are read

There flies about a strange report Of some Express arriv'd at Court,

I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,

IIO

115
120
125
130
135
140
145
150

¹¹⁴ The Emperor was the only allied power who refused to make peace with France in 1713 on terms especially favourable to England

IMITATIONS OF HORACE SAT II VI	663
Our Friend Dan Prior told, (you know)	
A Tale extreamly a propos	
Name a Town Life, and in a trice,	155
He had a Story of two Mice	
Once on a time (so runs the Fable)	
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,	
Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,	
Just as a Farmer might a Lord	160
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,	
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul,	
Knew what was handsome, and wou'd do't,	
On just occasion, coute qui coute	
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)	165
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean,	100
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,	
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake,	
Yet to his Guest tho' no way sparing,	
He eat himself the Rind and paring	T.770
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,	170
But show'd his Breeding, and his Wit,	
He did his best to seem to eat,	
And cry'd, 'I vow you're mighty near	
As sweet a Cave as one shall see!	175
A most Romantic hollow Tree!	
A pretty kind of savage Scene	
But come, for God's sake, live with Men	
Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,	_
Both small and great, both you and I	180
Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,	
(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court)'	
The veriest Hermit in the Nation	
May yield, God knows, to strong Temptation	
Away they come, thro thick and thin,	185
To a tall house near Lincoln's-Inn	
('Twas on the night of a Debate,	
When all their Lordships had sate late)	
Behold the place, where if a Poet	
Shin'd in Description, he might show it,	190
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls	
And tips with silver all the walls	
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,	
Grotesco roofs, and Stucco floors	

167 'I found my wife vexed at her people for grumbling to eate Suffolk cheese which I also am vexed at 'Pepy's Diary, Oct 4, 1661

But let it (in a word) be said, The Moon was up, and Men a-bed, The Napkins white, the Carpet red The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,	195
And down the Mice sate, tête a tete Our Courtier walks from dish to dish, Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish, Tells all their names, lays down the law,	200
'Que ça est bon ' Ah goutez ça ' That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,	
Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in'	205
Was ever such a happy Swain?	ر02
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again	
'I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude	
To eat so much—but all's so good	
I have a thousand thanks to give—	210
My Lord alone knows now to live'	
No sooner said, but from the Hall	
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all	
'A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door'—	
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor	215
O for the Heart of Homer's Mice,	_
Or Gods to save them in a trice!	
(It was by Providence, they think,	
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink)	
'An't please your Honour, quoth the Peasant,	220
This same Dessert is not so pleasant	
Give me again my hollow Tree!	
A Crust of Bread, and Liberty'	

The Seventh Epistle of the First Book of Horace

IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF DR SWIFT

[written c 1738, published, Works, 1739]

'Tis true, my Lord, I gave my word, I would be with you, June the third, Chang'd it to August, and (in short) Have kept it—as you do at Court You humour me when I am sick, Why not when I am splenatick?

5

IMITATIONS OF HORACE EP I V11	665
In town, what Objects could I meet? The shops shut up in every street, And Fun'rals black'ning all the Doors, And yet more melancholy Whores And what a dust in ev'ry place! And a thin Court that wants your Face,	10
And Fevers raging up and down, And P—x and P* both in town! 'The Dog-days are no more the case' 'Tis true, but Winter comes apace Then southward let your Bard retire,	15
Hold out some months 'twixt Sun and Fire, And you shall see, the first warm Weather, Me and the Butterflies together My lord, your Favours well I know, 'Tis with Distinction you bestow,	20
And not to every one that comes, Just as a Scotsman does his Plumbs 'Pray take them, Sir,—Enough's a Feast Eat some, and pocket up the rest—' What rob your Boys? those pretty rogues!— 'No Sir, you'll leave them to the Hogs'	25
Thus Fools with Compliments besiege ye, Contriving never to oblige ye Scatter your Favours on a Fop, Ingratitude's the certain crop,	30
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore, You give the things you never care for A wise man always is or should Be mighty ready to do good, But makes a diff'rence in his thought	35
Betwixt a Guinea and a Groat Now this I'll say, you'll find in me A safe Companion, and a free, But if you'd have me always near— A word, pray, in your Honour's ear I hope it is your Resolution	40
To give me back my Constitution! The sprightly Wit, the lively Eye, Th' engaging Smile, the Gaiety, That laugh'd down many a Summer's Sun, And kept you up so oft till one, And all that voluntary Vein,	45
mil growing wild or naturally, of spontaneous growth	

As when Belinda rais'd my Strain A Weasel once made shift to slink	50
In at a Corn-loft thro' a Chink,	
But having amply stuff'd his skin,	
Cou'd not get out as he got in	
Which one belonging to the House	55
('Twas not a Man, it was a Mouse)	در
Observing, cry'd, 'You scape not so,	
Lean as you came, Sir, you must go'	
Sir, you may spare your Application	
I'm no such Beast, nor his Relation,	60
Nor one that Temperance advance,	-
Cramm'd to the throat with Ortolans	
Extremely ready to resign	
All that may make me none of mine	
South-sea Subscriptions take who please,	65
Leave me but Liberty and Ease	-5
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,	
Who prais'd my Modesty, and smil'd	
Give me, I cry'd (enough for me)	
My Bread, and Independency!	70
So bought an Annual Rent or two	, -
And liv'd—just as you see I do,	
Near fifty, and without a Wife,	
I trust that sinking Fund, my Life	
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,	75
Shrink back to my Paternal Cell,	
A little House, with Trees a-row,	
And like its Master, very low,	
There dy'd my Father, no man's Debtor,	
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better	80
To set this matter full before you,	
Our old Friend Swift will tell his Story	
'Harley, the Nation's great Support,'-	
But you may read it, I stop short	

⁶⁷ Craggs had given him some South-sea subscriptions, of which he neglected to make any benefit Child was head of the famous banking firm

⁷⁹ Pope's father died at Chiswick in 1717

Sober Advice from Horace, to the Young Gentlemen about Town

AS DELIVER'D IN HIS SECOND SERMON IMITATED IN THE MANNER OF MR POPE

Together with the ORIGINAL TEXT, as restored by the Rev^d
R BENTLEY, Doctor of Divinity And some Remarks on the
VERSION

[written c 1734, published 1734]

TO ALEXANDER POPE, Esq,

SIR,

I have so great a Trust in your Indulgence toward me, as to believe you cannot but Patronize this Imitation, so much in your own Manner, and whose Birth I may truly say is owing to you In that Confidence, I would not suppress the Criticisms made upon it by the Reverend Doctor, the rather, since he has promised to mend the Faults in the next Edition, with the same Goodness he has practised to Milton I hope you will believe that while I express my Regard for you, it is only out of Modesty I conceal my Name, since, tho perhaps, I may not profess myself your Admirer so much as some others, I cannot but be, with as much inward Respect, Good-will, and Zeal as any Man,

Dear Sir,
Your most Affectionate
AND
Faithful Servant

The Tribe of Templars, Play'rs, Apothecaries, Pimps, Poets, Wits, Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's, And all the Court in Tears, and half the Town, Lament dear charming Oldfield, dead and gone! Engaging Oldfield! who, with Grace and Ease, Could joyn the Arts, to ruin, and to please

5

[NotæBentleianæ] Imitated Why Imitated? Why not translated? Odn Imitatores! A Metaphrast had not turned Tigellius, and Fufidius, Malchinus and Gargonius (for I say Malchinus, not Malthinus, and Gargonius not Gorgonius) into so many Ladies Benignus, hic, hunc, &c all of the Masculine Gender Every School-boy knows more formation [P] Notes on the Latin attributed to Bentley are omitted from this edition

2 Lord Fanny's, Lady Mary's] Lord Hervey and Lady M Wortley

Montagu

Not so, who of Ten Thousand gull'd her Knight, Then ask'd Ten Thousand for a second Night The Gallant too, to whom she pay'd it down, Liv'd to refuse that Mistress half a Crown Con Philips cries, 'A sneaking Dog I hate' That's all three Lovers have for their Estate! 'Treat on, treat on,' is her & ernal Note,	10
And Lands and Tenements go down her Throat Some damn the Jade, and some the Cullies blame, But not Sir H—t, for he does the same With all a Woman's Virtues but the P—x, Fufidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks	15
For Int'rest, ten per Cent her constant Rate is, Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it gratis She turns her very Sister to a Job, And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,	20
And thirsts and hungers only at one End A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the Play) The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his Son away	25
But why all this? I'll tell ye, 'tis my Theme 'Women and Fools are always in Extreme' Rufa's at either end a Common-Shoar,	
National Sweet Moll and Jack are Civet-Cat and Boar Nothing in Nature is so lewd as Peg, Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg! While bashful Jenny, ev'n at Morning-Prayer, Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare	30
But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails, And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails, Some feel no Flames but at the Court or Ball, And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall My Lord of L—n, chancing to remark	35
A noted Dean much busy'd in the Park,	40

11 Con Philips] Teresia Constantia Phillips, well-known courtesan

18 Fufidia] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu

29 Rufa] She appears again in Moral Es 11 21

Common-Shoar] common sewer

34 A Verse taken from Mr Pope [P] Dunciad (1728) 11 141

39 L-n] 1 e Edmund Gibson, Bishop of London

²⁵ Play See My Terence, Heautontimorumenos There is nothing in Dr Hare's BENT [P] Hare's edition of Terence (1724) is the object of censure in Bentley's edition (1726) from the first page to the last

⁴⁰ noted Dean Thomas Sawbridge, Dean of Ferns and Leighlin, who had been indicted for rape in 1730

Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend Brother, 'Tis Formcatio simplex, and no other	
Better than lust for Boys, with Pope and Turk,	
Or others Spouses, like my Lord of —'	
May no such Praise (cries 7—s) e'er be mine!	45
7—s, who bows at Hi—sb—w's hoary Shrine	
All you, who think the City ne'er can thrive,	
Till ev'ry Cuckold-maker's flea'd alive,	
Attend, while I their Miseries explain,	
And pity Men of Pleasure still in Pain!	50
Survey the Pangs they bear, the Risques they run,	•
Where the most lucky are but last undone	
See wretched Monsieur flies to save his Throat,	
And quits his Mistress, Money, Ring, and Note!	
See good Sir George of ragged Livery stript,	55
By worther Footmen pist upon and whipt!	
Plunder'd by Thieves, or Lawyers which is worse,	
One bleeds in Person, and one bleeds in Purse,	
This meets a Blanket, and that meets a Cudgel—	
And all applaud the Justice—All, but Budgel	60
How much more safe, dear Countrymen! his State,	
Who trades in Frigates of the second Rate?	
And yet some Care of S—st should be had,	
Nothing so mean for which he can't run mad,	
His Wit confirms him but a Slave the more,	65
And makes a Princess whom he found a Whore	

44 my Lord of—] Others read Lord-Mayor [P] The blank should be filled by York—alluding to Archbishop Blackburne, who was popularly believed to have kept more than one mistress

45 J—s] One Jefferies, co-respondent in a divorce bill brought by Lord

Hillsborough in 1735 against his wife, then aged 51

53 wretched Monsieur] One Rémond, who pestered Lady Mary with letters wherein gallantry was tempered by requests for financial advice At her suggestion he bought South Sea stock and later sold it advantageously Pleased with the success he brought her £000 and begged her to reinvest it After some demur Lady Mary consented, and put the money back in South Sea stock just before the collapse She retrieved £400 and sent him the news, to which he replied that he knew her tricks, was convinced that she had all his money untouched, and that he would print her letters unless she returned it See Dunciad A, ii 127, and Dia 1 112

55 Sir George] Presumably Sir G Oxenden, Lord of the Treasury,

and seducer

60 Budgel] A Gentleman as celebrated for his Gallantries as his Politicks, an Entertaining History of which may be published, without the least Scandal on the Ladies E Curl [P]

63 S—st] Bolingbroke

The Youth might save much Trouble and Expence,	
Were he a Dupe of only common Sense	
But here's his point, 'A Wench (he cries) for me	
I never touch a Dame of Quality'	70
To Palmer's Bed no Actress comes amiss,	
He courts the whole Personæ Dramatis	
He too can say, With Wives I never sin'	
But Singing-Girls and Mimicks draw him in	
Sure, worthy Sir, the Diff'rence is not great,	75
With whom you lose your Credit and Estate?	
This, or that Person, what avails to shun?	
What's wrong is wrong, wherever it be done	
The Ease, Support, and Lustre of your Life,	
Destroy'd alike with Strumpet, Maid, or Wife	80
What push'd poor Ellis on th' Imperial Whore?	
'Twas but to be where CHARLES had been before	
The fatal Steel unjustly was apply'd,	
When not his Lust offended, but his Pride	
Too hard a Penance for defeated Sin,	85
Himself shut out, and Jacob Hall let in	-
Suppose that honest Part that rules us all,	
Should rise, and say— 'Sir Robert' or Sir Paul'	
Did I demand, in my most vig'rous hour,	
A Thing descended from the Conqueror?	90
Or when my pulse beat highest, ask for any	
Such Nicety, as Lady or Lord Fanny "-	
What would you answer? Could you have the Face,	
When the poor Suff'rer humbly mourn'd his Case,	
To cry 'You weep the Favours of her GRACE?'	95
Hath not indulgent Nature spread a Feast,	
And giv'n enough for Man, enough for Beast?	
But Man corrupt, perverse in all his ways,	
In search of Vanities from Nature strays	

86 'Jacob Hall, the famous rope-dancer, was fashionable in London at that time [c 1668] His nimbleness and his strength greatly delighted his audience in public, so much so, that a desire arose to see what he was in This acrobat by no means disappointed conjectures which had been ventured on this subject by Lady Castlemaine—at least if the conjectures of the general public were to be believed, and the burden of innumerable street-ballads which did the dancer more honour than the Countess?

-Spread a Feast Of-enough for Man, enough for Beast but we prefer the present, as the purer Diction [P]

⁹⁵ Spoken not of one particular Dutchess, but of divers Dutchesses [P] 96 The original Manuscript has it,

IMITATIONS OF HORACE SERM I 11	671
Yea, tho' the Blessing's more than he can use, Shun the permitted, the forbid pursues!	100
Weigh well the Cause from whence these Evils spring,	
'Tis in thyself, and not in God's good Thing	
Then, lest Repentence punish such a Life,	
Never, ah, never! kiss thy Neighbour's Wife	105
First, Silks and Diarlonds veil no finer Shape,	
Or plumper Thigh, than lurk in humble Crape	
And secondly, how innocent a Belle	
Is she who shows what Ware she has to sell,	
Not Lady-like, displays a milk-white Breast,	IIO
And hides in sacred Sluttishness the rest	
Our ancient Kings (and sure those Kings were wise,	
Who judg'd themselves, and saw with their own Eyes)	
A War-horse never for the Service chose,	
But ey'd him round, and stript off all the Cloaths,	115
For well they knew, proud Trappings serve to hide	
A heavy Chest, thick Neck, or heaving Side	
But Fools are ready Chaps, agog to buy,	
Let but a comely Fore-hand strike the Eye No Eagle sharper, every Charm to find,	120
To all defects, Ty — y not so blind	120
Goose-rump'd, Hawk-nos'd, Swan-footed, is my Dear	د
They'l praise her Elbow, Heel, or Tip o' th' Ear	
A Lady's Face is all you see undress'd,	
(For none but Lady M— shows the Rest)	125
But if to Charms more latent you pretend,	5
What Lines encompass, and what Works defend!	
Dangers on Dangers! obstacles by dozens!	
Spies, Guardians, Guests, old Women, Aunts, and	
Cozens!	
Could you directly to her Person go,	130
Stays will obstruct above, and Hoops below,	•
And if the Dame says yes, the Dress says no	
Not thus at $N-dh-m$'s, your judicious Eye	
May measure there the Breast, the Hip, the Thigh!	
And will you run to Perils, Sword, and Law,	135
All for a Thing you ne're so much as saw?	
Chaps] Abbreviation of chapmen	

129 Cozens] There is a famous Stay-maker of this name, which stiffens

¹²¹ Ty-y] Lady Tyrawley (d 1733) seems to have been notoriously short-sighted

the double entendre here meant [Curli]
133 N—dh—m] Mother Needham kept a notorious brothel in Park Place, St James's

'The Hare once seiz'd the Hunter heeds no more The little Scut he so pursu'd pefore, Love follows flying Game (as Sucklyn sings) And 'tis for that the wanton Boy has Wings' 140 Why let him Sing—but when you're in the Wrong, Think ve to cure the Mischief with a Song? Has Nature set no bounds to wild Desire? No Sense to guide, no Reason to enquire, What solid Happiness, what empty Pride? 145 And what is best indulg'd, or best denv'd? If neither Gems adorn, nor Silver tip The flowing Bowl, will you not wet your Lip? When sharp with Hunger, scorn you to be fed, Except on Pea-Chicks, at the Bedford-head? 150 Or, when a tight, neat Girl, will serve the Turn, In errant Pride continue stiff, and burn? I'm a plain Man, whose Maxim is profest, 'The Thing at hand is of all Things the best' But Her who will, and then will not comply, 155 Whose Word is If, Perhaps, and By-and-By, Z—ds! let some Eunuch or Platonic take— So'B—t cries, Philosopher and Rake! Who asks no more (right reasonable Peer) Than not to wait too long, nor pay too dear 160 Give me a willing Nymph! 'tis all I care, Extremely clean, and tolerably fair, Her Shape her own, whatever Shape she have, And just that White and Red which Nature gave Her I transported touch, transported view, 165 And call her Angel ' Goddess ' Montague ' No furious Husband thunders at the Door, No barking Dog, no Household in a Roar, From gleaming Swords no shrieking Women run, No wretched Wife cries out, Undone ! Undone ? 170 Seiz'd in the Fact, and in her Cuckold's Pow'r, She kneels, she weeps, and worse! resigns her Dow'r Me, naked me, to Posts, to Pumps they draw, To Shame eternal, or eternal Law

¹³⁸ Scut] a hare's tail

¹³⁹ There is nothing resembling these lines in Suckling, but they are akin to him in philosophy

¹⁵⁰ Bedford-head] See Sat 11 11 42n, p 620

¹⁵⁸ B-t] Bathurst

Oh Love! be deep Tranquility my Luck! No Mistress H—ysh—m near, no Lady B—ck! For, to be taken, is the Dev'll in Hell, This Truth, let L—l, f—ys, O—w tell

176 Mrs Heysham and Lady Buck appear to have witnessed the infidelity of Lady Hillsborough (see 1 45n) with Jefferies (see 1 178)

178 L—I] Richard Liddel against whom his friend, Lord Abergavenny, brought an action in 1729 for criminal conversation with Lady Abergavenny

O-w] History has dealt kindly with the reputation of the Onslows

Endeavours to discover what underlay this reference have failed

The First Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace

TO VENUS

[written c 1736, published 1737]

Again? new Tumults in my Breast? Ah spare me, Venus! let me, let me rest! I am not now, alas! the man As in the gentle Reign of My Queen Anne Ah sound no more thy soft alarms, 5 Nor circle sober fifty with thy Charms Mother too fierce of dear Desires! Turn, turn to willing Hearts your wanton fire To Number five direct your Doves, There spread round MURRAY all your blooming Loves, Noble and young, who strikes the heart With every sprightly, every decent part, Equal, the injur'd to defend, To charm the Mistress, or to fix the Friend He, with a hundred Arts refin'd, 15 Shall stretch thy Conquests over half the kind To him each Rival shall submit, Make but his riches equal to his Wit Then shall thy Form the Marble grace, (Thy Græcian Form) and Chloe lend the Face 20 His House, embosom'd in the Grove, Sacred to social Life and social Love,

6 sober fifty] Pope was born in 1688

⁹ Number five] Murray's lodgings in King's Bench Walk He was thirty-two when this poem was published Lord Chief Justice, 1756-88

Shall glitter o'er the pendent green, Where Thames reflects the visionary Scene Thither, the silver-sounding Lyres Shall call the smiling Loves, and young Desires, There, every Grace and Muse shall throng, Exalt the Dance, or animate the Song,	25
There, Youths and Nyriphs, in consort gay, Shall hail the rising, close the parting day With me, alas! those joys are o'er, For me, the vernal Garlands bloom no more Adieu! fond hope of mutual fire,	30
The still-believing, still-renew'd desire, Adieu' the heart-expanding bowl, And all the kind Deceivers of the soul' —But why? ah tell me, ah too dear' Steals down my cheek th' involuntary Tear?	35
Why words so flowing, thoughts so free, Stop, or turn nonsense at one glance of Thee? Thee, drest in Fancy's airy beam, Absent I follow thro' th' extended Dream, Now, now I seize, I clasp thy charms, And now you burst, (ah cruel) from my arms,	40
And swiftly shoot along the Mall, Or softly glide by the Canal, Now shown by Cynthia's silver Ray, and now, on iolling Waters snatch'd away	45
Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace	
[written 1737 published 1751]	
Lest you should think that Verse shall die, Which sounds the Silver Thames along, Taught on the Wings of Truth, to fly Above the reach of vulgar Song,	
Tho' daring Milton sits Sublime, In Spencer native Muses play, Nor yet shall Waller yield to time, Nor pensive Cowley's moral Lay	5

Sages and Chiefs long since had birth E're Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd,

10

These rais'd new Empires o'er the Earth, And Those new Heav'ns and Systems fram'd,

Vain was the chief's and sage's pride
They had no Poet and they dyd!
In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled
They had no Pet and are dead!

15

The Second Saure of Dr John Donne, Deon of St Paul's, Versifyed

[written 1713, revised 1733, published, Works, 1735]

Quid vetat, ut nosmet Lycili scripta legentes Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes Mollius? HOR [Sat I x 56-9]

Yes, thank my stars! as early as I knew	
This Town, I had the sense to hate it too	
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there must be still	
One Giant-Vice, so excellently ill,	
That all beside one pities, not abhors,	5
As who knows Sapho, smiles at other whores	_
I grant that Poetry's a crying sin,	
It brought (no doubt) th' Excise and Army in	
Catch'd like the plague, or love, the Lord knows how,	
But that the cure is starving, all allow	10
Yet like the Papists is the Poets state,	
Poor and disarm'd, and hardly worth your hate	
Here a lean Bard, whose wit could never give	
Himself a dinner, makes an Actor live	
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,	15
So prompts, and saves a Rogue who cannot read	-
Thus as the pipes of some carv'd Organ move,	
The gilded Puppets dance and mount above,	
Heav'd by the breath th' inspiring Bellows blow,	
Th' inspiring Bellows lie and pant below	20
One sings the Fair, but Songs no longer move,	
No Rat is rhym'd to death, nor Maid to love	
In Love's, in Nature's spite, the siege they hold,	
And scorn the Flesh, the Dev'l, and all but Gold	
These write to Lords, some mean reward to get,	25
As needy Beggars sing at doors for meat	
Those write because all write, and so have still	
Excuse for writing, and for writing ill	
Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet	
Is he who makes his meal on others wit	30
'Tis chang'd no doubt from what it was before,	
His rank digestion makes it wit no more	
1177 14 30 0	

8 th' Evcise and Army] See Sat II 1 73n and Sat II 11 134n 12 Poor and disarm'd] Cf Sat II 11 151-4, and Ep II 11 67

	SATIRES	OF DR	јони	DONNE	II	677
F W O	ense, past thro' or food digested I pass o'er all t Tho live like S— ut-cant old Esd	takes and hose Control of the contro	nother infessors r who dut-drin	name s and Mar lie like Cl k his Heir	rtyrs hartres,	35
W A E Se	out-usure Jews, of the control of th	who In risca's C lon, for enement	early ye Confesso whose s s in He	ears or scarce l inful sake ill must m	: nake,	40
Ir W T	n what Comman One, one man Thom Crimes ga Time, that at last Those gentle pro	idment's only bre ive wealt : mature	large ceds my h, and s a Clar	ontents the just offen wealth ga	ney dwe ice, ve impu	45
A H N M	nd brings all na lath made him a lo young Divine lore pert, more That further cou	itural even in Attori i, new-be proud, r	ents to plant of a control of a	pass, n Ass , can be ssitive tha		50
B P: W O L	ut turn a Wit, a herce the soft lab with rhymes of t or court a Wife, hake nets or lime	ind scrib b'rinth o his <i>per (</i> spread o -twigs, f	ble vers of a Lad Cent an out his v or rich	ses too? y's ear d that per wily parts Widows!	,	55
A L M	all himself Barr nd wooe in lang anguage, which fore rough than Curs'd be the	guage of Boreas forty G Wretch!	the Ple might to ermans so vens	as and Be o Auster I when the al and so	hold, ey scold	60
''] If W A G	altry and proud Is such a boun Peter deigns to That thanks, wh and what a solen Frave, as when I	ty as was help yo at praise nn face i Pris'ners	s never ou to yo , if Peto f he de shake t	known, our own or but sur nies! he head,	and swe	
	[was only Suret -tt-n] General					70 porter of
Walpole 40 Pris 64 Dri 66 Pet 70 Sur	ca] 1 e a sinner oury-lane] See Eper] Peter Walter, retyship] responsionent of a debt	of a bygor to Arbut	ne gener hnot, 41	ation n (p 599)		

His Office keeps your Parchment-Fates entire, He starves with cold to save them from the Fire, For you, he walks the streets thro' rain or dust, For not in Chariots Peter puts his trust, For you he sweats and labours at the Laws, Takes God to witness he affects your Cause, And lyes to every Lord in every thing, Like a King's Favourite—or like a King	75
These are the talents that adorn them all, From wicked Waters ev'n to godly — Not more of Simony beneath black Gowns,	80
Nor more of Bastardy'in heirs to Crowns In shillings and in pence at first they deal, And steal so little, few perceive they steal, Till like the Sea, they compass all the land, From Scots to Wight, from Mount to Dover strand And when rank Widows purchase luscious nights,	85
Or when a Duke to Jansen punts at White's, Or City heir in mortgage melts away, Satan himself feels far less joy than they Piecemeal they win this Acre first, then that, Glain on, and gather up the whole Estate	90
Then strongly fencing ill-got wealth by law, Indentures, Cov'nants, Articles they draw, Large as the Fields themselves, and larger far Than Civil Codes, with all their glosses, are So vast, our new Divines, we must confess, Are Fathers of the Church for writing less	95
But let them write for You, each Rogue impairs The Deeds, and dextrously omits, ses Heires No Commentator can more slily pass O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place, Or, in Quotation, shrewd Divines leave out	100
Those words, that would against them clear the doubt So Luther thought the Paternoster long,	105

80 Waters] 1 e Peter Walter See p 577, l 125n godly—] Paul Foley, according to Lord Orrery Macaulay describes him as a lawyer of 'spotless integrity and munificent charity' But can Pope have had in mind a man who died so far back as 1699' 88 a Duke] Wriothesley Russell, third Duke of Bedford who on Nov 27, 1731 lost £3,800 to Janssen after playing for twenty-five hours

White's] A chocolate-house in St James's Street converted into a private club, and notorious as a gaming-house a resort of 'infamous sharpers and noble cullies' See further Moral Es 111 67, Dunciad, B 1 203

When doom'd to say his Beads and Evensong But having cast his Cowle, and left those laws, Adds to Christ's prayer, the Pow'r and Glory clause The Lands are bought, but where are to be found Those ancient Woods, that shaded all the ground? IIO We see no new-built Palaces aspire. No Kitchens emulate that Vestal Fire Where are those Troops of poor, that throng'd of vore The good old Landlord's hospitable door? Well, I could wish, that still in lordly domes 115 Some beasts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs, That both Extremes were banish'd from their walls, Carthusian Fasts, and fulsome Bacchanals. And all mankind might that just mean observe, In which none e'er could surfeit, none could starve 120 These, as good works 'tis true we all allow, But oh! these works are not in fashion now Like rich old Wardrobes, things extremely rare, Extremely fine, but what no man will wear Thus much I've said, I trust without offence, 125 Let no Court-Sycophant pervert my sense, Nor sly Informer watch these words to draw Within the reach of Treason, or the Law

108 Pow r and Glory clause] The power and glory clause', which is not found in the Vulgate, was taken by Erasmus (1516) from all the Greek codices, and passed into Luther's (1521) and most Reformed versions

The Fourth Saure of Dr John Donne, Dean of St Paul's, Versifyed

[written 1713, revised and published 1733]

Quid retat, ut nosmet Lucili scripta legentes Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negarit Versiculos natura magis factos, & euntes Mollius? HOR [Sat I x 56-9]

Well, if it be my time to quit the Stage, Adieu to all the Follies of the Age! I die in Charity with Fool and Knave, Secure of Peace at least beyond the Grave I've had my *Purgatory* here betimes, And paid for all my Satires, all my Rhymes

The Poet's Hell, its Tortures, Fiends and Flames,	
To this were Trifles, Toys, and empty Names	
With foolish Pride my Heart was never fir'd,	
Nor the vain Itch t'admire, or be admir'd,	10
I hop'd for no Commission from his Grace,	
I bought no Benefice, I begg'd no Place,	
Had no new Verses, or new Gunt to show,	
Yet went to COURT !—the Dev'l wou'd have it so	
But, as the Fool, that in reforming Days	15
Wou'd go to Mass in jest, (as Story says)	-
Could not but think, to pay his Fine was odd,	
Since 'twas no form'd Design of serving God	
So was I punish'd, as if full as proud,	
As prone to Ill, as negligent of Good,	20
As deep in Debt, without a thought to pay,	
As vain, as idle, and as false, as they	
Who hve at Court, for going once that Way!	
Scarce was I enter'd, when behold! there came	
A Thing which Adam had been pos'd to name,	25
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,	_
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark	
A verier Monster than on Africk's Shore	
The Sun e're got, or slimy Nilus bore,	
Or Sloane, or Woodward's wondrous Shelves contain,	30
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign	
The Watch would hardly let him pass at noon,	
At night, wou'd swear him dropt out of the moon,	
One whom the mob, when next we find or make	
A Popish plot, shall for a Jesuit take,	35
And the wise Justice starting from his chair	
Cry, by your Priesthood tell me what you are?	
Such was the Wight Th' apparel on his back	
Tho' coarse was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black	
The suit, if by the fashion one might guess,	40
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen Bess,	
But mere tuff-taffety what now remained,	
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!	
Our sons shall see it leisurely decay,	
First turn plain rash, then vanish quite away	45
This Thing has travell'd, speaks each Language too,	

³⁰ The two rival collections of natural curiosities Sloane's is now in the custody of the British Museum, Woodward's forms the nucleus of the Woodwardian Museum at Cambridge
45 rash] a smooth textile fabric made of silk or worsted

And knows what's fit for ev'ry State to do, Of whose best Phrase and courtly Accent join'd,	
He forms one Tongue exotic and refin'd	
Talkers, I've learn'd to bear, Motteux I knew,	50
Henley himself I've heard, nay Budgel too	
The Doctor's Wormwood Style, the Hash of Tongues,	
A Pedant makes, the Storm of Gonson's Lungs,	
The whole Artill'ry of the Terms of War,	
And (all those Plagues in one) the bawling Bar,	55
These I cou'd bear, but not a Rogue so civil,	
Whose Tongue can complement you to the Devil	
A Tongue that can cheat Widows, cancel Scores,	
Make Scots speak Treason, cozen subtlest Whores,	
With Royal Favourites in Flatt'ry vie,	60
And Oldmixon and Burnet both out-lie	
He spies me out I whisper, gracious God!	
What Sin of mine cou'd merit such a Rod?	
That all the Shot of Dulness now must be	
From this thy Blunderbuss discharg'd on me!	65
'Permit (he cries) no stranger to your fame	•
To crave your sentiment, if —'s your name	
What Speech esteem you most?'—'The King's,' said I,	
'But the best Words "-'O Sir, the Dictionary'	
'You miss my aim, I mean the most acute	70
And perfect Speaker '-'Onslow, past dispute'	-
'But Sir, of Writers'—'Swift, for closer Style,	
And Ho—y for a Period of a Mile'	
'Why yes, 'tis granted, these indeed may pass	
Good common Linguists, and so Panurge was	75
Nay troth, th'Apostles, (tho' perhaps too rough)	
Had once a pretty Gift of Tongues enough	
Yet these were all poor Gentlemen! I dare	
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were'	
Thus others Talents having nicely shown,	80
He came by sure Transition to his own	
Till I cry'd out, 'You prove yourself so able,	
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel	

⁶¹ See Ep to Arbuthnot, 146n But perhaps Burnet, in this context, is the Bishop of Salisbury whose History of his own Times had given offence

⁷² closer] 1 e more concise

⁷³ As a controversial writer Bishop Hoadly possessed uncommon talents, but he extended his periods to a disagreeable length See also Dunciad A 11 368 (Pope's note, p 399)
75 For Panurge's fluency in languages see Rabelais, Book 11, Ch 1x
83 Druggerman] A variant of dragoman, an interpreter

For had they found a Linguist half so good,	
I make no question but the Tow'r had stood'	85
'Obliging Sir! for Courts you sure were made	-
Why then for ever buried in the shade?	
Spirits like you, believe me, shou'd be seen,	
The King would smile on you—at least the Queen?'	
'Ah gentle Sır' you Courtie's so cajol us—	90
But Tully has it, Nunquam minus solus	
But as for Courts, forgive me if I say,	
No Lessons now are taught the Spartan way	
Tho' in his Pictures Lust be full display'd,	
Few are the Converts Aretine has made,	95
And tho' the Court show Vice exceeding clear,	,,,
None shou'd, by my Advice, learn Virtue there'	
At this, entranc'd, he lifts his Hands and Eyes,	
Squeaks like a high-stretch'd Lutestring, and replies	
'Oh 'tis the sweetest of all earthly things	100
To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!'	
'Then happy Man who shows the Tombs' said I,	
'He dwells amidst the Royal Family,	
He, ev'ry Day, from King to King can walk,	
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,	105
And get by speaking Truth of Monarchs dead,	
What few can of the living, Ease and Bread'	
'Lord' Sir, a meer Mechanick' strangely low,	
And coarse of Phrase—your English all are so	
How elegant your Frenchman?—'Mine, d'ye mean?	IIO
I have but one, I hope the Fellow's clean'	
'Oh! Sir, politely so! nay, let me dye,	
Your only wearing is your Padua-soy'	
'Not Sir, my only—I have better still,	
And this, you see, is but my Dishabille—'	115
Wild to get loose, his Patience I provoke,	
Mistake, confound, object, at all he spoke	
But as coarse Iron, sharpen'd, mangles more,	
And Itch most hurts, when anger'd to a Sore,	
So when you plague a Fool, 'tis still the Curse,	120
You only make the Matter worse and worse	
He past it o'er, affects an easy Smile	
At all my Peevishness, and turns his Style	
He asks, 'What News' I tell him of new Plays,	

⁹⁵ Pietro Aietino wrote some lascivious sonnets (1523) to accompany drawings by Giulio Romano
113 Padua-soy] A strong corded silk fibric

SATIRES OF DR JOHN DONNE IV	683
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas He hears, and as a Still, with Simples in it, Between each Drop it gives, stays half a Minute, Loth to enrich me with too quick Replies, By little, and by little, drops his Lies	125
Meer Houshold Trash! of Birth-Nights, Balls and Sh	iows,
More than ten Holingsheds, or Halls, or Stows	131
When the Queen frown'd, or smil'd, he knows, and	what
A subtle Minister may make of that?	
Who sins with whom? who got his Pension Rug,	
Or quicken'd a Reversion by a Drug?	135
Whose Place is quarter'd out, three Parts in four,	
And whether to a Bishop, or a Whore?	
Who, having lost his Credit, pawn'd his Rent,	
Is therefore fit to have a Government?	
Who in the Secret, deals in Stocks secure,	140
And cheats th'unknowing Widow, and the Poor?	
Who makes a Trust, or Charity, a Job,	
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob?	
Why Turnpikes rise, and now no Cit, nor Clown	
Can gratis see the Country, or the Town?	145
Shortly no Lad shall <i>chuck</i> , or Lady <i>vole</i> ,	
But some excising Courtier will have Toll	
He tells what Strumpet Places sells for Life,	
What 'Squire his Lands, what Citizen his Wife?	
And last (which proves him wiser still than all)	150
What Lady's Face is not a whited Wall?	

10-

125 Eunuchs] see Ep 1 1 105 Harlequins] a part in eighteenth-century pantomime, frequently played at this time by Rich, the theatrical impresario

130 Birth-Nights] the splendid celebrations on royal birthdays

131 Holinshed s *Chronicles* was published in 1578, Hall's in 1542, for Stow see Γp II 1 66n (p. 637) They chronicle trifling events along with events of greater importance

132 the Queen] Donne referred to the reigning monarch, but Pope in following him implied that though George II reigned it was Queen

Caroline who ruled

134 Rug] 1 e safe

142 Pope refers to the scandal of the Charitable Coiporation, founded in 1730 to lend money to the Poor Complaints began to be made in 1731, and in 1732 the directors were found guilty of embezzlement See Pope's note to Moral Es 111 102 (p 576)

144 The turnpike system of exacting toll from travellers for road repairs was started in Charles II s reign, but it made little headway against

popular feeling until the middle of the eighteenth century

146 chuck] play at chuck-farthing

vole] win all the tricks at ombre or quadrille 147 excising see Sat II ii 134n (p 622)

As one of Woodward's Patients, sick and sore,	
I puke, I nauseate,—yet he thrusts in more,	
Trims Europe's Balance, tops the Statesman's part,	
And talks Gazettes and Post-Boys o'er by heart	155
Like a big Wife at sight of loathsome Meat,	-55
Ready to cast, I yawn, I sigh, and sweat	
Then as a licens'd Spy, wFom nothing can	
Silence, or hurt, he libels the Great Man,	
Swears every Place entail'd for Years to come,	160
In sure Succession to the Day of Doom	
He names the Price for ev'ry Office paid,	
And says our Wars'thrive ill, because delay'd,	
Nay hints, 'tis by Connivance of the Court,	
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's still a Port	165
Not more Amazement seiz'd on Circe's Guests,	-0)
To see themselves fall endlong into Beasts,	
Than mine, to find a Subject staid and wise,	
Already half turn'd Traytor by surprize	
I fear'd th'Infection slide from him to me,	170
As in the Pox, some give it, to get free,	-,0
And quick to swallow me, methought I saw	
One of our Giant Statutes ope its Jaw!	
In that nice Moment, as another Lye	
Stood just a-tilt, the Minister came by	175
Away he flies He bows, and bows again,	- /3
And close as <i>Umbra</i> joins the dirty Train	
Not Fannus self more impudently near	
THOU I difficult soil more impudently field	

152 Woodward's practice of administering emetics to his patients was a fruitful source of contemporary jest and controversy

155 The London Gazette has been in circulation since 1665, The Post Boy started in 1695, and continued as The Daily Post Boy from 1728 till 1735

159 the Great Man Walpole See Dia 126n The courtier confirms all the charges brought against Walpole's government by the opposition 162. It was common knowledge that Walpole bribed extensively

163 Walpole's policy of avoiding European wars was constantly criticized by the Opposition, who feared that the unchecked growth of French power would be a menace to English liberties

165 Complaints at the seizure of English merchant ships by Spanish guarda-costas which led to the War of Jenkin's Ear (1739) See Dia 118n

Dunkirk] Under the Treaty of Utrecht (1712) France was to demolish the fortifications of Dunkirk, a port from which privateers attacked English shipping The harbour was believed to be under repair at this time

175 A cask full of his lies is tilted up, and one is ready to flow over

178 Fannus self Lord Hervey Cf Ep to Arbuthnot, il 319, 356 Donne 1 169 A Show of the Italian Gardens in Waxwork, in the time of King James the First [P]

SATIRES OF DR JOHN DONNE IV	685
When half his Nose is in his Patron's Ear I quak'd at heart, and still afraid to see All the Court fill'd with stranger things than he, Ran out as fast, as one that pays his Bail, And dreads more Actions, hurries from a Jail	180
Bear me, some God! oh quickly bear me hence To wholesome Solitude, the Nurse of Sense Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled Wings, And the free Soul looks down to pity Kings There sober Thought pursu'd th'amusing theme	185
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream A Vision Hermits can to Hell transport, And force ev'n me to see the Damn'd at Court Not Dante dreaming all th' Infernal State, Beheld such Scenes of Envy, Sin, and Hate Base Fear becomes the Guilty, not the Free,	190
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but suits not me Shall I, the Terror of this sinful Town, Care, if a livery'd Lord or smile or frown? Who cannot flatter, and detest who can, Tremble before a noble Serving-Man?	195
O my fair Mistress, Truth! Shall I quit thee For huffing, braggart, puft Nobility? Thou, who since Yesterday, hast roll'd o'er all The busy, idle Blockheads of the Ball, Hast thou, O Sun! beheld an emptier sort,	200
Than such as swell this Bladder of a Court? Now pox on those who shew a Court in Wax! It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs. Such painted Puppets, such a varnish'd Race Of hollow Gewgaws, only Dress and Face,	205
Such waxen Noses, stately, staring things, No wonder some Folks bow, and think them Kings See! where the British Youth, engag'd no more At Fig's at White's, with Felons, or a Whore, Pay their last Duty to the Court, and come	210
All fresh and fragrant, to the Drawing-Room	215

206 A famous Show of the COURT of FRANCE in Waxwork [P] 213 Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility receiv'd instruction in those days Wintes was a noted gaming-house It was also customary for the nobility and gentry to visit the condemned criminals in Newgate [P] For Whites see Imit Donne, ii 88n

In Hues as gay, and Odours as divine, As the fair Fields they sold to look so fine 'That's Velvet for a King' the Flattr'er swears, 'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's Our Court may justly to our Stage give Rules, That helps it both to Fool's-Coats and to Fools And why not Players strue n Courtiers Cloaths? For these are Actors too, as well as those	220
Wants reach all States, they beg but better drest, And all is splendid Poverty at best Painted for sight, and essenc'd for the smell, Like Frigates fraught with Spice and Cochine'l, Sail in the Ladies How each Pyrate eyes So weak a Vessel, and so rich a Prize!	225
Top-gallant he, and she in all her Trim, He boarding her, she striking sail to him 'Dear Countess! you have Charms all Hearts to hit!' And 'sweet Sir Fopling! you have so much wit!' Such Wits and Beauties are not prais'd for nought,	230
For both the Beauty and the Wit are bought 'Twou'd burst ev'n Heraclitus with the Spleen, To see those Anticks, Fopling and Courtin The Presence seems, with things so richly odd, The Mosque of Mahound, or some queer Pa-god	235
See them survey their Limbs by Durer's Rules, Of all Beau-kind the best proportion'd Fools! Adjust their Cloaths, and to Confession draw Those venial sins, an Atom, or a Straw But oh! what Teriors must distract the Soul,	240
Convicted of that mortal Crime, a Hole! Or should one Pound of Powder less bespread Those Monkey-Tails that wag behind their Head! Thus finish'd and corrected to a hair, They march, to prate their Hour before the Fair,	245
So first to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes, With Band of Lily, and with Cheek of Rose, Sweeter than <i>Sharon</i> , in immaculate trim, Neatness itself impertinent in him	250

²¹⁹ Cf Ep II 1 332 233 Sir Fopling Flutter appears in Etherege's The Man of Mode (1676) 236 Even Heraclitus, the weeping philosopher', would burst his

spleen with laughter (a common expression) at these antics

²³⁸ Presence] presence-chamber

²⁴⁰ Durer's Rules] Durer's Vier bucher von menschlicher Proportion (1528)

SATIRES OF DR JOHN DONNE IV	687
Let but the Ladies smile, and they are blest, Prodigious! how the Things Protest, Protest Peace, Fools! or Gonson will for Papists seize you, If once he catch you at your Jesu!	255
Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his Brother, Just as one Beauty mortafies another But here's the <i>Captail</i> , that will plague them both, Whose Air cries Arm! whose very Look's an Oath Tho' his Soul's Bullet, and his Body Buff!	260
Damn him, he's honest, Sir,—and that's enuff He spits fore-right, his haughty Chest before, Like batt'ring Rams, beats often ev'ry Door, And with a Face as red, and as awry, As Herod's Hang-dogs in old Tapestry,	265
Scarecrow to Boys, the breeding Woman's curse, Has yet a strange Ambition to look worse Confounds the Civil, keeps the Rude in awe, Jests like a licens'd Fool, commands like Law Frighted, I quit the Room, but leave it so,	270
As Men from Jayls to Execution go, For hung with Deadly Sins I see the Wall, And lin'd with Giants, deadlier than 'em all Each Man an Ascapart, of Strength to toss For Quoits, both Temple-Bar and Charing-Cross	275
Scar'd at the grizly Forms, I sweat, I fly, And shake all o'er, like a discover'd Spy Courts are too much for Wits so weak as mine, Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine! From such alone the Great Rebukes endure,	280
Whose Satyr's sacred, and whose Rage secure 'Tis mine to wash a few slight Stains, but theirs To deluge Sin, and drown a Court in Tears Howe'er, what's now Apocrypha, my Wit, In time to come, may pass for Holy Writ	285

276 Ascapart] A Giant famous in Romances [P] He was said to have been defeated by Sir Bevis of Southampton

²⁶⁷ Cf E on C 1 587
275 The Room hung with Tapestry, now very antient, representing the Seven Deadly Sins [P] Pope refers to the early sixteenth-century Flemish tapestries, bought by Wolsey for the Legate's chaumbre at Hampton Courte' in 1522, which now hang in the Great Watching Chamber there

Epilogue to the Satires

Written in 1738 [published 1738]

DIALOGUE I

Fr Not twice a twelvemo ith you appear in Print, And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't You grow correct that once with Rapture writ, And are, besides, too Moral for a Wit Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel-5 Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal? 'Tis all from Horace Horace long before ye Said, 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory' And taught his Romans, in much better metre, 'To laugh at Fools who put their trust in Peter' 10 But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice. Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown, Blunt could do Bus'ness, H-ggins knew the Town, In Sappho touch the Failing of the Sex, 15 In rev'rend Bishops note some small Neglects, And own, the Spaniard did a waggish thing, Who cropt our Ears, and sent them to the King His sly, polite, insinuating stile Could please at Court, and make AUGUSTUS smile 20

Iff These two lines are from Horace $\langle Sat \text{ IIIII} \text{ I}-4 \rangle$, and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem, being meant to give a hindle to that which follows in the character of an impertinent Censurer,

'Tis all from Horace etc [P]

8 Quoted from Sat II 1 68

10 Quoted with a slight alteration from Sat II 1 40

12 Bubo] Some guilty person very fond of making such an observation [P] Bubb Dodington, see 1 68 and Ep to Arbuthnot, 280 (p 607)

13 Sir Billy] Yonge See Ep to Arbuthnot, 280n

14 Blunt] Director of the South Sea Company See Moral Es 111 135n H—ggms] Formerly Jaylor of the Fleet prison, enriched himself by many exactions, for which he was tried and expelled [P] During his trial Huggins called several gentry to testify to his character, thus showing that he knew the town'

15 Sappho] see Sat II 183

18 cropt our Ears] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spanish ship on one Jenkins a Captain of an English one He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his master [P]

Jenkins's ear was said to have been cut off on April 9, 1731, but it was not until March, 1737-8, two months before this poem was published,

that Jenkins appeared before the House of Commons

An artful Manager, that crept between
His Friend and Shame, and was a kind of Screen
But 'faith your very Friends will soon be sore,
Patriots there are, who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a Groat
Go see Sir ROBERT-3-

P See Sir Robert !--hum--

And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleasure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r,
Seen him, uncumber'd with'the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind
Come, come, at all I laugh He laughs, no doubt,
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out

F Why yes with Scripture still you may be free, A Horse-laugh, if you please, at Honesty, A Joke on JEKYL, or some odd Old Whig, Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig 40

22 His Friend &c]

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico Tangit & admissus circum præcoi dia ludit

(Persius, Sat 1 116) [P]

Screen A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain person in power [P] A reference to Walpole's policy of opposing all Parliamentary enquiries into public frauds

24 Patriots] This appelation was generally given to those in opposition to the Court Though some of them (which our author hints at) had views

too mean and interested to deserve that name [P]

26 The Great man] A phrase, by common use, appropriated to the first

minister [P]

27-36 Walpole owed this back-handed compliment to his having used his influence with Fleury to procure an Abbey at Avignon for Southcote, who had been the means of saving Pope's life when he was a young man

31 These two verses were originally in the poem, though omitted in all

the first editions [P]

34 Alluding to the political maxim attributed to him, All men have their price, a perversion of his comment upon certain declamatory

'patriots' All those men have their price

39 Jekyl Sir Joseph Jekyl, Master of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmost probity He sometimes voted against the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here described of ONE (Walpole) who bestowed it equally upon Religion and Honesty He died a few months after the publication of this poem [P]

40 or Wig] Alluding to the change of fashion in periwigs from full-

bottomed to tie-wigs

A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age, Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage These nothing hurts, they keep their Fashion still. And wear their strange old Virtue as they will

If any ask you, 'Who's the Man, so near	45
His Prince, that writes in Verse, and has his Ear?	
Why answer LYTTELTON, and I'll engage	
The worthy Youth shall ne'er be in a rage	
But were his Verses vile, his Whisper base,	
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case	50
Sejanus, Wolsey, hurt not honest FLEURY,	•
But well may put some Statesmen in a fury	

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes, These you but anger, and you mend not those Laugh at your Friends, and if your Friends are sore, 55 So much the better, you may laugh the more To Vice and Folly to confine the jest, Sets half the World, God knows, against the rest, Did not the Sneer of more impartial men At Sense and Virtue, balance all agen 60 Judicious Wits spread wide the Ridicule, And charitably comfort Knave and Fool

P Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth Adieu Distinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth! Come harmless Characters that no one hit, 65 Come Henley's Oratory, Osborn's Wit! The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue, The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y-ng!

42 This reflects upon the act carried in the previous year (1737), which provided that no play could be publicly acted without the licence of the Lord Chamberlain

47 George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, distinguished both for his writings and speeches in the spirit of Liberty [P]

50 Lord Fanny] Hervey See Ep to Arbuthnot, ll 319, 356, 357

51 Sejanus, Wolsey The one the wicked minister of Tiberius, the other, of Henry VIII The writers against the Court usually bestowed these and other odious names on the Minister, without distinction, and in the most injurious manner See Dial II v 137 [P]
Fleury] Cardinal and Minister to Louis XV It was a Patriot-fashion,

at that time, to cry up his wisdom and honesty [P]

66 Henley Osborn] See them in their places in the Dunciad (B iii 199, 11 312, pp 759, 747 [P]

68 Bubb Dodington and Sir W Yonge Cf Ep to Arbutl not, 1 280

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES DIA I	691
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence, And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Sense, That first was $H-vy$'s, $F-$'s next, and then The $S-$ te's, and then $H-vy$'s once agen	70
O come, that easy Ciceroman stile, So Latin, yet so English all the while, As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland, All Boys may read, and Girls may understand! Then might I sing without the least Offence,	75
And all I sung should be the Nation's Sense Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn, Hang the sad Verse on CAROLINA'S Urn, And hail her passage to the Realms of Rest, All Parts perform'd, and all her Children blest' So—Satire is no more—I feel it die— No Gazeteer more innocent than I!	80
And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave Be grac'd thro' Life, and flatter'd in his Grave F Why so? if Satire know its Time and Place,	85
You still may lash the Greatest—in Disgrace For Merit will by turns forsake them all, Would you know when exactly when they fall But let all Satire in all Changes spare Immortal S—k, and grave De—re!	90

69 Alludes to some court sermons and florid panegyrical speeches, particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries which afterwards got into an address in the same pretty style, and was lastly served up in an Fpitaph, between Latin and English, published by its author [P] Henry Fox moved the address of condolence on the Queen's death's sent by the Commons to the King on January 24, 1737–8 Pope evidently believed (1 71) that Hervey wrote Fox's speech. It became 'The Se[na]te's' on its acceptance by the Commons. It was afterwards served up again in Hervey's Litin epitiph.

73-5 Pope rufers to Hervey's Latin epitaph on the Queen, and hints that Middleton, author of the Life of Cicero, and Bland, Provost of Eton,

collaborated to write it for him

78 Nation's Sense] The cant of politics at that time

80 Carolina] Queen consort to King George II She died in 1737 Her death gave occasion, as is observed above, to many indiscreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whose last moments manifested the utmost courage and resolution [P]

82 Contemporary gossip reported that the Queen had died without taking the last sacrament and without being reconciled to the Prince of

Wales

84 Gazeteer] a journalist appointed and paid by the government

92 S—k De—re] A title given that Lord (Selkirk) by King James II He was of the Bedchamber to King William, he was so to King

Silent and soft, as Saints remove to Heav'n, All Tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n, These, may some gentle, ministerial Wing 95 Receive, and place for ever near a King! There, where no Passion, Pride, or Shame transport, Lull'd with the sweet Nepenthe of a Court. There, where no Father's Brother's, Friend's Disgrace Once break their Rest, or stir them from their Place. But past the Sense of human Miseries. All Tears are wip'd for ever from all Eyes, No Cheek is known to blush, no Heart to throb, Save when they lose a Question, or a Job

P Good Heav'n forbid, that I shou'd blast their Glory, Who know how like Whig-Ministers to Tory, And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be vext, Consid'ring what a Gracious Prince was next Have I in silent wonder seen such things As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings, IIO And at a Peer, or Peeress shall I fret, Who starves a Sister, or forswears a Debt? Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast, But shall the Dignity of Vice be lost? Ye Gods! shall Cibber's Son, without rebuke II5 Swear like a Lord? or a Rich out-whore a Duke? A Fav'rite's Porter with his Master vie. Be brib'd as often, and as often lie? Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Statesman's skill? Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will? 120 Is it for Bond or Peter (paltry Things!) To pay their Debts or keep their Faith like Kings? If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man,

104 lose a Question] i e when they have a motion or proposal rejected by parliament

112 Lady Mary See Sob Adv 21, 53n (pp 668-9)

110-21 Ward BondPeter] See Moral Es 111 20, Japhet 88, 102, 125

George I, he was so to King George II This Lord (De La Warr) was very skilful in all the forms of the House, in which he discharged himself with great gravity [P]

¹¹⁵ Cibber's Son Rich] Two Players look for them in the Dunciad (Biii 142, 261, pp 756, 761) [P]

¹²⁰ pocket Will Pope alludes here and in 1 122 to Archbishop Wake's action in handing George I's will to his son, who suppressed it 123 Blount] Author of an impious and foolish Book called The Oracles

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES DIA 1	693
And so may'st Thou, Illustrious Passeran! But shall a Printer, weary of his life, Learn from their Books to hang himself and Wife? This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear, Vice thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care, This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin, And hurls the Thund ar of the Laws on Gin	125
Let modest Foster, if he will, excell Ten Metropolitans in preaching well, A simple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife, Out-do Landaffe, in Doctrine—yea, in Life, Let humble Allen, with an aukward Shame, Do good by stealth, and blush to find it Fame Virtue may chuse the high or low Degree, 'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me,	135
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King, She's still the same, belov'd, contented thing Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth, And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a Whore, Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more.	140
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess, Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless In golden Chains the willing World she draws, And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,	145

of Reason, who being in love with a near kinswoman of his, and rejected, gave himself a stab in the arm, as pretending to kill himself, of the consequence of which he really died [P]

124 Passeran] Author of another, called a Philosophical Discourse on

Death [P]

125 a Printer] A Fact that happened in London a few years past The unhappy man left behind him a paper justifying his action by the reasonings of some of these authors [P]

130 Gm] A spirituous liquor, the exorbitant use of which had almost destroyed the lowest rank of the People till it was restrained by an act of

Parliament in 1736 [P]

131 James Foster (1697-1753), a popular Anabaptist preacher

133 a Quaker's Wife Mary Drummond, sister, not wife, of George Drummond the able Lord Provost of Edinburgh

134 Landaffe] A poor Bishoprick in Wales, as poorly supplied [P] The bishop was John Harris In 1699 the see of Llandaff was worth

£230 p a

141 ff An elaborate allusion to Molly Skerrett, long the mistress of Walpole, who married her in 1738

And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead!	150
Lo! at the Wheels of her Triumphal Car,	-
Old England's Genius, rough with many a Scar,	
Dragg'd in the Dust! his Arms hang idly round,	
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!	
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,	155
Before her dance, behind her crawl the Old!	
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,	
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!	
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,	
That 'Not to be corrupted is the Shame'	160
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,	
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!	
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!	
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!	
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,	165
Are what ten thousand envy and adore	
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,	
On Crimes that scape, or triumph o'er the Law	
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—	
'Nothing is Sacred now but Villany'	170

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain) Show there was one who held it in disdain

150 carted] Carting, or exhibiting from a cart, was a punishment of prostitutes and procuresses

154 A sncer at Walpole's policy of peace at any price

Epilogue to the Satires

Written in 1738 [published 1738]

DIALOGUE II

Fr Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will say P Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may, And for that very cause I print to day How shou'd I fret, to mangle ev'ry line, In rev'rence to the Sins of Thirty-nine! Vice with such Giant-strides comes on amain,

5

I Paxton (d 1744) was the Treasury Solicitor, and was employed to read all new publications and report libels on the government to the Secretaries of State

2 Perhaps an allusion to the Playhouse Act (see Dia 1 42n) believed by the Opposition to be tending towards a restraint on the liberty of the press

Invention strives to be before in vain, Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong. Some rising Genius sins up to my Song F Yet none but you by Name the Guilty lash, IO Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a Dash Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice P How Sir! not damp the Sharper, but the Dice? Come on then Sature! gen'ral, unconfin'd, Spread thy broad wing, and sowze on all the Kind 15 Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all! Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall! Ye Rev'rend Atheists!—F Scandal! name them, Who? P Why that's the thing you bid me not to do Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt, 20 I never nam'd—the Town's enquiring yet The pois'ning Dame—Fr You mean—P I don't —FrYou do P See! now I keep the Secret, and not you The bribing Statesman—Fr Hold! too high you go P The brib'd Elector—Fr There you stoop too low 25 P I fain wou'd please you, if I knew with what Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not? Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown, Like Royal Harts, be never more run down? Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires, 30 As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires? Suppose I censure—you know what I mean— To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean? Fr A Dean, Sir? no his Fortune is not made, You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade

10 by Name] I would indeed [manifest my disdain and abhorrence of vice in my writings] with more restrictions, and less personally, it is more agreeable to my nature, which those who know it not are greatly mistaken in But General Satire in Times of General Vice has no force, and is no Punishment People have ceas'd to be ashamed of it when so many are join d with them, and its only by hunting One or two from the Herd that any Examples can be made. If a man writ all his Life against the Collective Body of the Banditti, or against Lawyers would it do the least Good, or lessen the Body? But if some are hung up, or pilloryed, it may prevent others. And in my low Station, with no other Power than this, I hope to deter if not to reform 'Pope to Arbuthnot, Aug. 2, 1734

11 Guthry] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publishes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be so tender of their reputation, as to set down no more than the initials of their name [P]

¹⁵ sowzel used of a hawk, swooping down upon its prey

²⁰ Referring to Dia 1 112

²² The pois ning Dame] A reference to Sat II 1 81?

P If not the Tradesman who set up to day, Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,	
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched Wild,	
Or if a Court or Country's made a Job,	40
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob	
But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!	
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice	
Have you less Pity for the needy Cheat,	
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?	45
Alas' the small Discredit of a Bribe	
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe	
Then better sure it Charity becomes	
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums,	
Still better, Ministers, or if the thing	50
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King	
Fr Stop! stop!	
P Must Sature, then, nor rise nor fall?	
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all	
Fr Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow	
P Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago	55
Who now that obsolete Example fears?	
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears	
Fr What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad,	
You make men desp'rate if they once are bad	
Else might he take to Virtue some years hence—	60
P As S-k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE	
Fr Strange spleen to $S-k'$	
P Do I wrong the Man?	
God knows, I praise a Courtier where I can	
When I confess, there is who feels for Fame,	
And melts to Goodness, need I SCARBROW name?	65

39 Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at last caught in his own train and hanged <1725> [P] Wild had become synonymous with Walpole in political journalism

41 drench a Pick-pocket] Pickpockets were sometimes ducked and

sometimes pumped upon

49 Plums] see Sat II 1 103n (p 617)

57 Peter (Walter) had, the year before this, narrowly escaped the Pillory for forgery and got off with a severe rebuke only from the bench [P]

61 Lord Selkirk See Pope's note to Dia 1 92

Much as Selkirk hates the Prince now, he will love him when the Prince succeeds to the throne, because then it will pay him Similarly, not until it pays him will Peter love virtue

65 Scarbrow] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whose personal

Pleas'd let me own, in Esher's peaceful Grove (Where Kent and Nature vye for Pelham's Love) The Scene, the Master, opening to my view, I sit and dream I see my CRAGS anew! Ev'n in a Bishop I can spy Desert, 70 Secker is decent, Rundel has a Heart, Manners with Candour age to Benson giv'n, To Berkley, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n But does the Court a worthy Man remove? That instant, I declare, he has my Love 75 I shun his Zenith, court his mild Decline, Thus SOMMERS once, and HAPIFAX were mine Oft in the clear, still Mirrour of Retreat, I study'd SHREWSBURY, the wise and great CARLETON'S calm Sense, and STANHOPE'S noble Flame, 80 Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the same How pleasing ATTERBURY's softer hour! How shin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'i!

attachments to the king appeared from his steddy adherence to the royal interest, after his resignation of his great employment of Master of the Horse, and whose known honour and virtue made him esteemed by all parties [P]

66 The House and Gardens of Esher in Surrey, (designed by Kent) belonging to the Honourable Mr Pelham, Brother of the Duke of Newcastle The author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character than in comparing him to Mr Craggs [P]

71 decent] Pope intended to commend Secker's moderation, the most conspicuous truit in his character Secker was Bishop of Oxford, Rundle

of Derry, Benson of Gloucester, and Berkeley (the philosopher) of Cloyne 77 Sommers] John Lord Sommers died in 1716 He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III who took from him the seals in 1700 The author had the honour of knowing him in 1706 A faithful able, and incorrupt minister, who to the qualities of a consummate statesman, added those of a man of Learning and Politeness [P]

Halifax] A peer, no less distinguished by his love of letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was disgraced in 1710, on the Change of

Q Anne's ministry [P]

79 Shiewsbury] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewsbury, had been Secretary of state, Embassador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treasurer He several times quitted his employments, and was often recalled He died in 1718 [P]

80 Carleton] Hen Boyle, Lord Carleton (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle) who was Secretary of state under William III and President of the Council under Q Anne [P] Pope's memory played him false about

Carleton s official posts

Stanhope] James Earl Stanhope A Nobleman of equal courage, spirit,

and learning General in Spain, and Secretary of state [P]

83 Bishop Atterbury was imprisoned in the Tower for treasonable correspondence with the Pretender Pope gave evidence at his trial (1723)

How can I Pult'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,	
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit	85
ARGYLE, the State's whole Thunder born to wield, And shake alike the Senate and the Field	
Or WYNDHAM, just to Freedom and the Throne,	
The Master of our Passions, and his own	
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,	90
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their	90
Train,	
And if yet higher the proud List should end,	
Still let me say! No Follower, but a Friend	
Yet think not Friendship only prompts my Lavs,	
I follow Virtue, where she shines, I praise,	95
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,	,,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver cast a Glory	
I never (to my sorrow I declare)	
Din'd with the Man of Ross, or my Lord May'r	
Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)	100
Have still a secret Byass to a Knave	
To find an honest man, I beat about,	
And fove him, court him, praise him, in or out	
Fr Then why so few commended?	
P Not so fierce,	
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verse But random Praise—the Task can ne'er be done,	105
Each Mother asks it for her Booby Son,	
Each Widow asks it for the Best of Men,	
Lacii widow asks it for the Dest Of Mich	

84 Two prominent members of the Parliamentary opposition

For him she weeps, and him she weds agen

88 Sir William Wandham Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a considerable figure, but since a much greater both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmost judgment and temper [P]

92 yet higher] An allusion to his friendship with Frederick, Prince of Wales

99 The Man of Ross] John Kyrle, the philanthropist, previously commended in Moral Es iii 250 ff (p 581)

My Lord May'r] Sir John Barnard [P] He was regarded as one of the greatest examples of private and public virtues that the age had produced

107 Perhaps a reference to the Duchess of Buckingham's request for an epitaph on her son See p 564
108 Each Widow] Perhaps a reference to Mrs John Knight who

begged an epitaph for her husband See p 823

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES DIA II	699
Praise cannot stoop, like Satire, to the Ground, The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd Enough for half the Greatest of these days	110
To 'scape my Censure, not expect my Praise	
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?	
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?	***
What RICHELIEU wanted, Louis scarce could gain,	115
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in vain	
No Pow'r the Muse's Friendship can command,	
No Pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand	
To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line,	120
O let my Country's Friends illumin mine!	120
—What are you thinking? Fr Faith, the thought's no	Sin.
I think your Friends are out, and would be in	J.11.5
P If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,	
The way they take is strangely round about	125
Fr They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?	5
P I only call those Knaves who are so now	
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—	
Spirit of Arnall ' aid me while I lye	
COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,	130
And LYTTLETON a dark, designing Knave,	
St JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—	
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,	
Has never made a Friend in private life,	
And was, besides, a Tyrant to his Wife	135
But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?	
Call Verres, Wolsey, any odious name?	
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine	
Oh All-accomplish'd St JOHN' deck thy Shrine?	
What? shall each spur-gall'd Hackney of the Day,	140
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,	

110 stoop] For the metaphor, see p 608, 1 341n

III The Number] Lat numerus, those who count as population and nothing beyond

¹²⁰ one honest line] Aen viii 670
130 Polwarth] The Hon Hugh Hume Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandson of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and distinguished, like them, in the cause of Liberty [P]

¹³⁵ Ironical Walpole paid no regard to his wife s infidelities
137 See Dia 151
138 Why rail they] The Daily Gazettee: the Government s paper, had complained, after the publication of Ep 11 that only Bolingbroke and other 'avowed Enemies to their Country are thought worthy of his Panegyrics'

	Or each new-pension'd Sycophant, pretend To break my Windows, if I treat a Friend,	
	Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt,	
	But 'twas my Guest at whom they threw the dirt'	145
	Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules	
	Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools,	
	Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said	
	His Saws are toothless, and his Hatchets Lead	
	It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day	150
	To see a Footman kick'd that took his pay	
	But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,	
	Knew one a Man of Hofour, one a Knave,	
	The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,	
	And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the rest	155
	Which not at present having time to do—	
	Fr Hold Sir! for God's-sake, where's th' Affront to yo	u >
	Against your worship when had $S-k$ writ?	
	Or P—ge pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?	
	Or grant, the Bard whose Distich all commend,	160
	[In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend]	
	To W—le guilty of some venial Sin,	
	What's that to you, who ne'er was out nor in?	
	The Priest whose Flattery be-dropt the Crown,	
	How hurt he you? he only stain'd the Gown	165
	And how did, pray, the Florid Youth offend	
	Whose Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?	
	P Faith it imports not much from whom it came	
	Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,	
	Since the whole House did afterwards the same	170
	Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford supply,	
	As Hog to Hog in Huts of Westphaly,	
14	3 break my Windows] Which was done when Bolingbroke	and
ath:	urst were one day dining with him at Twickenham	
7 5	O Viscomte de Turenne (1611-1647) Marchal of France The	~+~==

150 Viscomte de Turenne (1611-1675), Marshal of France The story is told by A M de Ramsay in his Histoire

158 Lord Selkirk See Dia 1 92n

159 P-ge] Judge Page, see Sat II 1 82

160 the Bard A verse taken out of a poem by (Dodington) to Sir

R W [P]

164 Spoken not of any particular priest, but of many priests [P] Spoken originally of Dr Alured Clarke, a protégé of Queen Caroline, who published An Essay Towards the Character of Her Late Majesty, and subsequently added this note on reflecting that the lines would also apply to Dr Gilbert, later Archbishop of York, who wept in the pulpit when preaching about the Queen by the King's command

166 This seems to allude to a complaint made v 71 of the preceding

Dialogue [P]

EPILOGUE TO THE SATIRES DIA II	70I
If one, thro' Nature's Bounty or his Lord's, Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords, From him the next receives it, thick or thin, As pure a Mess almost as it came in,	175
The blessed Benefit, not there confin'd, Drops to the third who nuzzles close behind, From tail to mouth, they feed, and they carouse, The last, full fairly gives it to the House Fr This filthy Simile, this beastly Line, Quite turns my Stomach—P So does Flatt'ry mine,	180
And all your Courtly Civet-Cats can vent, Perfume to you, to me is Excrement But hear me further — Japhet, 'tis agreed, Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read, In all the Courts of Pindus guiltless quite, But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write	185
And must no Egg in Japher's Face be thrown, Because the Deed he forg'd was not my own? Must never Patriot then declaim at Gin, Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?	190
No zealous Pastor blame a failing Spouse, Without a staring Reason on his Brows? And each Blasphemer quite escape the Rod, Because the insult's not on Man, but God? Ask you what Provocation I have had? The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad	195
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures, Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence, Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense, Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind, And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind	200
Fr You're strangely proud P So proud, I am no Slave So impudent, I own myself no Knave So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave Yes, I am proud, I must be proud to see Men not afraid of God, afraid of me	205

185 Japhet—Chartres] See the Epistle to Lord Bathurst [P] Moral Es 111 88, 20

¹⁸⁷ Pindus] a mountain in Thessaly associated with the Muses
191 See Dia 1130n

²⁰⁴ From Terence 'Homo sum humanı nıhıl a me alıenum puto' [P] Heautontimorumenos, 1 77

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne, Yet touch'd and sham'd by <i>Ridicule</i> alone	210
O sacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,	
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!	
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,	
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide	
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal,	215
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,	
To Virtue's Work provoke the tardy Hall,	
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall	
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,	
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,	220
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!	
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,	
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings,	
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,	225
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address	
When black Ambition stains a Publick Cause,	
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws, Not <i>Waller</i> 's Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,	
Nor Boileau turn the Feather to a Star	230
Not so, when diadem'd, with Rays divine,	
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Virtue's Shr	ine,
Her Priestless Muse forbids the Good to dye,	
And ope's the Temple of Eternity,	235
There other <i>Trophies</i> deck the truly Brave,	
Than such as Ansus casts into the Grave,	
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,	

218 the tardy Hall 1 c Westminster Hall, formuly the seat of the High Court of Justice, hence, the administration of Justice [OLD]

222 Cobwebs] Weak and slight sophistry against viitue and honour Thin colours over vice, as unable to hide the light of Truth, as cobwebs to shade the sun [P]

227 Address] the formal reply of the Lords or of the Commons to the

King's Speech at the opening of parliament

228 The case of Cromwell in the civil war of England, and (v 229) of Louis XIV in his conquest of the Low Countries [P]

230 Pope is referring Upon the late Storme, and of the death of his

Highnesse Ensuing the same (1659)

231 See his Ode on Namur, where (to use his own words) il a fait un Astre de la Plume blanche qui le Roy porte ordinairement a son Chapeau, & qui est en effet une espece de Comete, fatale a nos ennemis [P]

237 The chief Herald at Arms It is the custom, at the funeral of great peers, to cast into the grave the broken staves and ensigns of honour [P] 238 Perhaps George' and 'Frederick'

239 Starr] John Dalrymple Earl of Starr Knight of the Thistle, served in all the wars under the Duke of Mailborough, and afterwards as Embassador in France [P] Nothing is known of Lord Mordington except the start of the start

that his wife kept a public gaming house in Covent Garden
240 Dr John Hough Bishop of Worcester, and the Lord Digby The
one an assertor of the Church of England in opposition to the false
measures of King James II The other as firmly attached to the cause of
that King Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and
virtue [P]

245 Quoted from Temple of Fame 377

249 An allusion to the threatened censorship of the press

ver ult] This was the list poem of the kind printed by our author, with a resolution to publish no more, but to enter thus, in the most plain and solemn manner he could a sort of PROTEST against that insuperable corruption and deprivity of manners, which he had been so unhappy as to live to see Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued those attacks, but bad men were grown so shameless and so powerful, that Ridicule was become as unsafe as it was ineffectual The Poem raised him, as he knew it would, some enemies, but he had reason to be satisfied with the approbation of good men, and the testimony of his own conscience [P]

On receiving from the Right Hon the Lady Frances Shirley a Standish and Two Pens

[written c 1739, published 1751]

Yes, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Descend in all her sober charms,
'And take (she said, and smil'd serene)
Take at this hand celestial arms

'Secure the radiant weapons wield,
This golden lance shall guard Desert,
And if a Vice dares keep the field,
This steel shall stab it to the heart'

5

10

15

20

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell, Receiv'd the weapons of the sky, And dipt them in the sable Well, The fount of Fame or Infamy

'What well' what weapon' (Flavia cries)
A standish, steel and golden pen,
It came from Bertrand's, not the skies,
I gave it you to write again

'But, Friend, take heed whom you attack, You'll bring a House (I mean of Peers) Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black, L and all about your ears

Warburton published this poem as an appendix to the Epilogue to the Satires, for which Pope had been threatened with prosecution in the House of Lords 'On which', Warburton continues, 'with great resentment against his enemies, for not being willing to distinguish between Grave Epistles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a third Dialogue more severe and sublime than the first and second, which being so secret, matters were soon compromised. His enemies agreed to drop the prosecution, and he promised to leave the third Dialogue unfinished and suppressed. This affair occasioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more especially in the four last stanzas.

Title Lady Frances Shirley] (c 1706-78) Daughter of Lord Ferrers, whose widow was Pope's neighbour at Twickenham

14 standish an inkstand

15 Bertrand's] A famous toy-shop at Bath

19 Red, Blue, and Green] The ribbons of the orders of the Bath, the Garter, and the Thistle respectively

25

'You'd write as smooth again on glass, And run, on ivory, so glib, As not to stick at fool or ass, Nor stop at Flattery or Fib

'Atheman Queen' and sober charms'
I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't
'Tis Venus, Venus gives these arms,
In Dryden's Virgil see the print

'Come, if you'll be a quiet soul,

That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,

I'll list you in the harmless roll

Of those that sing of these poor eyes '

¹⁹ white and black] The spiritual Peers, who might have taken offence at Epil to Sat, 11 70

²⁰ L Carruthers conjectures 'Lambeth', and refers to the offence given by the allusion to Archbishop Wake in Epil to Sat, 1 120

²⁸ When she delivers Æneas a suit of heavenly armour Dryden's *l. ngil*, plate 79

On lying in the Earl of Rochester's Bed at Atterbury

[written c 1739, published 1739]

With no poetick ardors fir'd,

I press the bed where Wilmot lay
That here he lov'd, or here expir'd,
Begets no numbers grave or gay

But 'neath thy roof, Argyle, are bred Such thoughts, as prompt the brave to lie, Stretch'd forth in honour's nobler bed, Beneath a nobler roof, the sky

5

IO

Such flames, as high in patriots burn,
Yet stoop to bless a child or wife
And such as wicked kings may mourn,
When freedom is more dear than life

Title Rochester] John Wilmot, second Earl of Rochester (1647-80), the Restoration poet

5 Argyle] The original footnote ran 'Atterbury [now Adderbury] House formerly belonged to the witty Earl of Rochester but is now a Country Seat belonging to his Grace the Duke of Argyle

Verses on a Grotto by the River Thames at Twickenham, composed of Marbles, Spars, and Minerals

[written 1740, published 1741]

Thou who shalt stop, where Thames' translucent Wave Shines a broad Mirrour thro' the shadowy Cave, Where lingering Drops from Mineral Roofs distill, And pointed Crystals break the sparkling Rill, Unpolish'd Gemms no Ray on Pride bestow, 5 And latent Metals innocently glow Approach Great NATURE studiously behold! And eye the Mine without a Wish for Gold Approach But aweful! Lo th' Ægerian Grott, Where, nobly-pensive, ST JOHN sate and thought, 10 Where British Sighs from dying WYNDHAM stole, And the bright Flame was shot thro' MARCHMONT'S Soul Let such, such only, tread this sacred Floor, Who dare to love their Country, and be poor

9 Ægenan Grott] Egeria was one of the goddesses of prophecy who instructed Numa Pompilius

II Sir William Wyndham, the leader of the Hanover Tories, died on

17 July 1740

12 Hugh Hume Lord Polwarth, a prominent member of the Whig opposition to Walpole's government, had succeeded to his father's title as Earl of Marchmont on 27 February 1739/40

The Dunciad IN FOUR BOOKS

PRINTED ACCORDING TO THE COMPLETE
COPY FOUND IN THE YEAR 1742
WITH THE PROLEGOMENA OF SCRIBLERUS,
AND NOTES VARIORUM
To which are added
SEVERAL NOTES NOW FIRST PUBLISH'D,
THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS,
AND HIS DISSERTATION ON
THE HERO OF THE POEM

Tandem Phæbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat matus

[Book 4, written c 1741, published 1742] [Books 1-3 revised c 1741, published 1743]

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE READER

I have long had a design of giving some sort of Notes on the Works of this Poet Before I had the happiness of his acquaintance, I had written a Commentary on his Essay on Man, and have since finished another on the Essay on Criticism There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation but I still thought some additions were wanting (of a more serious kind) to the humorous Notes of Scriblerus, and even to those written by Mr Cleland, Dr Arbuthnot, and others I had lately the pleasure to pass some months with the Author in the Country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long desired, and favour me with his explanation of several passages in his Works It happen'd, that just at that juncture was published a ridiculous book1 against him, full of Personal Reflections which furnished him with a lucky opportunity of improving This Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted a more considerable Hero He was always sensible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it pass with the Hero it had, purely for want of a better, not entertaining the least expectation that such an one was reserved for

^{1 (}A Letter from Mr Cibber to Mr Pope 1742)

tms Post, as has since obtained the Laurel But since that had happened, he could no longer deny this justice either to him or the Dunciad

And yet I will venture to say, there was another motive which had still more weight with our Author. This person was one, who from every Folly (not to say Vice) of which another would be ashamed, has constantly derived a Vanity, and the efore was the man in the world who would least be hurt by it

 WW^1



BY AUTHORITY

By birtue of the Authority in Us bested by the Act for subjecting Poets to the power of a Licenser, we have revised this Piete, where finding the style and appellation of King to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of Tibbald, and apprehending the same may be deemed in some sort a Reflection on Majesty, or at least an insult on that Legal Authority which has bestowed on another person the Crown of Poesy We have ordered the said Pretender, Pseudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vanish, and evaporate out of this work 2 And do declare the said Throne of Poesy from henceforth to be abdicated and bacant unless duly and lawfully supplied by the Laureate lumself And it is hereby enacted, that no other person do presume to fill the same

OC Ch 3

¹ (Though Warburton, Pope's friend and literary executor, initialled this Advertisement, it was probably written by Pope)

² (Theobald still appears, however, at 1 133, 286, and 1n several of the notes)

³ (Intended to suggest the monogram of the Lord Cnamberlain, Charles, second Duke of Grafton)

Ma. tinus Scriblerus

Prolegomena and Illustrations

to the

Dunciad

WITH THE

HYPER-CRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS

DENNIS, REMARKS ON PR ARTHUR

(See p 324)

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER,

OCCASIONED BY THE FIRST CORRECT

EDITION OF THE DUNCIAD

(See pd 318-324)

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS

(See pp 325-343)

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS OF THE POEM See pp 343-349>

Ricardus Aristarchus of the Hero of the Poem

Of the Nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable share of judgment, dissertated But when he cometh to speak of the Person of the Hero fitted for such poem, in truth he miserably halts and hallucinates For, misled by one Monsieur Bossu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot tell what Phantom of a Hero, only raised up to support the Fable A putid conceit! As if Homer and Virgil, like modern Undertakers, who first build their house and then seek out for a tenant, had contrived the story of a War and a Wandering, before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas We shall therefore set our good brother and the world also right in this particular, by giving our word, that in the greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muse is to exalt Heroic Virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men, and consequently that the Poet's first thought must needs be turned upon a real subject meet for laud and celebration, not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, traly illustrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion. For this subject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an *Hero*, and put upon such action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muse ceases not here her Eagle-flight Sometimes. satisfied with the contemplation of these Suns of glory, she turneth downward on her wing, and darts like lightning on the Goose and Serpent kind For we may apply to the Muse in her various moods. what an ancient master of Wisdom affirmeth of the Gods in general Si Dii non irascurtur impiis et injustis, nec pios utique justosque diligunt. In rebus enim diversis, aut in uti anique partem moveri necesse est, aut in neutram Itaque qui bonos diligit, & malos odit, & qui malos non odit, nec bonos diligit Ouia & diligere bonos ex odio malorum venit, & malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit Which in the vernacular idiom may be thus interpreted 'If the Gods be not provoked at evil men, neither are they delighted with the good and just For contrary objects must either excite contrary affections, or no affections at all So that he who loveth good men, must at the same time hate the bad, and he who hateth not bad men, cannot love the good, because to love good men proceedeth from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from a tenderness to the good' From this delicacy of the Muse arose the little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic) and for this some notorious Vehicle of vice and folly was sought out, to make thereof an example An early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the Father of Epic poem himself affordeth us From him the practice descended to the Greek Dramatic poets, his offspring, who in the composition of their Tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a Satyric Tragedy Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down to us amongst the Tragedies of Euripides And what doth the reader think may be the subject? Why truly, and it is worth his observation, the unequal Contention of an old, dull, debauched, buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed Favourite of Minerya, who after having quietly born all the monster's obscene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce in punishing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excused, if for the future we consider the Epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our poem, as a complete Tetralogy, in which the last worthily holdeth the place or station of the satyric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our subject It hath been long, and alas for pity! still remaineth a question, whether the Hero of the greater Epic should be an honest man? or, as the French critics express it, un honnête hommea, but it never admitted of any doubt that the Hero of the little Epic should not be so Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may observe how much juster the Moral of that Poem must needs be, where so important a question is previously decided

But then it is not every Knave, nor (let me add) Fool, that is a fit subject for a Dunciad There must still exist some Analogy, if not Resemblance of Qualities, between the Heroes of the two Poems, and this in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the *Parody*, one of the liveliest graces of the little Epic Thus it being agreed that the constituent qualities of the greater Epic Hero, are *Wisdom*, *Bravery*, and *Love*, from whence springeth *heroic Virtue*, it followeth that those of the lesser Epic Hero, should be *Vanity*, *Impudence*, and *Debauchery*, from which rappy assemblage resulteth *heroic Dulness*, the never-dying subject of this our Poem

This being confessed, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true Wisdom, to seek its chief support and confidence within itself, and to place that support in the resources which proceed from a conscious rectitude of Will -And are the advantages of Varity, when arising to the heroic standard, at all short of this self-complacence? Nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? 'Let the world' (will such as one say) 'impute to me what Folly or weakness they please, but till Wisdom can give me something that will make me more heartily happy, I am content to be GAZED ATb' This we see is Vanity according to the heroic gage or measure, not that low and ignoble species which pretendeth to Virtues we have not, but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in those Vices which all the world know we have 'The world may ask (says he) why I make my follies publick? Why not? I have passed my time very pleasantly with theme' In short, there is no sort of Vanity such a Hero would scruple, but that which might go near to degrade him from his high station in this our Dunciad, namely, 'Whether it would not be Vanity in him, to take shame to himself for not being a wise mand?

Bravery, the second attribute of the true Hero, is Courage manifesting itself in every limb, while, in its correspondent virtue in the mock Hero, that Courage is all collected into the Face And

^{*} Si un Heros Poetique doit etre un honnete homme Bossu du Poeme Epique lib v ch 5

b Dedication to the Life of C C C Life, p 2 octavo Ed Life, ibid

as Power when drawn together, must needs be more strong than when dispersed, we generally find this kind of courage in so high and heroic a degree, that it insults not only Men, but Gods Mezentius is without doubt the bravest character in all the Æneis, but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blasphemy. And can we sav less of this brave man's, who having told us that he placed 'his Summum bonum in those follies, which he was not content barely to possess but would likewise glory in,' adds, 'If I am misguided,' TIS NATURE'S FAULT, and I follow HERe'. Nor can we be mistaken in making this happy quality a species of Courage, when we consider those illustrious marks of it, which made his Face 'more known (as he justly boasteth) than most in the kingdom,' and his Larguage to consist of what we must allow to be the most daring Figure of Speech, that which is taken from the Name of God

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true Hero's composition. is a mere bird of passage, or (as Shakespear calls it) summerteeming Lust, and evaporates in the heat of Youth, doubtless by that refinement it suffers in passing through those certain strainers which our Poet somewhere speaketh of But when it is let alone to work upon the Lees, it acquireth strength by Old age, and becometh a standing ornament to the little Epic It is true indeed, there is one objection to its fitness for such an use. For not only the Ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be so, even by Him who best knoweth its nature 'Don't you think (saith he) to say only a man has his Whore, ought to go for little or nothing? Because defendit numerus, take the first ten thousand men you meet, and I believe you would be no loser if you betted ten to one, that every single sinner of them, one with another, had been guilty of the same frailty! 'But here he seemeth not to have done himself justice The man is sure enough a Hero, who has his Lady at fourscore How doth his Modesty herein lessen the merit of a whole wellspent Life not taking to himself the commendation (which Horace accounted the greatest in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs, the same he was from the beginning,

— Servetur ad IMUM Qualis ab incepto processerat —

But let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth she was his own, and not his neighbour's Truly a commendable Continence! and such as Scipio himself must have applauded For how much Self-denial was necessary not to covet his Neighbour's whore? and what disorders must the coveting her have occasioned,

^e Life, p 23 octavo

Letter to Mr P p 46

in that Society, where (according to this Political Calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines?

We have now, as briefly as we could devise, gone through the three constituent Qualities of either Hero But it is not in any, or all of these, that Heroism properly or essentially resideth. It is a lucky result rather from the collision of these lively Qualities against one another. Thus, as from Wisdom, Bravery, and Love, ariseth Magnanimity, the object of Admiration, which is the aim of the greater Epic, so from Vanity, Impudence, and Debauchery springeth Buffoonry, the source of Ridicule, that 'laughing ornament,' as he well termeth its, of the little Epic

He is not ashamed (God forbid he ever should be ashamed!) of this Character, who deemeth, that not Reason but Risibility distinguisheth the human species from the brutal 'As Nature (saith this profound Philosopher) distinguished our species from the mute creation by our Risibility, her design MUST have been by that faculty as evidently to raise our HAPPINESS, as by OUR os sublime (OUR ERECTED FACES) to lift the dignity of our FORM above themh' All this considered, how complete a Hero must he be, as well as how happy a Man, whose Risibility lieth not barely in his muscles as in the common sort, but (as himself informeth us) in his very spirits? And whose Os sublime is not simply an erect face, but a Brazen head, as should seem by his comparing it with one of Iron, said to belong to the late king of Sweden!

But whatever personal qualities a Hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas shew us, that all those are of small avail, without the constant assistance of the Gods for the subversion and erection of Empires have never been judged the work of Man How greatly soever then we may esteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his personal prowess alone sufficient to restore the decayed empire of Dulness So weighty an atchievement must require the particular favour and protection of the GREAT who being the natural patrons and supporters of Letters, as the ancient Gods were of Troy, must first be drawn off and engaged in another Interest, before the total subversion of them can be accomplished To surmount, therefore, this last and greatest difficulty, we have in this excellent man a professed Favourite and Intimado of the Great And look of what force ancient Piety was to draw the Gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much stronger is modern Incense, to engage the Great in the party of Dulness

Thus have we essayed to pourtray or shadow out this noble Imp of Fame But now the impatient reader will be apt to say, if so many

g Letter to Mr P p 31 h Life, p 23, 24

¹ Letter, p 8

and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal shall suffice to bear this character? Ill hath he read, who sees not in every trace of this picture, that *individual*, ALL-ACCOMPLISHED PERSON, in whom these rare virtues and lucky circumstances have agreed to meet and concentre with the strongest lustre and fullest harmony

The good Scriblerus indeed, nay the World itself might be imposed on in the late spurious editions, by I can't tell what Shamhero, or Phantom But it was not so easy to impose on HIM whom this egregious error most of all concerned For no sooner had the fourth book laid open the high and swelling scene, but he recognized his own heroic Acts And when he came to the words,

Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines,

(though Laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any Associate or Consort in Empire) he ROAR'D (like a Lion) and VINDICATED HIS RIGHT OF FAME Indeed not without cause, he being there represented as fast asleep, so unbeseeming the eye of Empire, which, like that of Providence, should never slumber 'Hah! (saith he) fast asleep it seems! that's a little too strong Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me, but as seldom acleep as any foolk ' However, the injured Hero may comfort himself with this reflexion, that tho' it be sleep, yet it is not the sleep of death, but of immortality Here he will live at least, tho' not awake, and in no worse condition than many an enchanted Warrior before him The famous Durandarte, for instance, was, like him, cast into a long slumber by Meilin the British Bard and Necromancer and his example, for submitting to it with so good a grace, might be of use to our Hero For this disastrous knight being sorely pressed of driven to make his answer by several persons of quality, only replied with a sigh, Patience, and shuffle the cardsm

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the most sacred or perfect things either of Religion or Government, can escape the teeth or tongue of Envy, methinks I already hear these carpers objecting to the clear title of our Hero

'It would never (say they) have been esteemed sufficient to make an Hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one Empire, or Æneas pious enough to raise another, had they not been Goddess-born, and Princes bred What then did this Author mean, by erecting a Player instead of one of his Patrons, (a person never a hero even on the Stagen) to this dignity of Collegue in the empire of Dulness, and Atchiever of a work

k Letter, p 53 Letter, p 1

m Don Quixote, Part 11 Book 11 ch 22

that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leiden could entirely compass ?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a sufficient answer from the Roman historian, Fabium esse suæ quemque fortunæ Every man is the Smith of his own fortune The politic Florentine Nicholas Machiavel goeth still farther, and affirms that a man needs but to helieve himself a Hero to be one of the best 'Let him (saith he) but fancy himself capable of the highest things, and he will of course be able to atchieve them ' Laying this down as a principle, it will certainly and incontestably follow, that, if ever Hero was such a character, OURS is For if ever man thought himself such, OURS doth Hear how he constantly paragons himself, at one time to ALEXANDER the Great and CHARLES the XII of SWEDEN, for the excess and delicacy of his Ambitiono, to HENRY the IV of FRANCE, for honest Policyp, to the first BRUTUS, for love of Libertyq, and to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, for good Government while in power At another time, to the godlike Socrates, for his diversions and amusements, to HORACE, MONTAIGNE, and Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, for an elegant Vanity that makes them for ever read and admiredt, to TWO Lord CHANCELLORS, for Law, from whom, when confederate against him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence, and, to say all in 2 word, to the right reverend the Lord BISHOP of LONDON himself, in the art of writing pastoral lettersw

Nor did his Actions fall short of the sublimity of his Conceptions. In his early youth he met the Revolution at Nottingham² face to face, at a time when his betters contented themselves with following her [It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made so honourable mention in one of his immortal Odes] But he shone in Courts as well as Camps He was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution and was a gossip at her christening, with the Bishop and the ladies z

As to his *Birth*, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen God or Goddess, but, what is as good, he was descended from a *Maker* of both^a And that he did not pass himself on the world for a Hero, as well by bith as education, was his own fault For, his

[°] Life, p 149 ° P 424 ° P 366 ° P 457 ° P 18 ° P 425 ° P 436, 437 ° P 52 ° P 47 ¹ Battle-array 'Old Battle-array' is a gibe at Cibber's New-Year ode for 1733 (Gent Mag 111 40) He had allowed himself to write

As freedom the jewel of life is, 'Twas bought by old battle-array >

lineage he bringeth into his life as an Anecdote, and is sensible he had it in his power to be thought no body's son at all' And what is that but coming into the world a Hero?

[But be it, (the punctilious Laws of Epic Poesv so requiring) that a Hero of more than mortal birth must needs be had, even for this we have a remedy We can easily derive our Hero's Pedigree from a Goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and install him after the right classical and authentic fashion. For, like as the ancient Sages found a Son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a Son of Neptune in a skilful Seaman, a Son of Phæbus in a harmonious Poet, so have we here, if need be, a Son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who fitter than the Offspring of Chance, to assist in restoring the Empire of Night and Chaos?]

There is in truth another objection of greater weight, namely, 'That this Hero still existeth, and hath not yet finished his earthly course For if Solon said well, that no man could be called happy till his death, surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a Hero this species of men being far more subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and Humour' But to this also we have an answer, that will be deemed (we hope) decisive It cometh from himself, who, to cut this dispute short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend

With regard to his *Vanity*, he declareth that nothing shall ever part them 'Nature (saith he) hath amply supplied me in Vanity, a pleasure which neither the pertness of Wit, nor the gravity of Wisdom, will ever persuade me to part with^c' Our poet had charitably endeavoured to administer a cure to it. But he telleth us plainly, 'My superiors perhaps may be mended by him, but for my part I own myself incorrigible. I look upon my Follies as the best part of my Fortuned.' And with good reason. We see to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoorry, 'Is it (saith he) a time of day for me to leave off these fooleries, and set up a new character? I can no more put off my Follies than my Skin, I have often tried, but they stick too close to me, nor am I sure my friends are displeased with them, for in this light I afford them frequent matter of mirth, &c &c c '' Having then so publickly declared himself incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law Epopæian) and descendeth to the Poet as his property who may take him, and deal with him, as if he had been dead as long as an old Egyptian hero, that is to say, embowel and embalm him for posterity

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remains to hinder his own b Life, p 6 ° P 424 ° P 19 ° P 17

Prophecy of himself from taking immediate effect A rare felicity! and what few prophets have had the satisfaction to see, alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these Oraculous words, MY DULNESS WILL FIND SOMEBODY TO DO IT RIGHT!

[Tandem Phæbus adest, morsusque inferre parantem Congeleat, et patulos, ut erant, INDURAT hiatus]⁸

- I Ibid p 243 octavo edit
- g [Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head]

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE FIRST

The Proposition, the Invocation, and the Inscription Then the Original of the great Empire of Dulness, and cause of the continuance thereof The College of the Goddess in the City, with her private Academy for Poets in particular, the Governors of it, and the four Cardinal Virtues Then the Poem hastes into the midst of things, presenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long succession of her Sons, and the glories past and to come She fixes her eve on Bays to be the Instrument of that great Event which is the Subject of the Poem He is described pensive among his Books, giving up the Cause, and apprehending the Period of her Empire After debating whether to betake himself to the Church, or to Gaming, or to Party-writing, he raises an Altar of proper books, and (making first his solemn prayer and declaration) purposes thereon to sacrifice all his unsuccessful writings As the pile is kindled, the Goddess beholding the flame from her seat, flies and puts it out by casting upon it the poem of Thule She forthwith reveals herself to him, transports him to her Temple, unfolds her Arts, and initiates him into her Mysteries, then announcing the death of Eusden the Poet Laureate, arounts him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him Successor

> The Mighty Mother, and her Son who brings The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings,

The Dunciad, sic MS It may well be disputed whether this be a right reading Ought it not rather to be spelled Dunceuad, as the Etymology evidently demards? Dunce with an e, therefore Dunceuad with an e That accurate and punctual Man of Letters, the Restorer of Shakespeare, constantly observes the preservation of this very Letter e, in spelling the Name of his beloved Author, and not like his common careless Editors, with the omission of one, nay sometimes of two ee's, [as Shakespear] which is utterly unpardonable 'Nor is the neglect of a Single Letter so trivial as to some it may appear, the alteration whereof in a learned language is an

Atchievement that brings honour to the Critic who advances it, and Dr Bentley will be remembered to posterity for his performances of this sort as long as the world shall have any esteem for the remains of Menander

and Philemon' THEOBALD (Cf A11n)

This is surely a slip in the learned author of the foregoing note there having been since produced by an accurate Antiquary, an Autograph of Shakspeare himself, whereby it appears that he spelled his own name without the first e. And upon this authority it was, that those most Critical Curators of his Montment in Westminster Abby erased the former wrong reading and restored the true spelling on a new piece of old Ægyptian Granite. Nor for this only do they deserve our thanks, but for exhibiting on the same Monument the first Specimen of an Edition of an author in Mable, where (as may be seen on comparing the Tomb with the Book) in the space of five lines two Words and a whole Verse are changed and it is to be hoped will there stand, and outlast whatever hath been hither to done in Paper, as for the future, our Learned Sister University (the other Eye of England) is taking care to perpetuate a Total new Shakespear at the Clarendon press.

It is to be noted, that this great Critic also has omitted one circumstance, which is, that the Inscription with the Name of Shakspeare was intended to be placed on the Marble Scroll to which he points with his hand, instead of which it is now placed behind his back and that Specimen of an Edition is put on the Scroll, which indeed Shakspeare hath

great reason to point at Anon

Though I have as just a value for the letter E Scriblerus

(A I 1)

This Poom was written in the year 1726 SCHOL VET (A I I) It was expresly confessed in the Preface to the first edition, that this Poem was not published by the Author himself It was printed originally in a foreign Country. And what foreign Country? Why, one notorious for blunders, where finding blanks only instead of proper names, these blunderers filled them up it their pleasure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been mistaken to this hour so that we are obliged to open our Notes with a discovery who he really was We learn from the former Lditor, that this Piece was presented by the Hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II Now the author directly tells

us, his Hero is the Min

The Smithfield Muses to the ear of Kings

And it is notorious who was the person on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the Law el

It appears as plainly from the *Apostrophe* to the *Great* in the third verse that Tibbald could not be the person, who was never an Author in fashion or caressed by the Great, whereas this single characteristic is sufficient to point out the true Hero, who above all other Poets of his time, was the *Pecuhar Delight* and *Chosen Companion* of the Nobility of England, and wrote, as he himself tells us, certain of his Works at the *earnest Desire* of *Persons of Quality*

Lastly, The sixth verse affords full ploof, this Poet being the only one who was universally known to have had a Son (Theophilus Cibber) so exactly like him, in his poetical theatrical, political, and moral Capaci-

ties, that it could justly be said of him

Still Dunce the second reign'd like Dunce the first

I sing Say you, her instruments the Great! Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate, You by whose care, in vain decry'd and curst, Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first, Say how the Goddess bade Britannia sleep,	5
And pour'd her Spirit o'er the land and deep	
In eldest time, e'er, mortals writ or read,	
E'er Pallas issu'd from the Thund'rer's head,	10
Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,	
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night	
Fate in their dotage this fair Ideot gave,	
Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,	
Laporious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,	15
She rul'd, in native Anarchy, the mind	
Still her old Empire to restore she tries,	
For, born a Goddess, Dulness never dies	
O Thou! whatever title please thine ear,	
Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver!	20
Whether thou chuse Cervantes' serious air,	
Or laugh and shake in Rab'lais' easy chair,	
Or praise the Court, or magnify Mankind,	

1 her Son who brings, &c] Wonderful is the stupidity SCRIBLERUS (A I I)

2 The Smithfield Muses] Smithfield is the place Court and Town (A 1 2) This happened in the Reigns of King George I, and II See Book 3

12 Daughter of Chaos, &c (A 1 10)

15 Laborious, heavi, busy, bold, &c] I wonder the learned Scriblerus has omitted to advertise the Reader, at the opening of this Poem, that Dulness here is not to be taken contractedly for mere Sturadity, but in the enlarged sense of the word for all Slowness of Apprehension, Shortness of Sight, or imperfect Sense of things It includes (as we see by the Poet's own words) Labour, Industry, and some degree of Activity and Boldness a ruling principle not inert, but turning topsy-turvy the Understanding, and inducing an Anarchy or confused State of Mind This remark ought to be carried along with the reader throughout the work and without this caution he will be apt to mistake the Importance of many of the Characters, as well as of the Design of the Poet Hence it is that some have complained he chuses too mean a subject, and imagined he employs himself, lil e Domitian, in killing flies, whereas those who have the true key will find he sports with nobler quarry, and embraces a larger compass, or (as one saith, on a like occasion)

Will see his Work, like Jacob's ladder, rise, Its foot in dirt, its head amid the skies

BENTL

¹⁷ Still her old Empire to restore] This Restoration makes the Completion of the Poem Vide Book 4
23 Or praise the Court, &c < A 1 21>

Or thy griev'd Country's copper chains unbind, From thy Bœotia tho' her Pow'r retires, 25 Mourn not, my SWIFT, at ought our Realm acquires, Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings out-spread To latch a new Saturnian age of Lead Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne, And laughs to think Monroe would take her down, 30 Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand, One Cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eve, The Cave of Poverty and Poetry Keen, hollow winds frowl thro' the bleak recess, 35 Emblem of Music caus'd by Emptiness Hence Bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down, Escape in Monsters, and amaze the town Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast Of Curl's chaste press, and Lintot's rubiic post 40 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines, Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines

28 To hatch a new Saturman age of Lead The ancient Lead (A 1 26) She is said here only to be spreading her wings to hatch this age, which is not produced completely till the fourth book

30 Monroe (James Monro, MD, 1680–1752, physician to Bethlehem Hospital for the insane—the place 'where Folly holds her throne' (1 29)

- 31 By his fam'd father's hand] Mr Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet Laureate The two Statues of the Lunatics over the gates of Bedlam hospital were done by him, and (is the son justly says of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an Artist
- 34 Poverty and Poetry] I cannot here omit a remark that will greatly endear our Author to every one, who shall attentively observe that Humanity and Candor, which every where appears in him towards those unhappy objects of the ridicule of all mankind, the bad Poets He here imputes to be satyrized (A 1 41)

37 Hence Bards, like Proteus]

Sunt quibus in pluies jus est transire figuras Ut tibi, complexi terram maris incola, Proteu Nunc violentus aper, nunc quem tetigisse timeient, Anguis eras, modo te faciebant cornua Taurum, Sæpe Lapis poteras

Ovid Met viii (730 ff)

40 Curl's chaste press, &c (A 1 38)

41, 42 Hence hymning Tyburn's (A 1 39)

41 Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines] It is an ancient English custom before (A 1 39)

42 Magazines] Miscellanies in prose and verse, in which at some times
——new-born nonsense first is taught to cry,

at others, dead-born Dulness appears in a thousand shapes. These were thrown out weekly and monthly by every miserable scribler, or picked up

piece meal and stolen from any body under the title of Papers, Essays, Queries, Verses, Epigrams, Riddles, &c equally the disgrace of human Wit, Morality, and Decency P W

43 Sepulchral Lyes (A 1 41)

44 New-year Odes] Made by the Poet Laureate for the time being to be sung at Court on every New-year's day, the words of which are happily drowned in the voices and instruments (Cf A 1 40) The New-year Odes of the Hero of this work were of a cast distinguished from all that preceded him, and made a conspicuous part of his character as a writer, which doubtless induced our Author to mention them here so particularly

45 In clouded Majesty (A 1 43)

^{47 —} that knows no fears, &c (A 1 45-6)

⁵⁰ Who hunger, and who thirst, &c (A 1 48)

⁵⁵ Here she beholds, &c <A 1 53> 63 Here one poor word, &c <A 1 61>

⁶⁴ And ductile Dulness &c (A 1 62)

^{70, &}amp;c How Farce and Epic, &c (A 1 68)

How Time himself stands still at her command, Realms shift their place, and Ocean turns to land Here gay Description Ægypt glads with show'rs, Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs, Ghtt'ring with ice here hoary hills are seen, 75 There painted vallies of eternal green, In cold December fragrant chaplets blow, And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow All these, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen Beholds thro' fogs, that magnify the scene 80 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varving hues, With self-applause her wild creation views, Sees momentary monsters rise and fall, And with her own fools-colours gilds them all 'Twas on the day, when * * rich and grave, 85 Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave (Pomps without guilt, of bloodless swords and macis, Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces) Now Night descending, the proud scene was o'er, But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more 90 Now May'rs and Shrieves all hush'd and satiate lay, Yeteat, in dreams, the custard of the day, While pensive Poets painful vigils keep, Sleepless themselves, to give their readers sleep Much to the mindful Queen the feast recalls 95 What City Swans once sung within the walls, Much she revolves their arts, their ancient piaise, And sure succession down from Heywood's days She saw, with joy, the line immortal run, Each sire imprest and glaring in his son 100 So watchful Bruin forms, with plastic care, Each growing lump, and brings it to a Bear She saw old Prvn in restless Daniel shine,

73 Ægypt glads with show'rs (A 1 71)

79 The cloud-compelling Queen (A 177, 85, 86 'Twas on the Day, when ** rich and grave Like Cimon, triumph'd] Viz a Lord Mayor's Day, his name the author had left in blanks, but most certainly could never be that which the Editor foisted in formerly, and which no way agrees with the chronology of the poem Bentl

The Procession Barbarians (A 1 83)

88 Glad chains (A 1 86)

90 But liv'd, in Settle's numbers (A 1 88)

Ibid But liv'd, in Settle's numbers, one day more] Settle was poet to the City of London His office that place (A 1 88) 98 Heywood (A 1 96)

103 Old Pryn, &c (A 1 101)

And Eusden eke out Blackmore's endless line,
She saw slow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty Mad in Dennis rage
In each she marks her Image full exprest,
But chief in BAYS's monster-breeding breast,
Bays, form'd by nature Stage and Town to bless,
And act, and be, a Coxcomb with success
Dulness with transport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring she herselt was Pertness once
Now (shame to Fortune!) an ill Run at Play
Blank'd his bold visage, and a thin Third day

104 And Eusden eke out, &c] Laurence Eusden reflection &A in 319 Nor ought Mr Oldminon to complain, so long after, that the Laurel would have better become his own brows, or any other's It were more decent to acquiesce in the opinion of the Duke of Buckingham upon this matter

—In rush d Eusden and cry'd, Who shall have it, But I, the true Laureate, to whom the King gave it? Apollo beg'd pardon, and granted his claim, But vow'd that 'till then he ne er heard of his name Session of Poets

The same plea might also serve for his successor, Mr Cibber, and is further strengthened in the following Epigram, made on that occasion

In merry old England it once was a rule, The King had his Poet, and also his Fool But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it, That Cibber can serve both for Fool and for Poet

Of Blackmore, see Book 2 Of Philips, Book 1, ver 258 and Book 3 prope fin

Nahum Tate mentioned (A 1 103)

106 And all the mighty Mad (A 1 104)

106 And all the might Mad in Dennis rage] Mr Theobald, in the

Censor p 286 (A 1 104)

rog Bays, formd by Nature, &c] It is hoped the poet here hath done full justice to his Hero's Character, which it were a great mistake to imagine was wholly sunk in stupidity, he is allowed to have supported it with a wonderful mixture of Vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own desire, in a Letter he wrote to our author. Pert and dull at least you might have allowed me What! am I only to be dull, and dull still, and again, and for ever? He then solemnly appealed to his own conscience, that 'he could not think himself so, nor believe that our poet did, but that he spoke worse of him than he could possibly think, and concluded it must be merely to shew his Wit, or for some Profit or Lucre to himself. Life of C. C. chap vii and Letter to Mr. P. pag. 15. 40. 53

113 shame to Fortune | Because she usually shews favour to persons of

this Character, who have a three-fold pretence to it

114 Blank'd (Either to whiten, make pale, or, to put out of countenance)

Third day (Cf A 1 55n)

Swearing and supperless the Hero sate, 115 Blasphem'd his Gods, the Dice, and damn'd his Fate Then gnaw'd his pen, then dash'd it on the ground, Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound! Plung'd for his sense, but found no bottom there, Yet wrote and flounder'd on, in mere despair 120 Round him much Embryo, much Abortion lay, Much future Ode, and abdicated Play, Nonsense precipitate, like running Lead, That slip'd thro' Cracks and Zig-zags of the Head, All that on Folly Frenzy could beget, 125 Fruits of dull Heat, and Sooterkins of Wit Next, o'er his Books his eyes began to roll, In pleasing memory of all he stole, How here he sipp'd, how there he plunder'd snug And suck'd all o'er, like an industrious Bug 130 Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes, and here The Frippery of crucify'd Moliere, There hapless Shakespear, yet of Tibbald sore,

But since the discovery of the true Hero of the poem, may we not add that nothing was so natural after so great a loss of Money at Dice, or of Reputation by his Play as that the Poet should have no great stomach to eat a supper? Besides, how well has the Poet consulted his Heroic Character, in adding that he swore all the time! BLNTL

122 abdicated (Possibly, to disown But Pope uppears to be thinking of half-written plays which Cibber had given up in disgust or despair)

123 precipitate (Perhaps in its adjectival sense only of 'violently hurried')

126 Sooterkins of Wit ('Sooterkin A joke upon the Dutch women, supposing that by their constant use of stores, which they place under their petticoats, they breed a kind of small animal in their bodies, called a sooterkin, of the size of a mouse, which when miture slips out '—Grose, 4 Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue)

131 poor Fletcher's half-eat scenes] A great number of them taken out to patch up his Plays

132 The Frippery 'When I fitted up an old play, it was as a good housewife will mend old linnen, when she had not better employment' Life, p 217 octavo (For Moliere, see Pope's note to B 1 253)

133 hapless Shakespear, &c] It is not to be doubted but Bays was a subscriber to Tibbald's Shakespear He was frequently liberal this way, and, as he tells us, 'subscribed to Mr Pope's Homer, out of pure Generosity and Civility, but when Mr Pope did so to his Nonjuror, he concluded it could be nothing but a joke' Letter to Mr P p 24

This Tibbald, or Theobald, published an edition of Shakespear, of which he was so proud himself as to say, in one of Mist's Journals, June 8, 'That to expose any Errors in it was impracticable' And in another, April 27, 'That whatever care might for the future be taken by any other Editor, he would still give above five hundred Emendations, that shall escape them all'

Wish'd he had blotted for himself before The rest on Out-side merit but presume, 135 Or serve (like other Fools) to fill a room, Such with their shelves as due proportion hold, Or their fond Parents drest in red and gold, Or where the pictures for the page attone, And Quarles is sav'd by Beauties not his own 140 Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the great. There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire, And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire A Gothic Library! of Greece and Rome 145 Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome But, high above, more solid Learning shone, The Classics of an Age that heard of none,

134 Wish'd he had blotted] It was a ridiculous praise which the Players gave to Shakespear, 'that he never blotted a line' Ben Johnson honestly wished he had blotted a thousand, and Shakespear would certainly have wished the same, if he had lived to see those alterations in his works, which, not the Actors only (and especially the daring Hero of this poem) have made on the Stage but the presumptuous Critics of our days in their Editions

135 The rest on Out-side merit, &c] This Library is divided into three parts, the first consists of those authors from whom he stole, and whose works he mingled, the second, of such as fitted the shelves, or were lided for shew, or adorned with pictures, the third class our author calls olid learning, old bodies of Divinity, old Commentaries, old English Printers, or old English Translations, all very voluminous, and fit to erect altars to Dulness (Cf Ai 120)

140 Quarles is saved (The quaint illustrations to Francis Quarles's Emblemes (1635) were executed by William Marshall Cf A 1 126n >

141 Ogilby the great (A 1 121)

142 Newcastle shines complete (A 1 122)

146 Worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities I Settle was his Brother Laureate, only indeed upon half-pay, for the City instead of the Court, but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as Shows, Birth-days, &c 2 Banks was his Rival in Tragedy (tho' more successful in one of his Tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive Anna Boleyn, the Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone These he drest in a sort of Beggars Velvet, or a happy mixture of the thick Fustian and thin Prosaic, exactly imitated in Perolla and Isidora, Casar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter 3 Broome was a serving-man of Ben Johnson, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible (For Settle and Banks, see A 1 88n, 111 281n, and 1 250n The three plays in which Banks is 'exactly imitated' are by Cibber —Richard Brome (d 1652?) was author or part-author of more than twenty plays >

147 More solid Learning] Some have objected, that books of this sort

There Caxton slept, with Wynkyn at his side,	
One clasp'd in wood, and one in strong cow-hide,	150
There, sav'd by spice, like Mummies, many a year,	
Dry Bodies of Divinity appear	
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,	
And here the groaning shelves Philemon bends	
Of these twelve volumes, tweeve of amplest size,	155
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pics,	
Inspir'd he seizes These an altar raise	
An hecatomb of pure, unsully'd lays	
That altar crowns A folio Common-place	
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the base	160
Quartos, octavos, shape the less'ning pyre,	
A twisted Birth-day Ode completes the spire	
Then he 'Great Tamer of all human art!	
First in my care, and ever at my heart,	
Dulness! whose good old cause I yet defend,	165
With whom my Muse began, with whom shall end,	
E'er since Sir Fopling's Periwig was Praise,	
To the last honours of the Butt and Bays	

suit not so well the library of our Bays, which they imagine consisted of Novels, Plays, and obscene books, but they are to consider, that he furnished his shelves only for ornament, and read these books no more than the *Dry bodies of Divinity* which, no doubt, were purchased by his Father when he designed him for the Gown See the note on v 200

149 Caxton] A Printer hardly known (A 1 129) 'Happened that to my hande Vyrgylc made in metre' (A 1 129)

153 De Lyra $\langle A | 133 \rangle$

154 Philemon (A 1 134)

166 With whom my Muse began, &c (A 1 146)

167 Sir Fopling's Perwig] The first visible cause of the passion of the Town for our Hero, was a fair flaven full-bottom'd Peniwig, which, he tells us, he wore in his first play of the Fool in fashion (1696) It attracted, in a particular manner, the Friendship of Col Brett, who wanted to purchase it Whatever contempt (says he) Philosophers may have for a fine Periwig, my friend, who was not to despise the world but to live in it, knew very well that so material an article of dress upon the head of a man of sense, if it became him could never fail of drawing to him a more partial Regard and Benevolence, than could possibly be hoped for in an ill-made one This perhaps, may soften the grave censure which so youthful a purchase might otherwise have laid upon him. In a word, he made his attack upon this Periwig, as your young fellows generally do upon a lady of pleasure, first by a few familiar praises of her person, and then a civil enquiry into the price of it, and we finished our bargain that night over a bottle 'See Life, octavo p 303 This remarkable Periwig usually made its entrance upon the stage in a sedan, brought in by two chairmen, with infinite approbation of the audience

168 the Butt and Bays (1 e the laureate's butt of sack and his laurel

crown >

THE DUNCIAD BOOK I	729
O thou! of Bus'ness the directing soul! To this our head like byass to the bowl, Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true, Obliquely wadling to the mark in view	170
O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,	
Still spread a healing mist before the mind,	
And lest we err by Wit's wild dancing light, Secure us kindly in our native night	175
Or, if to Wit a coxcomb make pretence,	
Guard the sure barrier between that and Sense,	
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,	
And hang some curious cobweb in its stead!	180
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,	
And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly thro the sky,	
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,	
The wheels above urg'd by the load below Me Emptiness, and Dulness could inspire,	185
And were my Elasticity, and Fire	102
Some Dæmon stole my pen (forgive th' offence)	
And once betray'd me into common sense	
Else all my Prose and Verse were much the same,	
This, prose on stilts, that, poetry fall'n lame	190
Did on the stage my Fops appear confin'd?	
My Life gave ampler lessons to mankind	
Did the dead Letter unsuccessful prove?	
The brisk Example never fail'd to move	
Yet sure had Heav'n decreed to save the State,	195
Heav'n had decreed these works a longer date Could Troy be sav'd by any single hand,	
This grey-goose weapon must have made her stand	
What can I now? my Fletcher cast aside,	
Fake up the Bible, once my better guide?	200
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	

188 And once betray'd me (in The Careless Husband Cf Ep II 192)

200 Take up the Bible] When, according to his Father's intention, he had been a Clergyman, or (as he thinks himself) a Bishop of the Church of England Hear his own words 'At the time that the fate of King James, the Prince of Orange and Myself, were on the anvil, Providence thought fit to postpone mine, 'till theirs were determined But had my father

¹⁹⁵ Had Heav'n decreed, & (A 1 183) 197, 198 Could Troy be sav d—This grey-goose weapon (A 1 187)

¹⁹⁹ my Fletcher] A familiar manner of speaking, used by modern Critics, of a favourite author Bays might as justly speak thus of Fletcher, as a French Wit did of Tully, seeing his works in a library, 'Ah! mon cher Ciceron! je le connois bien, c'est le même que Marc Tulle' But he had a better title to call Fletcher his own, having made so free with him (Cf A 1 189)

Or tread the path by vent'rous Heroes trod. This Box my Thunder, this right hand my God? Or chair'd at White's amidst the Doctors sit. Teach Oaths to Gamesters, and to Nobles Wit? Or bidst thou rather Party to embrace? 205 (A friend to Party thou, and all her race, 'Tis the same rope at different ends they twist, To Dulness Ridpath is as dear as Mist) Shall I, like Curtius, desp'rate in my zeal, O'er head and ears plunge for the Commonweal? 210 Or rob Rome's ancient geese of all their glories, And cackling save the Monarchy of Torics? Hold—to the Minister I more incline, To serve his cause, O Queen! is serving thine And see! thy very Gazetteers give o'er, 215 Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henly writes no more What then remains? Ourself Still, still remain Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain This brazen Brightness, to the 'Squire so dear, This polish'd Hardness, that reflects the Peer. 220 This arch Absurd, that wit and fool delights, This Mess, toss'd up of Hocklev-hole and White's, Where Dukes and Butchers join to wreathe my crown, At once the Bear and Fiddle of the town

carried me a month sooner to the University, who knows but that purer fountain might have washed my Imperfections into a cipacity of writing, instead of Plays and annual Odes, Sermons and Pastoral Letters? Apology for his Life, chap 111 (Cf. A 1 190)

202 This Box my Thunder, this Right hand my God]

Dextra milu Deus, & telum quod missile libro

Virgil (Aen \ 773) of the Gods of Mezentius (Box = dice-box)

208 Ridpath—Mist] George Ridpath, author of a Whig paper, called the Flying post, Nathanael Mist, of a famous Tory Journal

211 Or rob Rome's ancient geese (A 1 191)

213 the Minister (1 e Walpole)

214 O Queen (i.e Dullness But Pope was probably thinking too of Queen Caroline, whose understanding with Walpole was complete To

serve Walpole was to serve Queen Caroline >

215 Gazetteers] A band of ministerial writers, hired at the price mentioned in the note on book ii ver 316, who on the very day their Patron quitted his post, laid down their paper, and declared they would never more meddle in Politics

222 Hockley-hole (see p 615)

224 Bear and Fiddle (Cibber is at once the person baited and the jester 'Bear' and 'Fiddle' are associated through bear-baiting, at which playing on the fiddle seems to have been a preliminary >

'O born in sin, and forth in folly brought! Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault) Go, purify'd by flames ascend the sky, My better and more christian progeny!	225
Unstain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden sheets, While all your smutty sisters walk the streets Ye shall not beg, like gratis-given Bland, Sent with a Pass, and vagrant thio' the land, Not sail, with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,	230
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes, Not sulphur-tipt, emblaze an Ale-house fire, Not wrap up Oranges, to pelt your sire! O! pass more innocent, in infant state,	235
To the mild Limbo of our Father Tate Or peaceably forgot, at once be blest In Shadwell's bosom with eternal Rest!	240
Soon to that mass of Nonsense to return, Where things destroy'd are swept to things unborn' With that, a Tear (portentous sign of Grace!) Stole from the Master of the sev'nfold Face	
And thrice he lifted high the Birth-day brand, And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand, Then lights the structure, with averted eyes The rowling smokes involve the sacrifice The op'ning clouds disclose each work by turns,	245
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns,	250

225 O born in sin, &c (A 1 197)

my muse and my spouse were equally prolific, that the one was seldom the mother of a Child, but in the same year the other made me the father of a Play I think we had a dozen of each soit between us, of both which kinds some died in their Infancy, & Life of C C p 217 8vo edit

229 Unstain d, untouch'd, &c (A 1 197)

231 gratis-given Bland—Sent with a Pass] It was a practice so to give the Daily Gazetteer and ministerial pamphlets (in which this B was a writer) and to send them Post-free to all the Towns in the kingdom

233 Ward (A 1 200)

234 vile Mundungus (1 e tobacco of poor quality >

236 Oranges (Oranges were regularly sold in the theatres, and were occasionally used for pelting the actors when they or the play failed to give satisfaction)

238, 240 Tate—Shadwell] Two of his predecessors in the Laurel (See A i 103, and A ii 324)

241 And thrice he lifted, &c (A 1 203)

244 the sev'nfold Face (The phrase describes Cibber's impenetrable assurance, but also suggests the mobile face of the born actor >

250 Now flames the Cid, &c (A 1 208)

250 Now flames the Cid, &c] In the first notes on the Dunciad

Great Cæsar roars, and hisses in the fires, King John in silence modestly expires No merit now the dear Nonjuror claims, Moliere's old stubble in a moment flames Tears gush'd again, as from pale Priam's eves 255 When the last blaze sent Ilion to the skies Rowz'd by the light, old Dulness heav'd the head, Then snatch'd a sheet of Thule from her bed, Sudden she flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre. Down sink the flames, and with a hiss expire 260 Her ample presence fills up all the place, A veil of fogs dilates her awful face Great in her charms as when on Shrieves and May'rs She looks, and breathes herself into their airs She bids him wait her to her sacred Dome 265 Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confess'd his home So Spirits ending their terrestrial race, Ascend, and recognize their Native Place This the Great Mother dearer held than all The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guild-hall 270 Here stood her Opium, here she nurs'd her Owls, And here she plann'd th' Imperial seat of Fools Here to her Chosen all her works she shews, Prose swell'd to verse, verse lost'ring into prose

(A 1 240) it was said, that this Author was particularly excellent at Tragedy "This (says he) is as unjust as to say I could not dance on a Rope' But certain it is that he had attempted to dance on this Rope, and fell most shamefully, having produced no less than four Tragedies (the names of which the Poet preserves in these few lines) the three first of them were fairly printed, acted, and damned, the fourth suppressed, in fear of the like treatment

253 the dear Nonjuror—Moliere's old stubble] A Comedy thicshed out of Molière's Tartuffe, and so much the Translator's favouite, that he assures us all our author's dislike to it could only arise from disaffection to the Government.

Qui meprise Cotin, n'estime point son Roi, Et n a, selon Cotin, ni Dieu, ni foi, ni loi

Boil (Satire ix)

He assures us, that 'when he had the honour to kiss his Majesty's hand upon presenting his dedication of it, he was graciously pleased, out of his Royal bounty, to order him two hundred pounds for it And this he doubts not grieved Mr P'

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256 When the last blaze, &c <A 1 212>
258 Thule <A 1 214>
263 Great in her charms ' &c <A 1 219>
265 sacred Dome] Where he no sooner enters regions <A 1 221>
269 This the Great Mother, &c <A 1 33>
269 Great Mother <A 1 33>
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How random thoughts now meaning chance to find, Now leave all memory of sense behind	275
How Prologues into Prefaces decay,	
And these to Notes are fritter'd quite away	
How Index-learning turns no student pale,	
Yet holds the eel of science by the tail	280
How, with less reading than makes felons scape,	
Less human genius than God gives an ape,	
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,	
A past, vamp'd, future, old, reviv'd, new piece,	
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakespear, and Corneille,	285
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell	
The Goddess then, o'er his anointed head,	
With mystic words, the sacred Opium shed	
And lo! her bird, (a monster of a fowl,	
Something betwixt a Heideggre and owl,)	290
Perch'd on his crown 'All hail' and hail again,	
My son! the promis'd land expects thy reign	
Know, Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise,	
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days,	
Safe, where no Critics damn, no duns molest,	295
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,	
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,	
With Fool of Quality compleats the quire	
Thou Cibber! thou, his Laurel shalt support,	
Folly, my son, has still a Friend at Court	300
Lift up your gates, ye Princes, see him come!	
Sound, sound ye Viols, be the Cat-call dumb	

286 Tibbald Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced) or Theobald (as written) was bred an Attorney, and son to an Attorney (says Mr Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent He was Author of some forgotten Plays, Translations, and other pieces He was concerned in a paper called the Censor, and a Translation of Ovid 'There is a notorious Idiot, one hight Whachum, who, from an under-spur-leather to the Law, is become an under-strapper to the Play-house, who hath lately burlesqued the Metamorphoses of Ovid by a vile Translation, &c This fellow is concerned in an impertinent paper called the Censor' Dennis Rem on Pope's Hom p 9, 10 (Cf A 1 106)

Íbid Ozell (A 1 240, and Errata, p 428)

290 A Heideggre (A 1 244)

293 Eusden (He died in 1730 Cf A 11 393 > Ibid Gildon (A 1 250)

296 Withers (A 1 126) 296 Ward, and Gildon (Ward had died in 1731, Gildon, in 1724)

297 Howard (A 1 250)

298 Fool of Quality (1 e Lord Hervey The death of Hervey, August 5, 1743, enabled Pope to make this last-minute change in the text >

Bring, bring the madding Bav, the drunken Vine, The creeping, dirty, courtly Ivy join	
And thou! his Aid de camp, lead on my sons,	305
Light-arm'd with Points, Antitheses, and Puns	5-5
Let Bawdry, Bilingsgate, my daughters dear,	
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear	
And under his, and under Archer's wing,	
Gaming and Grub-street skulk behind the King	310
'O' when shall rise a Monarch all our own,	_
And I, a Nursing-mother, rock the throne,	
'Twixt Prince and People close the Curtain draw,	
Shade him from Light, and cover him from Law,	
Fatten the Courtier, starve the learned band,	315
And suckle Armies, and dry-nurse the land	
'Till Senates nod to Lullabies divine,	
And all be sleep, as at an Ode of thine'	

She ceas'd, Then swells the Chapel-royal throat 'God save king Cibber!' mounts in ev'ry note

320

304 The creeping Ivy See p 167, 1 706n, and below, 'Of the Poet Laurente', p 801)

309, 310 Under Archer's rving,—Gaming, &c] When the Statute against Gaming wis drawn up, it was represented, that the King, by ancient custom, plays at Hazard, one night in the year (i.e. Twelfth Night), and therefore a clause was inserted, with an exception as to that particular Under this pretence, the Groom porter had a Room appropriated to Gaming all the summer the Court was at Kensington, which his Majesty accidentally being acquainted of, with a just indignation prohibited. It is reported, the same plactice is yet continued wherever the Court resides, and the Hazard Table there open to all the professed Gamesters in town

Greatest and justest Sov'REIGN! know you this?

Alas! no more than Thames' calm head can know

Whose meads his arms dro in, or whose corn o erflow

Donne to Queen Eliz

(Sature v 28-30)

311 O when shall rise a Monarch, &c] Boileau, Lutrin, Chant 2 (51-6)

Helas! qu'est devenu ce tems, cet heureur tems,
Ou les Rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans
S'endoi moient sur le trone, & me servant sans honte,
Laissoient leur sceptre au mains ou d'un mair, ou d'un comte
Aucun soin n'approchoit de leur paisible cour,
On reposoit la nuit, on dormoit tout le jour, &c

319 Chapel-royal] The Voices and Instruments used in the service of the Chapel-royal being also employed in the performance of the Birth-day and New-year Odes

Familiar White's, 'God save King Colley!' cries,
'God save king Colley!' Drury-lane replies
To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God,
Back to the Devil the last echoes roll,
And 'Coll!' each Butcher roars at Hockley-hole
So when Jove's block descended from on high
(As sings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom shook the bog,
And the hoarse nation croak'd, 'God save King Log!'

324 Needham] A Matron of great fame, and very religious in her way, whose constant prayer it was, that she might 'get enough by her profession to leave it off in time, and make her peace with God' But her fate was not so happy for being convicted, and set in the pillory, she was (to the lasting shame of all her great Friends and Votaries) so ill used by the populace, that it put an end to her days

325 Back to the Devil The Devil Tavern in Fleet-street, where these Odes are usually rehearsed before they are performed at Court Upon

which a Wit of those times made this epigram

When Laureates make Odes, do you ask of what sort?
Do you ask if they're good, or are evil?
You may judge—from the Devil they come to the Court,
And go from the Court to the Devil

228 —Ogilby)—God save king Log // (A 1 258)

The End of the First Book

BOOK THE SECOND

ARGUMENT

The King being proclain ed, the solemnity is graced with public Games and sports of various kinds, not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c were anciently said to be ordained by the Gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyss 24 proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the Phantom of a Poet, which they contend to overtake The Races described, with their divers accidents Next, the game for a Poetess Then follow the Exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving The first

holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers Lastly, for the Critics, the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an Exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous Authors, one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without skeping. The various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, 'till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of spectators, actors, and all present, fall fast asleep, which naturally and necessarily ends the games

High on a gorgeous soat, that far out-shone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,
Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant Grains and Golden show'rs,
Great Cibber sate The proud Parnassian sneer,
The conscious simper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look All eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn Coxcombs as they gaze
His Peers shine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulness, and new bronze their face
So from the Sun's broad beam, in shallow urns
Heav'ns twinkling Sparks draw light, and point their
horns

5

10

15

Not with more glee, by hands Pontific crown'd, With scarlet hats wide-waving circled round, Rome in her Capitol saw Querno sit, Thron'd on sev'n hills, the Antichrist of wit And now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims By Ferald Hawkers, high heroic Games

Two things there are all sound Commentators (A 11) I High on a gorgeous seat (A 11 I)

2 Henley's gilt tub (A 11 2)

Ibid or Fleckno's Irish throne] Richard Fleckno Sarazin (A 11 2) It may be just worth mentioning, that the Eminence from whence the ancient Sophists entertained their auditors, was called by the pompous name of a Throne,—επὶ θρονου τινος υψηλοῦ μαλα σοφιστικῶς και σοβαρῶς Themistius, Orat 1

3 Or that where on her Curls, &c] Edmund Curl p 19, 25 (A 113) Much in the same manner Mr Cibber remonstrated that his Brothers at Bedlam, mentioned Book 1 were not Brazen, but Blocks, yet our author let it pass unaltered, as a trifle, that no way lessened the Relationship

9 Peers (Cibber's 'peers' are his brother dunces of the pen, but also those among the English nobility who delighted in his society Cf B 1

15 Querno] Camillo Querno Prolusions (A 11 11)

They summon all her Race An endless band Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land A motley mixture! in long wigs, in bags, In silks, in crapes, in Garters, and in rags,	20
From drawing rooms, from colleges, from garrets, On horse, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots All who true Dunces in her cause appear'd, And all who knew those Dunces to reward Amid that area wide they took their stand, Where the tall may-pole once o'er-look'd the Strand,	25
But now (so Anne and Piety ordain) A Church collects the saints of Drury-lane With Authors, Stationers obey'd the call,	30
(The field of glory is a field for all) Glory, and gain, th' industrious tribe provoke, And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke	
A Poet's form she plac'd before their eyes, And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize, No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin, In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin,	35
But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise, Twelve stary'ling bards of these degen'rate days All as a partridge plump, full-fed, and fair, She form'd this image of well-body'd air, With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head,	40
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead, And empty words she gave, and sounding strain, But senseless, lifeless! idol void and vain! Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit, A fool, so just a copy of a wit,	45
So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore, A Wit it was, and call'd the phantom More All gaze with ardour Some a poet's name, Others a sword-knot and lac'd suit inflame But lofty Lintot in the circle rose 'This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes,	50

³⁵ A Poet's form &c (A 11 31)
39 But such a bulk, &c (A 11 35)
47 Never was dash'd out, &c (A 11 43)
50 and call'd the phantom More] Curl, in his Key handkerchief!'
(A 11 46)
The plagiarisms repono (A 11 46)
50 the phantom More (A 11 46)
53 But lofty Lintot (A 11 49)

	With me began this genius, and shall end' He spoke and who with Lintot shall contend? Fear held them mute Alone, untaught to fear,	55
	Stood dauntless Curl, 'Behold that rival here'	
	The race by vigour, not by vaunts is won, So take the hindmost, Hell '—He-said, and run	6 0
	Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,	00
	He left huge Lintot, and out-strip'd the wind	
	As when a dab-chick waddles thro' the copse	
	On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops,	
	So lab'ring on, with shoulders, hands, and head,	65
	Wide as a wind-mill all his figures spread, With arms expanded Bernard rows his state,	
	And left-legg'd Jacob seems to emulate	
	Full in the middle way there stood a lake,	
	Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make	70
	(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop	•
	Her evening cates before his neighbour's shop,)	
	Here fortun'd Curl to slide, loud shout the band,	
	And Bernard' Bernard' rings thro' all the Strand	
	Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd, Fal'n in the plash his wickedness had laid	75
	Then first (if Poets aught of truth declare)	
	The cattiff Vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r	
	Hear Jove whose name my bards and I adore,	
	As much at least as any God's, or more,	80
	And him and his, if more devotion warms,	
	Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms	
	A place there is, betwixt earth, air, and seas,	
	Where, from Ambrosia, Jove retires for ease	
- 8	Stood dauntless Curl (A 11 54)	
60	So take the hindmost, Hell (A 11 56)	
61	&c <a 11="" 54=""> 65 On feet and wings, &c <a 11="" 60="">	
67.	68 With arms expanded, Beinard rows his state,	
	And left-legg d Jacob seems to emulate	
Milto	on, of the motion of the Swan $\langle Par \; Lost, vii \; 440 \rangle$,	
	His state with oary feet	
	Dryden, of another s,—With two left legs—(Cf A 11 64n \ Curl's Corinna (A 11 66)	
73	Here fortun'd Curl to slide (A 11 69,	
74	And Bernard Bernard (A 11 70)	
75 82	Obscene with filth, &c \A 11 71\rangle the Bible the Pope's Arms \A 11 78\rangle	
83	(A 11 79) Ibid A place there is, &c (A 11 79)	

THE DUNCIAD BOOK II	739
There in his seat two spacious vents appear, On this he sits, to that he leans his ear, And hears the various vows of fond mankind Some beg an eastern, some a western wind All vain petitions, mounting to the sky,	85
With reams abundant this abode supply, Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills Sign'd with that Ichor which from Gods distils In office here fair Cloacina stands, And ministers to Jove with purest hands	90
Forth from the heap she pick'd her Vot'ry's pray'r, And plac'd it next him, a distinction rare! Oft had the Goddess heard her servant's call, From her black grottos near the Temple-wall, List'ning delighted to the jest unclean	95
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obscene, Where as he fish'd her nether realms for Wit, She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force, As oil'd with magic juices for the course,	100
Vig'rous he rises, from th' effluvia strong Imbibes new life, and scours and stinks along; Re-passes Lintot, vindicates the race, Nor heeds the brown dishonours of his face And now the victor stretch'd his eager hand	105
Where the tall Nothing stood, or seem'd to stand, A shapeless shade, it melted from his sight, Like forms in clouds, or visions of the night To seize his papers, Curl, was next thy care, His papers light, fly diverse, tost in air,	110
Songs, sonnets, epigrams the winds uplift, And whisk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift Th' embroider'd suit at least he deem'd his prey, That suit an unpay'd taylor snatch'd away	115
92 (A 11 88) 93 Cloacina (A 11 89) 98 black grottos (Coal whare es on the Thames, or in Fleet Di 101 Where as he fish d, &c (A 11 93) 104 As oil a with magic juices (A 11 96) 108 the brown dishonours (A 11 100) 111 A shapeless shade, &c (A 11 103) 114 His papers light, &c (A 11 106)	
114 His papers ugui, Oct. 116 Evans, Young and Swift] Some of those persons whose we epigrams, or jests he had owned See Note on ver 50 118 an unpay'd taylor (A 11 111) PAP—BB	ritings,

No rag, no scrap, of all the beau, or wit, That once so flutter'd, and that once so writ 120 Heav'n rings with laughter Of the laughter vain, Dulness, good Oueen, repeats the jest again Three wicked imps, of her own Grubstreet choil, She deck'd like Congreve, Addison, and Prior, Mears, Warner, Wilkins run, delusive thought! 125 Breval, Bond, Besaleel, the varlets caught Curl stretches after Gay, but Gay is gone, He grasps an empty Joseph for a John So Proteus, hunted ir a nobler shape, Became, when seiz'd, a puppy, or an ape 130 To him the Goddess 'Son' thy grief lay down, And turn this whole illusion on the town As the sage dame, experienc'd in her trade, By names of Toasts retails each batter'd jade, (Whence hapless Monsieur much complains at Paris 135 Of wrongs from Duchesses and Lady Maries,) Be thine, my stationer this magic gift, Cook shall be Prior, and Concanen, Swift So shall each hostile name become our own, And we too boast our Garth and Addison? 140 With that she gave him (piteous of his case, Yet smiling at his rueful length of face) A shaggy Tap'stry, worthy to be spread On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed.

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124 like Congreve, Addison, and Prior (A ii 116)
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¹²⁵ Mears Warner, Wilkins (A 11 117)

¹²⁶ Breval, Bond, Besaleel (A 11 118)

¹²⁸ Gay (A 11 120)

¹³² And turn this whole illusion, &c (A 11 124)

¹³⁸ Cook shall be Prior (A 11 130) 138 and Concanen, Swift (A 11 287)

¹⁴⁰ And we too boast our Garth and Addison] Nothing Mr Addison, $\langle A 11132 \rangle$ in a word, almost every man of his time that deserved it even Cibber himself (presuming him to be author of the Careless Husband) It was very difficult dead $\langle A 11132 \rangle$

^{141, 142 —} piteous of his case, &c (A ii 133)
142 rueful length of face (A ii 134)

The good Scriblerus here, as on all occasions, eminently shews his humanity But it was far otherwise with the gentlemen of the Dunciad, whose scurrilities were always personal, and of that nature which provoked every honest man but Mr Pope, yet never to be lamented to see (A 11 134)

¹⁴³ A shaggy Tap'stry (A 11 135)

¹⁴⁴ On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed A 11 136>

148 Tutchm (A 11 140)

149 Ridpath, Roper] Authors of the Flying-post and Post-boy, two scindalous papers on different sides, for which they equally and alternitely deserved to be cudgelled, and were so (Cf A ii 141)

151 Himself he spies (A ii 143)

- blanket and whipped by the scholars of Westminster, is well known Of his purging in Swift and Pope's Miscell (A ii 143)
 - 156 And the fresh vomit, &c (A 11 148)
 - 157 See in the circle next (A 11 149) Ibid Eliza Haywood (A 11 149)
 - 158 Two babes of love &c (A 11 150)
 - 160 Kirkall (A 11 152)
 163 you Juno & (A 11 155)

165 This China Jordan (A 11 157)

r67 Osborne] A Bookseller in Grays-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part, and therefore placed here instead of a less deserving Predecessor This name published advertisements for a year together pretending to sell Mr Pope's Subscription books of Homer's Iliad at half the price Of which books he had none, but cut to the size of them (which was Quarto) the common books in folio, without Copperplates, on a worse paper, and never above half the value

Upon this Advertisement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6, 1739 'How melancholy must it be to a Writer to be so unhappy as to see his

One on his manly confidence relies, One on his vigour and superior size First Osborne lean'd against his letter'd post, It rose, and labour'd to a curve at most So Jove's bright bow displays its wat'ry round,	170
(Sure sign, that no spectator shall be drown'd) A second effort brought but new disgrace, The wild Meander wash'd the Artist's face Thus the small jett, which hasty hands unlock, Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock	175
Not so from shameless Curl, impetuous spread The stream, and smoking flourish'd o'er his head So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns) Eridanus his humble fountain scorns,	180
Thro' half the heav'ns he pours th' evalted urn, His rapid waters in their passage burn Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes Still happy Impudence obtains the prize Thou triumph'st, Victor of the high-wrought day, And the pleas'd dame, soft-smiling, lead'st away	185
Osborne, thro' perfect modesty o'ercome, Crown'd with the Jordan, walks contented home But now for Authors nobler palms remain, Room for my Lord! three jockeys in his train, Six huntsmen with a shout precede his chair	190
He grins, and looks broad nonsense with a stare His Honour's meaning Dulness thus exprest, 'He wins this Patron, who can tickle best' He chinks his purse, and takes his seat of state With ready quills the Dedicators wait,	195
Now at his head the dextrous task commence, And, instant, fancy feels th' imputed sense,	200

works hawked for sale in a manner so fatal to his fame! How with Honour to your self, and Justice to your Subscribers, can this be done? What an Ingratitude to be charged on the Only honest Poet that lived in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not had a shriller Trumpeter for many ages! That you were once generally admired and esteemed can be denied by none, but that you and your works are now despised, is verified by this fact 'which being utterly false, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this just chastisement on the Bookseller

^{169, 170} One on his manly confidence, &c (A 11 161)

^{173, 174} So Jove's bright bow, &c (A 11 165) 181, 182 So (fam'd like thee, &c (A 11 173)

¹⁸³ Thro' half the heav'ns, &c (A 11 175)

¹⁸⁷ the high-wrought day (A 11 179)

Now gentle toucnes wanton o'er his face, He struts Adonis, and affects grimace Rolli the feather to his ear conveys, Then his nice taste directs our Operas Bentley his mouth with classic flatt'ry opes, 205 And the puff'd ofator bursts out in tropes But Welsted most the Poet's healing balm Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm. Unlucky Welsted! thy unfeeling master, The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster 210 While thus each hand promotes the pleasing pain. And quick sensations skip from vein to vein. A vouth unknown to Phœbus, in despair, Puts his last refuge all in heav'n and pray'r What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love 215 His sister sends, her vot'ress, from above

203 Paolo Antonio Rolli (A 11 195)

205 Bentley his mouth, &c] Not spoken of the famous Dr Richard Bentley, but of one Thom Bentley, a small critic, who aped his uncle in a little Horace The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Hallifax, but (on a change of the Ministry) was given to the Earl of Oxford, for which reason the little one was dedicated to his son the Lord Harley A taste of this Classic Elocution may be seen in his following Panegyric on the Peace of Utrecht Cupimus Patrem tuum, fulgentissimum illud Orbis Anglicani jubar adorare O ingens Reipublicæ nostræ columen! O fortunatam tanto Heroe Britanmam! Illi tali tantoque viro Deum per Omnia adfuisse, manumque ejus & mentem direxisse, Certissimum ist Hujus enim Unius ferme opera, æquissimis & perhonorificis conditionibus, diuturno, heu nimum! bello, finem impositum videmus O Diem æterna memoria dignissimam! qua terrores Patriæ omnes excidit, Pacemque diu exoptatam toti fere Europæ restituit, ille Populi Anglicam Amor, Harleius

Thus critically (that is verbally) translated

Thy Father that most refulgent star of the Anglican Orb, we much desire to adore! Oh mighty Column of our Republic! Oh Britain, fortunate in such an Hero! That to such and so great a Man God was ever present, in every thing, and all along directed both his hand and his heart, is a Most Absolute Certainty! For it is in a manner by the operation of this Man alone, that we behold a War (alas! how much too long an one!) brought at length to an end, on the most just and most honourable Conditions Oh Day eternally to be memorated! wherein All the Terrors of his Country were ended, and a PEACE (long wish'd for by almost all Europe) was restored by HARLEY, the Love and Delight of the People of England

But that this Gentleman can write in a different style, may be seen in a letter he printed to Mr Pope, wherein several Noble Lords are treated in a most extraordinary language particularly the Lord Bolingbroke abused for that very Peace which he here makes the single work of the Earl of

Oxford, directed by God Almighty

207 Welsted (A 11 293)

²¹³ A youth unknown to Phæbus, &c (A 11 205)

As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art	
To touch Achilles' only tender part,	
Secure, thro' her, the noble prize to carry,	
He marches off, his Grace's Secretary	220
'Now turn to diff'rent sports (the Goddess cries)	
And learn, my sons, the wond'rous pow'r of Noise	
To move, to raise, to ravish ev'ry heart,	
With Shakespear's nature, or with Johnson's art,	
Let others aim 'Tis yours to shake the soul	225
With Thunder rumbling from the mustard bowl,	-
With horns and trumpets now to madness swell,	
Now sink in sorrows with a tolling bell,	
Such happy arts attention can command,	
When fancy flags, and sense is at a stand	230
Improve we these Three Cat-calls be the bribe	
Of him, whose chatt'ring shames the Monkey tribe	
And his this Drum, whose hoarse heroic base	
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying Ass'	
Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din	235
The Monkey-mimics rush discordant in,	
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,	
And Noise and Norton, Brangling and Breval,	
Dennis and Dissonance, and captious Art,	
And Snip-snap short, and Interruption smart,	240
And Demonstration thin, and Theses thick,	
And Major, Minor, and Conclusion quick	
'Hold (cry'd the Queen) a Cat-call each shall win,	
Equal your merits! equal is your din!	
But that this well-disputed game may end,	245
Sound forth my Brayers, and the welkin rend'	
As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait	
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,	
For their defrauded, absent foals they make	
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake,	250
Sore sighs Sir Gilbert, starting at the bray,	
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay	

^{223, 225} To move, to raise, &c \(A \) 1 215\\\
226 With Thunder, &c \(A \) 1 218\\\
228 — with a tolling bell \(A \) 1 220\\\
231 Three Cat-calls \(A \) 1 223\\\
238 Norton \] See ver 417 — \(\frac{\cappa}{\cappa} \) Durant Breval, Author of a very extraordinary Book of Travels, and some Poems See before, Note on ver 126 (A 11 230)

²⁴³ a Cat-call, &c (A 11 233) 247 As when the, &c (A 11 239)

So avvolte each war I A	
So swells each wind-pipe, Ass intones to Ass,	
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and brass,	
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' Enthusiast blows,	255
High Sound, attemp'red to the vocal nose,	
Or such as bellow from the deep Divine,	
There Webster' peal'd thy voice, and Whitfield! thine	
But far o'er all, sonorous Blackmore's strain,	
Walls, steeples, skies, bray back to him again	260
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,	
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze,	
Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the sound,	
And courts to courts return it round and round,	
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,	265
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl	
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,	
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long	
This labour past, by Bridewell all descend,	
(As morning pray'r, and flagellation end)	270
To where Fleet-ditch with disemboguing streams	·
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,	
The King of dykes! than whom no sluice of mud	
With deeper sable blots the silver flood	
'Here strip, my children! here at once leap in,	275
Here prove who best can dash thro' thick and thin,	,,,
And who the most in love of dirt excel,	
Or dark dexterity of groping well	
Who flings most filth, and wide pollutes around	
The stream, be his the Weekly Journals bound,	280
A pig of lead to him who dives the best,	-
A peck of coals a-piece shall glad the rest '	
11 been of comp a brees prim Prim tree rest	

238 Webster—and Whitfield] The one the writer of a News paper called the Weekly Miscellany, the other a Field-preacher This thought the only means of advancing Christianity was by the New-birth of religious madness, That, by the old death of fire and faggot And therefore they agree in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuse all the sober Clergy

260 bray back to him again $\langle A \text{ 11 248} \rangle$ 262 Prick all their ears up, &c $\langle A \text{ 11 250} \rangle$ 263 Long Chanc ry-Lane $\langle A \text{ 11 251} \rangle$ 268 Who sings so loudly, &c $\langle A \text{ 11 250} \rangle$

²⁷⁰ As morning pray'r, &c \A 11 258\

²⁷³ The King of dykes! &c (A 11 261) 276, 277, 278 (A 11 264)

²⁸⁰ the Weekly Journals (A 11 268) 282 'A peck of coals a piece' (A 11 270)

In naked majesty Oldmixon stands, And Milo-like surveys his arms and hands, Then sighing, thus, 'And am I now three-score? Ah why, ye Gods! should two and two make four?' He said, and clim'd a stranded lighter's height,	285
Shot to the black abyss, and plung'd down-right The Semor's judgment all the crowd admire, Who but to sink the deeper, rose the higher Next Smedley div'd, slow circles dimpled o'er The quaking mud, that clos'd, and op'd no more All look, all sigh, and call on Smedley lost,	290
Smedley in vain resounds thro' all the coast Then * essay'd, scarce vanish'd out of sight, He buoys up instant, and returns to light He bears no token of the sabler streams,	29 ₃
And mounts far off among the Swans of Thames True to the bottom, see Concanen creep, A cold, long-winded, native of the deep If perseverance gain the Diver's prize, Not everlasting Blackmore this denies	300
No noise, nor stir, no motion can'st thou make, Th' unconscious stream sleeps o'er thee like a lake Next plung'd a feeble, but a desp'rate pack, With each a sickly brother at his back Sons of a Day! just buoyant on the flood, Then number'd with the pupples in the mud	305
Ask ye their names? I could as soon disclose The names of these blind puppies as of those Fast by, like Niobe (her children gone)	310

283 Oldmron] Mr JOHN OLDMINON vol 11 p 303 (A 11 199)
In his Essay on Criticism death (A 11 199)
He is here likened to Milo Lord Rosc (A 11 271)
291 Smedley] The person here mentioned in octavo, 1728 (A 11 279)

293 and call on Smedley lost &c (A 11 281)

295 Then * essay'd (See A 11 283n)

299 Concanen] MATTHEW CONCANEN, an Irishman, bred to the law Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphosis of Scriblerus, p 7 accuses him of 'having boasted Jamaica (A 11 130)

302 Not everlasting Blackmore (A 11 290)

306, 307 With each a sickly brother, & c] These were daily Papers a number of which, to lessen the expence, were printed one on the back of another

311 like Niobe] See the story in Ovid, Met vii where the miserable Petrefaction of this old Lady is pathetically described

Sits Mother Osborne, stupify'd to stone!
And Monumental Brass this record bears,
'These are,—ah no! these were, the Gazetteers!'
Not so bold Arnall, with a weight of skull,
Furious he dives, precipitately dull

315

312 Osborne] A name assumed by the eldest and gravest of these writers who at last being ashamed of his Pupils, gave his paper over and in his age remained silent (James Pitt, 'formerly a country School-Master, conducted the London Journal under the Name of Fr Osborne, which the Country Writers, from the Heaviness of the Style, converted into Mother Osborne')

314 Gazetteers] We ought not to suppress that a modern Critic here taxeth the Poet with an Anachronism, affirming these Gazetteers not to have lived within the time of his poem, and challenging us to produce any such paper of that date But we may with equal assurance assert, these Gazetteers not to have lived since, and challenge all the learned world to produce one such paper at this day Surely therefore, where the point is so obscure, our author ought not to be censured too rashly SCRIBL

Notwithstanding this affected ignorance of the good Scriblerus, the Daily Gazetteer was a title given very properly to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several Journals and circulated at the public expence of the nation The authors were the same obscure men, though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from Statesmen Courtiers, Bishops Deans, and Doctors The meaner sort were rewarded with Money, others with Places or Benefices, from an hundred to a thousand a year It appears from the Report of the Secret Committee for enquiring into the Conduct of R Earl of O (Robert Earl of Oxford) 'That no less than fifty-thousand, seventy-seven pounds, eighteen shillings were paid to Authors and Printers of News papers, such as Free-Britons, Daily-Courants Corn-Cutter's Journals, Gazetteers, and other political papers, between Feb 10, 1731 and Feb 10, 1741 'Which shews the Benevolence of One Minister to have expended, for the current dulness of ten years in Britain, double the sum which gained Louis XIV so much honour, in annual Pensions to Learned men all over Europe In which, and in a much longer time, not a Pension at Court, nor Preferment in the Church or Universities, of any Consideration, was bestowed on any man distinguished for his Learning separately from Party-merit, or Pamphlet-writing

It is worth a reflection, that of all the Panegyrics bestowed by these writers on this great Minister, not one is at this day extant or remembred, nor even so much credit done to his Personal character by all they have written as by one short occasional compliment of our Author.

written, as by one short occasional compliment of our Author

Seen him I have, but in his happier hour Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for Pow'r' Seen him, uncumber'd by the Venal Tribe, Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe

(Epilogue to the Satires, 1 29-32)

315 Arnall] WILLIAM ARNALL, bred an Attorney, was a perfect Genius in his sort of work He began under twenty with furious Partypapers, then succeeded Concanen in the British Journal At the first publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter professing his detestation of such practices

Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest, With all the might of gravitation blest No crab more active in the dirty dance, Downward to climb, and backward to advance He brings up half the bottom on his head, And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,	320
With holy envy gave one Layman place When lo! a burst of thunder shook the flood Slow rose a form, in majesty of Mud, Snaking the horrors of his sable brows,	325
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze Greater he looks, and more than mortal stares Then thus the wonders of the deep declares First he relates, how sinking to the chin, Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs suck'd him in How young Lutetia, softer than the down, Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,	330
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below, As Hylas fair was ravish'd long ago Then sung, how shown him by the Nut-brown maids A branch of Styx here rises from the Shaces, That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's streams,	335
And wafting Vapours from the Land of dreams, (As under seas Alphæus' secret sluice Bears Pisa's off'rings to his Arethuse) Pours into Thames and hence the mingled wave Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave	340

as his Predecessor's But since, by the most unexampled insolence, and personal abuse of several great men, the Poet's particular friends, he most amply deserved a niche in the Temple of Infamy Witness a paper, called the Free Briton, a Dedication intituled To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others He writ for hire, and valued himself upon it, not indeed without cause, it appearing by the aforesaid Report, that he received 'for Free Britons, and other writings, in the space of four years, no less than ten thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven pounds, six shillings, and eight pence, out of the Treasury'

323 The plunging Prelate, &c \Sir Robert Walpole used to relate an anecdote of Sherlock, Bishop of London, who was his contemporary at Eton, 'that when some of the Scholars, going to bathe in the Thames stood shivering on the Bank, Sherlock plunged in immediately over his head and ears' By 'his pond'rous Grace', Pope most probably intended John Potter (1674)-1747), Archbishop of Canterbury >

³²⁹ Greater he looks, &c (A 11 305)

³³⁶ As Hylas fair (A 11 312)

³³⁸ A branch of Styx, &c (A 11 314)

tempt for a hireling supporter Pope seems to be thinking more particularly here of the clerical journalists, such as Hoadly, Bland, Henley >

^{380, 381} The same their talents, &c (A 11 348)

Each prompt to query, answer, and debate, And smit with love of Poesy and Prate The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring, The heroes sit, the vulgar form a ring The clam'rous crowd is hush'd with mugs of Mum. 385 'Tıll all tun'd equal, send a gen'ral hum Then mount the Clerks, and in one lazy tone Thro' the long, heavy, painful page drawl on, Soft creeping, words on words, the sense compose, At ev'ry line they stretch, they yawn, they doze 390 As to soft gales top-heavy pines bow low Their heads, and lift them as they cease to blow Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline, As breathe, or pause, by fits, the airs divine And now to this side, now to that they nod, 395 As verse, or prose, infuse the drowzy God Thrice Budgel aim'd to speak, but thrice supprest By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breast Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer, Yet silent bow'd to Christ's No kingdom here 400 Who sate the nearest, by the words o'ercome, Shopt first, the distant nodded to the hum Then down are roll'd the books, stretch'd o'er 'em lies Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring seals his eyes As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes, 405 One circle first, and then a second makes, What Dulness dropt among her sons imprest Like motion from one circle to the rest, So from the mid-most the nutation spreads Round and more round, o'er all the sea of heads 410 At last Centlivre felt her voice to fail, Motteux himself unfinish'd left his tale, Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er,

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382 And smit with love, &c <A 11 350>
384 The heroes sit, &c <A 11 352>
388 Thro' the long, heavy, painful page, &c <A 11 356>
397 Thrice Budgel am'd to speak <A 11 365>
399 Toland and Tindal] Two persons, not so happy as to be obscure, who writ against the Religion of their Country <Cf A 11 367>
400 Christ's No kingdom, &c ] This is said by Curl, Key to Dunc to allude to a sermon of a reverend Bishop <Cf A 11 368>
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^{410,} O'er all the sea of heads (A 11 378)

⁴¹¹ Centlivre (A 11 379)

⁴¹³ Boyer the State, and Law the Stage gave o'er (A 11 381)

Morgan and Mandevil could prate no more, Norton, from Daniel and Ostræa sprung, 415 Bless'd with his father's front, and mother's tongue, Hung silent down his never-blushing head, And all was hush'd, as Folly's self lay dead Thus the soft gifts of Sleep conclude the day, And stretch'd on bulks, as usual, Poets lay 420 Why should I sing what bards the nightly Muse Did slumb'ring visit, and convey to stews, Who prouder march'd, with magistrates in state, To some fam'd round-house, ever open gate! How Henley lay inspir'd beside a sink, 425 And to mere mortals seem'd a Priest in drink While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet (Haunt of the Muses) made their safe retreat

414 Morgan] A writer against Religion, distinguished no otherwise from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompousness of his Title, for having stolen his Morality from Tindal, and his Philosophy from Spinoza, he calls himself, by the courtesy of England, a Moral Philosopher W

Ibid Mandevil This writer, who prided himself as much in the reputation of an Immoral Philosopher, was author of a famous book called the Fable of the Bees (1714, 1729), which may seem written to prove, that Moral Virtue is the invention of knaves, and Christian Virtue the imposition of fools, and that Vice is necessary, and alone sufficient to render Society flourishing and happy W

415 Norton Norton De Foe his name (A 11 383)

418 And all was hush'd, &c (A 11 386)

426 And to mere mortals, &c] This line presents to cause scandal' SCRIBL (A 11 393)

427 Fleet A 11 395>

The End of the Second Book

ARGUMENT TO BOOK THE THIRD

After the other persons are disposed in their proper places of rest, the Goddess transports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to slumber with his head on her lap, a position of marvellous virtue, which causes all the Visions of wild enthusiasts, projectors, politicians, namoratos, castle-builders, chemists, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad Poetical Sibyl, to the Elysian shade, where, on the banks of Lethe, the souls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghost of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with those which he himself is destined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vision, from whence he shews

him the past triumphs of the Empire of Dulness, then the present, and lastly the future how small a part of the world was ever conquered. by Science, how soon those conquests were stopped, and those very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then distinguishing the Island of Great-Britain, shews by what aids, by what persons, and by what degrees it shall be brought to her Empire Some of the persons he causes to pass in review before his eyes, describing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications On a sudden the Scene shifts, and a vast number of miracles and prodigies appear. utterly surprising and unknown to the King himself, 'till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing On this Subject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of these Hi prophesies how first the nation shall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows, how the throne of Dulness shall be advanced over the Theatres, and set up even at Court then how her Sons shall preside in the seats of Arts and Sciences giving a glimpse, or Pisgah-sight of the future Fulness of her Glory, the accomplishment whereof is the subject of the fourth and last book

But in her Temple's last recess inclos'd, On Dulness' lap th' Anointed head repos'd Him close the curtains round with Vapours blue, And soft besprinkles with Cimmerian dew Then raptures high the seat of Sense o'erflow, 5 Which only heads refin'd from Reason know Hence, from the straw where Bedlam's Prophet nods, He hears loud Oracles, and talks with Gods Henge the Fool's Paradise, the Statesman's Scheme, The air-built Castle, and the golden Dream, 10 The Maid's romantic wish, the Chemist's flame, And Poet's vision of eternal Fame And now, on Fancy's easy wing convey'd, The King descending, views th' Elysian Shade A slip-shod Sibyl led his steps along, 15 In lofty madness mediating song, Her tresses staring from Poetic dreams, And never wash'd, but in Castalia's streams Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,

5, 6, &c \langle A 111 5, 6\rangle
How much the good Scriblerus was mistaken, may be seen from the
Fourth book, which, it is plain from hence, he had never seen BENT
7, 8 Hence, from the straw, &c \langle A 111 8\rangle
19 Taylor \langle A 11 223\rangle

(Once swan of Thames, tho' now he sings no more) 20 Benlowes, propitious still to blockheads, bows, And Shadwell nods the Poppy on his brows Here, in a dusky vale where Lethe rolls, Old Bayius sits, to dip poetic souls, And blunt the sense, and fit it for a skull 25 Of solid proof, impenetrably dull Instant, when dipt, away they wing their flight. Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of Light, Demand new bodies, and in Calf's array, Rush to the world, impatient for the day 30 Millions and millions on these banks he views, Thick as the stars of night, or morning dews, As thick as bees o'er vernal blossoms flv. As thick as eggs at Ward in Pillory Wond'ring he gaz'd When lo! a Sage appears, 35 By his broad shoulders known, and length of ears, Known by the band and suit which Settle wore (His only suit) for twice three years before All as the vest, appear'd the wearer's frame, Old in new state, another yet the same 40 Bland and familiar as in life, begun

21 Benlowes] A country gentleman famous for his own bad Poetry, and for patronizing bad Poets, as may be seen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him Some of these anagram'd his name, Benlowes into Benevolus to verify which, he spent his whole estate upon them (1602-76), author of Theophila, or Love's Sacrifice and other works >

22 Shadwell (A 11 324)

23 Here in a dusky vale, &c (A in 15)

24 Old Bavius sits (A iii 16)

the gentlemen of the Bunciad (A 24 Old Barius sits] Bavius 111 165

28 unbar the gates of Light (A 111 20) 28 Brown and Mears] Booksellers, Printers for any body—The intelligible (A iii 20)

31, 32 Millions and millions—Thick as the stars, &c (A in 23)

34 Ward in Pillory (A 111 26) 36 and length of ears (A 111 28)

37 Settle] Elkanah Settle was once a Writer in vogue, as well as Cibber, both for Dramatic Poetry and Politics Mr Dennis tells us that 'he was a formidable rival to Mr Dryden, and that in the University of Cambridge there were those who gave him the preference' Mr Welsted goes yet farther in his behalf 'Poor Settle was formerly the Mighty rival of Dryden, nay, for many years, bore his reputation above him' Pref to his Poems, 8vo p 31 And Mr Milbourn cried out, 'How little was Dryden able, even when his blood run high, to defend himself against Mr Settle! Notes on Dryd Virg p 175 These are comfortable opinions! and no wonder some authors indulge them

Rem on Hom (A 188) He was author or publisher

Thus the great Father to the greater Son	
'Oh born to see what none can see awake'	
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious Lake	
Thou, yet unborn, hast touch'd this sacred shore,	45
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er	73
But blind to former as to future fate,	
What mortal knows his pre-existent state?	
Who knows how long thy transmigrating soul	
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?	50
How many Dutchmen she vouchsaf'd to thrid?	
How many stages thro' old Monks she rid?	
And all who since, in mild benighted days,	
Mix'd the Owl's ivy with the Poet's bays?	
As man's Mæanders to the vital spring	55
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring,	
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by skilful swain,	
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again	
All nonsense thus, of old or modern date,	
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate	60
For this, our Queen unfolds to vision true	
Thy mental eye, for thou hast much to view	
Old scenes of glory, times long cast behind	
Shall, first recall'd, rush forward to thy mind	
Then stretch thy sight o'er all her rising reign,	65
And let the past and future fire thy brain	
'Ascend this hill, whose cloudy point commands	
Her boundless empire over seas and lands	
See, round the Poles where keener spangles shine,	
Where spices smoke beneath the burning Line,	70
(Earth's wide extremes) her sable flag display'd,	
And all the nations cover'd in her shade!	
'Far eastward cast thine eye, from whence the Sun	
And orient Science their bright course begun	
One god-like Monarch all that pride confounds,	75
He, whose long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds,	
Heav'ns! what a pile! whole ages perish there.	

50 Might from Bæotian, &c] Bæotia lay under the ridicule of the Wits formerly, as Ireland does now, tho' it produced one of the greatest Poets and one of the greatest Generals of Greece

Bæotum crasso jurares aere natum HORAT

54 Mix'd the Owl's vey (A 111 46)	
61, 62 For this, our Queen, &c (A 111 53)	
69 See, round the Poles, &c (A 111 61, 62)	
og Bee, round the Potes, Ge (A III 01, 02)	
73 (A 111 65) 75 (A 1	. 4.
73 (A m 65) 75 (A m	1002

And one bright blaze turns Learning into air 'Thence to the south extend thy gladden'd eyes, There rival flames with equal glory rise, From shelves to shelves see greedy Vulcan roll, And lick up all their Physic of the Soul	80
'How little, nlark! that portion of the ball, Where, faint at best, the beams of Science fall Soon as they dawn, from Hyperborean skies Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals rise! Lo! where Mæotis sleeps, and hardly flows The freezing Tanais thro' a waste of snows,	85
The North by myriads pours her mighty sons, Great nurse of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns! See Alaric's stern port! the martial frame Of Genseric! and Attila's dread name!	90
See the bold Ostrogoths on Latium fall, See the fierce Visigoths on Spain and Gaul! See, where the morning gilds the palmy shore (The soil that arts and infant letters bore) His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws, And saving Ignorance enthrones by Laws	95
See Christians, Jews, one heavy sabbath keep, And all the western world believe and sleep 'Lo! Rome herself, proud mistress now no more Of arts, but thund'ring against heathen lore, Her grey-hair'd Synods damning books unread,	100
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head Padua, with sighs, beholds her Livy burn, And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn See, the Cirque falls, th' unpillar'd Temple nods, Streets pav'd with Heroes, Tyber choak'd with Gods 'Fill Peter's keys some christ'ned Jove adorn, And Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn, See graceless Venus to a Virgin turn'd, Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd 'Behold yon' Isle, by Palmers, Pilgrims trod, Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, shod, unshod, Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linsey-wolsey brothers, Grave Mummers' sleeveless some, and shirtless others That once was Britain—Happy! had she seen	105
THE OTHER MED DIVINITY TRAPEL THE OTHER	

81, 82 (A 111 73, 74) 96 (A 111 88) 102 thund'ring against heathen lore (A 111 94) 109 'Till Peter's keys, &c (A 111 101) 117, 118 Happy'—had Easter never been' (A 111 110)

No fiercer sons, had Easter never been In peace, great Goddess, ever be ador'd, How keen the war, if Dulness draw the sword! Thus visit not thy own! on this blest age Oh spread thy Influence, but restrain thy Rage	120
'And see, my son! the hour is on its way, That lifts our Goddess to imperial sway, This fav'rite Isle, long sever'd from her reign, Dove-like, she gathers to her wings again Now look thro' Fate! behold the scene she draws!	125
What aids, what armies to assert her cause! See all her progeny, illustrious sight! Behold, and count them, as they rise to light As Berecynthia, while her offspring vye In homage to the Mother of the sky,	130
Surveys around her, in the blest abode, An hundred sons, and ev'ry son a God Not with less glory mighty Dulness crown d, Shall take thro' Grub-street her triumphant round, And her Parnassus glancing o'er at once, Behold an hundred sons, and each a Dunce	135
'Mark first that Youth who takes the foremost place, And thrusts his person full into your face With all thy Father's virtues blest, be born! And a new Cibber shall the stage adorn	140
'A second see, by meeker manners known, And modest as the maid that sips alone, From the strong fate of drams if thou get free, Another Durfey, Ward' shall sing in thee Thee shall each ale-house, thee each gill-house mourn, And answ'ring gin-shops sowrer sighs return	145

126 Dove-like, she gathers] This is fulfilled in the fourth book

127, 129 Now look thro' Fate ! &c (A 111 119)

131 As Berecyntha, &c (A 111 123) 139 Mark first that Youth, &c (A 111 131)

141 With all thy Father's virtues, &c] A manner of expression Ecl iv (A 111 133)

It was very natural to shew to the Hero, before all others, his own Son, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities By the attitude in which he here presents himself, the reader may be cautioned against ascribing wholly to the Father the merit of the epithet Cibberian, which is equally to be understood with an eye to the Son

¹⁴⁵ From the strong fate of drams (A 111 137) 147 Thee shall each ale-house, &c (A 111 139)

'Jacob, the scourge of Grammar, mark with awe, Nor less revere him, blunderbuss of Law 150 Lo P--p--le's brow, tremendous to the town, Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal Frown Lo sneering Goode, half malice and half whim, A Frend in glee, Indiculously grim Each Cygnet sweet of Bath and Tunbridge race, 155 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass Each Songster, Riddler, ev'ry nameless name, All crowd, who foremost shall be damn'd to Fame Some strain in rhyme, the Muses, on their racks, Scream like the winding of ten thousand jacks 160 Some free from rhyme or reason, rule or check, Break Priscian's head, and Pegasus's neck, Down, down they larum, with impetuous whirl, The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl 'Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls, 165

And makes Night hideous—Answer him, ve Owls!

'Sense, speech, and measure, living tongues and dead, Let all give way-and Morris may be read

'Flow Welsted, flow! like thine inspirer, Beer. Tho' stale, not ripe, tho' thin, yet never clear, 170

149 Jacob (A 111 149)

149, 150 I here may seem some error Charity (As in 'Errata', p 429 >

150 (A 111 150)

152 Horneck and Roome These two were virulent Party-writers. worthily coupled together, and one would think prophetically, since after the publishing of this piece the former dying, the latter succeeded him in Honour and Employment The first was Philip Horneck, Author of a Billingsgite paper call'd The High German Doctor Edward Roome was son of an Undertaker for Funerals in Fleetstreet, and writ some of the papers cill'd Pasquin, where by malicious Innuendos he endeavoured to represent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under prosecution of Parliament P(opp)le was the author of some vile Plays and Pamphlets He published abuses on our author in a Paper called the Prompter (Ct A 111 146)

153 Goode (A 111 147) 156 Whose tuneful whistling makes the waters pass] There were several successions of these sort of minor poets, at Tunbridge, Bath, &c singing the praise of the Annuals flourishing for that season, whose names indeed would be nameless, and therefore the Poet slurs them over with others ın general

165 Ralph] James Ralph Sept 1728 (A iii 159) He ended at a small pittance for pay (A iii 159)

168 Morris Besaleel, see Book 2 (126)

169 Flow Welsted, flow ' &c (A m 163)

169 Flow Welsted, &c] Of this Author pag 23, 24 (A 111 163) It should not be forgot to his honour that he received at one time the sum

So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull, Heady, not strong, o'erflowing, tho' not full 'Ah Dennis' Gildon ah! what ill-starr'd rage Divides a friendship long confirm'd by age?	
Blockheads with reason wicked wits abhor,	175
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war	
Embrace, embrace my sons! be foes no more! Nor glad vile Poets with frue Critic's gore	
'Behold you Pair, in strict embraces join'd,	
How like in manners, and how like in mind!	180
Equal in wit, and equally polite,	100
Shall this a Pasquin, that a Grumbler write,	
Like are their merits, like rewards they share,	
That shines a consul, this Commissioner'	
'But who is he, in closet close y-pent,	185
Of sober face, with learned dust besprent?'	
'Right well mine eyes arede the myster wight,	
On parchment scraps y-fed, and Wormius hight	
To future ages may thy dulness last,	
As thou preserv'st the dulness of the past!	190
'There, dim in clouds, the poring Scholiasts mark,	
Wits, who like owls, see only in the dark,	

of 500 pounds for secret service, among the other excellent authors hired to write anonymously for the Ministry See Report of the Secret Committee, &c in 1742

173 Ah Dennis, &c] The reader at this time $\langle A$ iii 167 \rangle By his own account of himself in Mr Jacob s Lives, he must have been above threescore, and happily lived many years after So that he was senior to Mr Durfey, who hitherto of all our Poets enjoy'd the longest Bodily life $\langle Cf A$ ii 273 $n \rangle$

177 Embrace, embrace my sons! (A 111 171)

179 Behold you Pair &c (A 111 173)

179 Behold you Pair, &c] One of these 1715 (A iii 175)

Of the other works of these Gentlemen the world has heard no more, than it would of Mr Pope's, had their united laudable endeavours discourag d him from pursuing his studies Cradle? C $\langle A$ iii 175 \rangle

After many Editions of this poem, the Author thought fit to omit the names of these two persons, whose injury to him was of so old a date. In the verses he omitted, it was said that one of them had a pious passion for the other. It was a literal translation of Virgil, Nisus amore pio pueri—and there, as in the original, applied to Friendship. That between Nisus Gentleman together (A iii 176)

184 That stunes a Consul, this Commissioner] Such places were given at this time to such sort of Writers

185 But who is he, &c (A 111 181)

187 arede (A 111 183) Ibid myster wight (A 111 183)

188 Wormius hight (A 111 184) 188 hight (A 111 184)

192 Wits, who, like owls, &c (A iii 188)

199 lo! Henley stands &c] J Henley the Orator FACIAM (A III 195) This man had an hundred pounds a year given him for the secret service of a weekly paper of unintelligible nonsense, called the Hyp-Doctor

But soon the cloud return'd—and thus the Sire 'See now, what Dulness and her sons admire!

204 Sherlock, Hare, Gibson] Bishops of Salisbury, Chichester, and London

212 (A 111 208)

224 But, 'Learn, ye Dunces' not to scorn your God' (A 111 222) Ibid not to scorn your God'] See this subject pursued in Book 4

See what the charms, that smite the simple heart Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art' His never-blushing head he turn'd aside, (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy'd)	230
And look'd, and saw a sable Sorc'rer rise, Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies All sudden, Gorgons hiss, and Dragons glare, And ten-horn'd fiends and Giants rush to war Hell rises, Heav'n descends, and dance on Earth	235
Gods, imps, and monsters, music, rage, and mirth, A fire, a jigg, a battle, and a ball, 'Till one wide conflagration swallows all Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown, Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own	240
Another Cynthia her new journey runs, And other planets circle other suns The forests dance, the rivers upward rise, Whales sport in woods, and dolphins in the skies, And last, to give the whole creation grace,	245
Lo' one vast Egg produces human race Joy fills his soul, joy innocent of thought, 'What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r these wonders wrought?' 'Son, what thou seek'st is in thee! Look, and find	250
Each Monster meets his likeness in thy mind Yet would'st thou more? In yonder cloud behold, Whose sarsenet skirts are edg'd with flamy gold, A matchless Youth! his nod these worlds controuls, Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls Angel of Dulness, sent to scatter round Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground	255

232 (Not half so pleas'd when Goodman prophesy d)] Mr Cibber tells us, in his Life, p 149 that Goodman being at the rehearsal of a play, in which he had a part, clapped him on the shoulder, and cried, 'If he does not make a good actor I'll be d-d-' 'And (says Mr Cibber) I make it a question whether Alexander himself, or Charles the twelfth of Sweden when at the head of their first victorious armies, could feel a greater transport in their bosoms than I did in mine '

237 Hell rises, &c (A iii 233)

244 And other planets (A 111 240) 246 Whales sport in woods, &c (A 111 242)

248 Lo' one vast Egg (A 111 244)

251 Son, what thou seek st, &c <A 111 247> 256 Wings the red light ning, &c <A 111 252>

258 -o'er all unclassic ground (A 111 254)

THE DUNCIAD BOOK III	76I
Yon stars, yon suns, he rears at pleasure higher, Illumes their light, and sets their flames on fire Immortal Rich! how calm he sits at ease	260
'Mid snows of paper, and fierce hail of pease,	
And proud his Mistress' orders to perform,	
Rides in the wilirlwind, and directs the storm	
'But lo! to dark encounter in mid air	265
New wizards rise, I see my Cibber there!	
Booth in his cloudy tabernacle shrin'd,	
On grinning dragons thou shalt mount the wind	
Dire is the conflict, dismal is the din,	
Here shouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn,	270
Contending Theatres our empire raise,	
Alike their labours, and alike their praise	
'And are these wonders, Son, to thee unknown?	
Unknown to thee? These wonders are thy own	
These Fate reserv'd to grace thy reign divine,	275
Foreseen by me, but ah! with-held from mine	
In Lud's old walls tho' long I rul'd, renown'd	
Far as loud Bow's stupendous bells resound,	
Tho' my own Aldermen confer'd the bays,	
To me committing their eternal praise,	280
Their full-fed Heroes, their pacific May'rs,	

261 Immortal Rich! (A 111 257)

266 I see my Cibber there '] The history of the foregoing absurdities is verified by himself, in these words (Life, chap, xv) 'Then sprung forth that succession of monstrous medleys that have so long infested the stage, which arose upon one another alternately at both houses, out-vying each other in expence. He then proceeds to excuse his own part in them, as follows 'If I am asked why I assented, I have no better excuse for my error than to confess I did it against my conscience, and had not virtue enough to starve Had Henry IV of France a better for changing his Religion? I was still in my heart, as much as he could be, on the side of Truth and Sense, but with this difference, that I had their leave to quit them when they could not support me —But let the question go which way it will, Harry IVth has always been allowed a great man' This must be confest a full answer only the question still seems to be, I How the doing a thing against one's conscience is an excuse for it? and, 2dly, It will be hard to prove how he got the leave of Truth and Sense to quit their service, unless he can produce a Certificate that he ever was in it

Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars

266, 267 Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the Theatre in

Drury-lane

268 On grinning dragons, &c] In his Letter to Mr P Mr C solemnly declares this not to be literally true We hope therefore the reader will understand it allegorically only

Tho' long my Party built on me their hopes, For writing Pamphlets, and for roasting Popes, Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on! Reduc'd at last to hiss in my own dragon Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er	2 85
Should'st wag a serpent-tail in Smithfield fair! Like the vile straw that's blown about the streets, The needy Poet sticks to all he meets, Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now loose, now fast, And carry'd off in some Dog's tail at last	290
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling stone, Thy giddy dulness still shall lumber on, Safe in its heaviness, shall never stray, But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way Thee shall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taste,	2 95
And ev'ry year be duller than the last 'Till rais'd from booths, to Theatre, to Court, Her seat imperial Dulness shall transport Already Opera prepares the way, The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway	300
Let her thy heart, next Drabs and Dice, engage, The third mad passion of thy doting age Teach thou the warb'ling Polypheme to roar, And scream thyself as none e'er scream'd before! To aid our cause, if Heav'n thou can'st not bend,	305
Hell thou shalt move, for Faustus is our friend Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join, And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine Grubstreet! thy fall should men and Gods conspire, Thy stage shall stand, ensure it but from Fire	310

²⁸³ Tho' long my Party (A 111 281) 297 Thee shall the Patriot, &c (A 111 299) 305 Polypheme] He translated the Italian Opera of Polifemo but unfortunately lost the whole jest of the story The Cyclops asks Ulysses his name, who tells him his name is Noman After his eye is put out, he roars and calls the Brother Cyclops to his aid They enquire who has hurt him? he answers Noman, whereupon they all go away again Our ingenious Translator made Ulysses answer, I take no name, whereby all that follow d became unintelligible Hence it appears that Mr Cibber (who values himself on subscribing to the English Translation of Homer's Iliad) had not that merit with respect to the Odyssey, or he might have been better instructed in the Greek Pun-nology

^{308, 309} Faustus, Pluto, &c Names of miserable Farces which audience (A iii 307)

³¹² ensure it but from Fire (A iii 310)

THE DUNCIAD BOOK III	763
Another Æschylus appears! prepare For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair! In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,	275
While op'ning Hell spouts wild-fire at your head 'Now Bavius take the poppy from thy brow, And place it bere' here all ye Heroes bow! This, this is he, foretold by ancient rhymes	315
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times Signs following signs lead on the mighty year! See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays! Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of Plays!	320
On Poets' Tombs see Benson's titles writ! Lo! Ambrose Philips is prefer'd for Wit! See under Ripley rise a new White-hall, While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,	325
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends, Hibernian Politics, O Swift! thy fate, And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate 'Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the shore, 'Till Birth shall blush with noble blood no raore,	330
'Tıll Thames see Eaton's sons for ever play, 'Tıll Westminster's whole year be holiday,	335
313 Another Æschylus appears 1 It is reported miscarried	〈A m
315 like Semele's < A 111 313> 319, 320 This, this is he, & c < A 111 317>	
323 Phæbus (See iv 6in, 93n) 324 Midas (i e Cibber is as bad a judge of poetry is Midas called upon to judge between Apollo and Pan, awarded the prize to There may be a secondary suggestion that Cibber was coining more than the street in th	o Pan ney for
325 Benson's tutles writ (A 111 321 Cf 1v 110n) 326 Ambrose Philips] He was (saith Mr JACOB) 322) He endeavour'd of it (A 111 322)	
327 a new White-hall (Pope probably means the Admiralty by planned by Ripley, 1724-6) 228 Janes' and Boyle's united labours (A 111 324)	uilding
330 Gay dies unpension a, &c (A iii 320) 331 Hiberman Politics] See book 1 ver 26 332 And Pope's to comment and translate (A iii 328n) 333 Proceed, great days' &c] It may perhaps seem incredible, great a Revolution in Learning as is here prophesied, should be about by such weak Instruments as have been [hitherto] described poem. But do not thou, gentle reader, rest too secure in thy conte	in out

'Till Isis' Elders reel, their pupils' sport, And Alma mater lie dissolv'd in Port!'
'Enough! enough!' the raptur'd Monarch cries, And thro' the Iv'ry Gate the Vision flies

340

340 And thro' the Iv'ry Gate, &c 'A 111 358

The End of the Third Book

BOOK THE FOURTH

ARGUMENT

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the Completion of the Prophecies mention'd at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation, as the greater Poets are wont, when some high and worthy matter is to be sung He shews the Goddess coming in her Majesty, to destroy Order and Science, and to substitute the Kingdom of the Dull upon earth How she leads captive the Sciences, and silenceth the Muses, and what they be who succeed in their stead All her Children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her, and bear along with them divers others, who promote her Empire by connizance, weak resistance, or discouragement of Arts, such as Half-wits, tasteless Adminers, vain Pretenders, the Flatterers of Dunces, or the Patrons of them All these crowd round her, one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a Rival, but she commends and encourages both The first who speak in form are the Genius's of the Schools, who assure her of their care to advance her Cause, by confining Youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge Their Address, and her gracious Answer, with her Charge to them and the Universities The Universities appear by their proper Deputies, and assure her that the same method is observ'd in the progress of Education, The speech of Aristarchus on this subject. They are driven off by a band of young Gentlemen return'd from Travel with their Tutors, one of whom delivers to the Goddess, in a polite oration, an account of the whole Conduct and Fruits of their Travels presenting to her at the same time a young Nobleman perfectly accomplished She receives him graciously, and indues him with the happy quality of Want of Shame She sees lottering about her a number of Indolent Persons abandoning all business and duty, and dying with laziness. To these approaches the Antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuosos, and assign them over to him But Mummius, another Antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, she finds a method to reconcile their difference Then enter a Troop of people fantastically adorn'd, offering her strange and exotic presents Amongst them, one stands forth and demands justice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greatest Curiosities in nature but he justifies himself so well, that the Goddess gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before-mentioned in the study of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-nests, Moss, &c but with particular caution, not to proleed beyond Trifles, to any useful or extensive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature Against the last of these apprehensions, she is secured by a hearty Address from the Minute Philosophers and Freethinkers, one of whom speaks in the name of the rest The Youth thes instructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus, and then admitted to taste the Cup of the Magus her High Priest, which causes a total oblivion of all Obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational To these her Adepts she sends Priests, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds, confers on them Orders and Degrees, and then dismissing them with a speech, confirming to each his Privileges and telling what she expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue The Progress and Effects whereof on all Orders of men. and the Consummation of all, in the Restoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem

Yet, yet a moment, one dim Ray of Light Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night! Of darkness visible so much be lent, As half to shew, half veil the deep Intent

The Dunciad, Book IV] This Book may properly be distinguished from the former, by the Name of the Greater Dunciad not so indeed in Size, but in Subject, and so fai contrary to the distinction anciently made of the Greater and Lesser Iliad But much are they mistaken who imagine this Work in any wise inferior to the former, or of any other hand than of our Poet, of which I am much more certain than that the Iliad itself was the Work of Solomon, or the Batrachomuomachia of Homer, as Barnes hath affirmed Bent P W (Joshua Barnes, 1654–1712, editor of Homer)

1, &c] This is an Invocation of much Piety The Poet willing to approve himself a genuine Son, beginneth by shewing (what is ever agreeable to Dulness) his high respect for Antiquity and a Great Family, how dull, or dark soever Next declareth his love for Mystery and Obscurity, and lastly his Impatience to be re-united to her Scribl PW

2 dread Chaos, and eternal Night'] Invoked, as the Restoration of their Empire is the Action of the Poem PW

4 half to shew, half veil This is a great propriety, for a dull Poet can never express himself otherwise than by halves, or imperfectly SCRIBL

I understand it very differently, the Author in this work had indeed a

Ye Pow'rs! whose Mysteries restor'd I sing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suspend a while your Force inertly strong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song
Now flam'd the Dog-star's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry Brain, and wither'd ev'ry Bay,
Sick was the Sun, the Owl forsook his bow'r,
The moon-struck Prophet felt the madding hour
Then rose the Seed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out Order, and extinguish Light,
Of dull and venal a new World to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of Lead and Gold

deep Intent, there were in it Uvsteries or απορρητα which he durst not fully reveal, and doubtless in divers verses (according to Milton)

----- more is meant than meets the ear (Il Penseroso, 1 120 BENT PW

6 To whom Time bears me] Fair and softly, good Poet! (cries the gentle Scriblerus on this place) For sure in spite of his unusual modests, he shall not travel so fast toward Oblivion, as divers others of more Confidence have done For when I revolve in my mind the Catalogue of those who have the most boldly promised to themselves Immortality, viz Pindar, Iuis Gongora, Ronsard Oldham Lyines, Lycophron, Statius, Chapman, Blackmore, Heroics, I find the one half to be already dead, and the other in utter darkness. But it becometh not us, who have taken upon us the office of Commentator, to suffer our Poet thus produgally to cast away his I ife contrariwise, the more hidden and abstruse is his work, and the more remote its beauties from common Understanding, the more is it our duty to draw forth and exalt the same, in the face of Men and Angels Herein shall we imitate the laudable Spirit of those, who have (for this very reason) delighted to comment on the Tragments of dark and uncouth Authors, preferred Ennus to Virgil and chosen to turn the darl Lanthorn of Lycophron rather than to trim the everlasting I amp of Homer SCRIBL PW

7 Force mertly strong] Alluding to the Vis mertia of Matter, which, tho' it really be no Power, is yet the Foundation of all the Qualities and

Attributes of that sluggish Substance PW

14 To blot out Order, and extinguish I ight] The two great Ends of her Mission, the one in quality of Daughter of Chaos, the other as Daughter of Night Order here is to be understood extensively, both as Civil and Moral, the distinctions between high and low in Society, and true and false in Individuals Light, as Intellectual only, Wit, Science, Arts P W

15 Of dull and venal The Allegory continued dull referring to the extinction of Light or Science, venal to the destruction of Order, or the

Truth of Things PW

Ibid a new World] In allusion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the Dissolution of the natural World into Night and Chaos, a new one should arise, this the Poet alluding to, in the Production of a new moral World, makes it partake of its original Principles PW

16 Lead and Gold] ie dull and venal PW

She mounts the Throne her head a Cloud conceal'd, In broad Effulgence all below reveal'd, ('Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines) Soft on her lap her Laureat son reclines 20 Beneath her foot-stool, Science groans in Chains, And Wit dreads Exile, Penalties and Pains There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound, There, stript, fair Rhet'ric languish'd on the ground, His blunted Arms by Sophistry are born, 25 And shameless Billingsgate her Robes adorn

18 all below reveal d] Vet Adag The higher you climb the more you shew pour A- Verified in no instance more than in Dulness aspiring

Emblematized also by an Ape climbing and exposing his posteriors SCRIBL PW

20 her Laureat son reclines] With great judgment it is imagined by the Poet, that such a Collegue as Dulness had elected should sleep on the Throne and have very little share in the Action of the Poem Accordingly he hath done little or nothing from the day of his Anointing, having past through the second book without taking pait in any thing that was transacted about him, and thro' the third in profound Sleep Nor ought this well considered to seem strange in our days, when so many King-

consorts have done the like SCRIBL

This verse our excellent Laureate took so to heart, that he appealed to all mankind, 'if he was not as reldom asleep as any fool?' But it is hoped the Poet hath not injured him, but rather verified his Prophecy (p 243 of his own Life 800 ch in) where he says 'the Reader will be as much pleased to find me a Dunce in my Old age, as he was to prove me a brisk block head in my Youth' Wherever there was any room for Briskness, or Alacrity of any sort, even in sinking, he hath had it allowed him, but here, here there is nothing for him to do but to take his natural rest, he must permit his Historian to be silent. It is from their actions only that Princes have their character and Poets from their works. And if in those he be as nuch asleep as any fool, the Poet must leave him and them to sleep to all ceinity BINT

Ibid her Laureat] 'When I find my Name in the satyrical works of this Poet I never look upon it as any malice meant to me, but Profit to himself For he considers that my Face is more known than most in the nition, and therefore a Lick at the Laureate will be a sure bait ad captandum vulgus, to catch little reiders Life of Colley Cibber, chap in

Now if it be cert un, that the works of our Poet have owed their success to this ingenious expedient, we hence derive an unanswerable Argument, that this Fourth DUNCIAD, as well as the former three, hath had the Author's last hand, and was by him intended for the Press Or else to what purpose hath he crowned it, as we see, by this finishing stroke, the

profitable Lick at the Laureate? BENT

21 22 Beneath her footstool, &c] We are next presented with the pictures of those whom the Goddess leads in Captivity Science is only depressed and confined so as to be rendered useless, but Wit or Gentus, as a more dangerous and active enemy, punished, or driven away Dulness being often reconciled in some degree with Learning, but never upon any terms with Wit And accordingly it will be seen that she admits something like each Science, as Casuistry, Sophistry, &c PW

Morality, by her false Guardians drawn, Chicane in Furs, and Casustry in Lawn, Gasps, as they straiten at each end the cord, And dies, when Dulness gives her Page the word 30 Mad Mathesis alone was unconfin'd. Too mad for mere material chains to bind, Now to pure Space lifts her extatic stare, Now running round the Carele, finds it square But held in ten-fold bonds the Muses lie, 35 Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye There to her heart sad Tragedy addrest The dagger wont to pierce the Tyrant's breast, But sober History restrain'd her rage, And promis'd Vengeance on a barb'rous age 40 There sunk Thalia, nerveless, cold, and dead, Had not her Sister Satyr held her head Nor cou'd'st thou, CHESTERFIELD 1 a tear refuse. Thou wept'st, and with thee wept each gentle Muse

28 m Furs in Laun (i.e. in the Law in the Church The 'Furs' are the erimine robes of the judges Lawn' is the fine linen used for

the sleeves of a bishop

30 gives her Pige the rord] There wis a Judge of this name (see p 616, 1 82*, always ready to hang inv man, of which he was suffered to give a hundred miscrible examples during a long life, even to his dotage. The the ended Scriblerus imigined Page here to mean no more than a Page or Mute, and to illude to the custom of stringling State Criminals in Turley by Mutes of Piges. A prictice more decent than that of our Page, who before he hanged in sperson, loaded him with reproach full language. Scribi

31 Mad Mathesis] Alluding to the stringe Conclusions some Mathematicians have deduced from their principles concerning the real Quantity

of Matter the Reality of Space Sc

34 finds it square] Regards the wild and fruitless attempts of squaring

the Circle P W

36 Watch'd both by Envy's and by I litt'ry's eye] One of the misfortunes falling on Authors, from the Act for subjecting Plays to the power of a Licenser, being the false appresentations to which they were exposed, from such as either gratify'd their Linys to Merit, or made their Court to Greatness, by perverting general Reflections against Vice into Libels on

particular Persons

43 Nor cou'd'st thou, &c] This Noble Person in the year 1737, when the Act aforesaid was brought into the House of Lords, opposed it in an excellent speech (says Mr Cibber) 'with a lively spirit, and uncommon eloquence' This speech had the honour to be answered by the said Mr Cibber, with a lively spirit also and in a manner very uncommon, in the 8th Chapter of his Life and Manners And here, gentle Reader, would I gladly insert the other speech, whereby thou mightest judge between them but I must defer it on account of some differences not yet adjusted between the noble Author and myself, concerning the True Reading of certain passages Scribl

When lo! a Harlot form soft sliding by, 45 With mincing step, small voice, and languid eye, Foreign her air, her robe's discordant pride In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aside By singing Peers up-held on either hand, She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to stand, 50 Cast on the prostrate Nine a scornful look, Then thus in quaint Récitativo spoke O Cara ' Cara ' silence all that train Joy to great Chaos! let Division reign Chromatic tortures soon shall drive them hence, 55 Break all their nerves, and fritter all their sense One Trill shall harmonize joy, grief, and rage, Wake the du'l Church, and lull the ranting Stage, To the same notes thy sons shall hum, or snore, And all thy yawning daughters cry, encore 60 Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns, Joys in my jiggs, and dances in my chains But soon, ah soon Rebellion will commence

45 When lol a Harlot form] Every Reader will see, that from this verse to the 68th is a detach d piece. We suppose it rightly inserted here, from what is said of her ensting a scornful look on the prostrate Muses, but if any one can show us a properer place we shall be obliged to him. The Attitude fiven to this Phantom represents the nature and genius of the Italian Opera, its affected and its effeminate sounds, and the practice of patching up these Operas with favourite Songs, incoherently put together. These things were supported by the subscriptions of the Nobility. This circumstance that Opera should prepare for the opening of the grand Sessions, was prophessed of in Book 3 ver 304

Already Opera prepares the way, The sure fore-runner of her gentle sway

Music with numberless divisions, to the neglect of that harmony which conforms to the Sense, and applies to the Passions Mr Handel had introduced a great number of Hands, and more variety of Instruments into the Orchestra and employed even Drums and Cannon to make a fuller Chorus, which provides on much too manly for the fine Gentlemen of his age, that he was obliged to remove his Music into Ireland After which they were reduced, for want of Composers, to practise the patch-work above mentioned (Senesino was particularly celebrated for his 'divisions', ie breaking up each of a succession of long notes into a number of short ones, and so dwelling on a single syllable of the word he was singing)

61 thy oun Phæbus reigns]

Tuus jam 1 egnat Apollo Virg (Ecl iv 10)

Not the ancient *Phæbus*, the God of Harmony but a modern *Phæbus* of *French* extraction, married to the Princess *Galimathia*, one of the handmaids of Dulness, and an assistant to Opera Of whom see *Bouhours*, and other Critics of that nation Scribl PW

If Music meanly borrows aid from Sense Strong in new Arms, lo! Giant Handel stands, Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands, To stir, to rouze, to shake the Soul he comes, And Jove's own Thunders follow Mars's Drurns Arrest him, Empress, or you sleep no more.'—
She heard, and drove him to th' Hibernian shoils

And now had Fame's posterior Trumpet blown, And all the Nations summon'd to the Throne The young, the old, who feel her inward sway, One instinct seizes, and transports away None need a guide, by sure Attraction led, And strong impulsive gravity of Head

64 Music meanly borrous aid, Sc (Pope appears to be referring to Handels oratorios)

71 Fame s posterior Trumpet] Posterior via her second or more certain Report unless we imagine this word posterior to relate to the postion of one of her Trumpets, according to Hudibras

She blows not both with the same Wind
But one before and one behind,
And therefore modern Authors name
One good, and t'other evil Fame
(Pt II, Canto 1 71-2 75-6 > P W

75 None need a guide &c] The sons of Dulness want no instructo s in study, nor guides in life they are their own masters in all Sciences, and their own Heralds and Intioducers into all places PW

76 to 101 It ought to be observed that here are three classes in this assembly. The first of men absolutely and avowedly dull who naturally adhere to the Goddess, and are imagined in the simile of the Bees about their Queen. The second involuntarily drawn to her tho' not caring to own her influence, from yer 81 to 90. The third of such as the not members of her state, yet advance her service by flattering Dulness cultivating mistaken talents, patronizing vile scriblers, discouraging living ment, or setting up for wits, and Men of taste in arts they understand not from ver 91 to 101. In this new world of Dulness each of these three classes hath its appointed station, as best suits its nature, and concurs to the harmony of the System. The first drawn only by the strong and simple impulse of Attraction, are represented as falling directly down into her, as conglobed into her substance, and resting in her centre.

—— All their centre found, Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around

The second, tho' within the sphere of her attraction, yet having at the same time a different motion, they are carried, by the composition of these two, in planetary revolutions round her centre, some nearer to it some further off

Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less, Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess

The third are properly excentrical, and no constant members of her state or system sometimes at an immense distance from her influence, and

70

65

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THE DUNCIAD BOOK IV	77I
None want a place, for all their Centre found, Hung to the Goddess, and coher'd around Not closer, orb in orb, conglob'd are seen The buzzing Bees about their dusky Queen The gath'ring number, as it moves along, Involves a vast in oluntary throng,	80
Who gently drawn, and struggling less and less, Roll in her Vortex, and her pow'r confess Not those alone who passive own her laws, But who, weak rebels, more advance her cause Whate'er of dunce in College or in Town	85
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown, Whate'er of mungril no one class admits, A vit with dunces, and a dunce with wits Nor absent they, no members of her state, Who pay her homage in her sons, the Great, Who false to Phæbus, bow the knee to Baal,	90
Or impious, preach his Word without a call Patrons, who sneak from living worth to dead, With-hold the pension, and set up the head, Or vest dull Flatt'ry in the sacred Gown, Or give from fool to fool the Laurel crown	95
And (last and worst) with all the cant of wit, Without the soul, the Muse's Hypocrit There march'd the bard and blockhead, side by side, Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride Narcissus, prais'd with all a Parson's pow'r, I ook'd a white lilly sunk beneath a show'r	100
I here mov d Montalto with superior air,	105

sometimes ig in ilmost on the surface of her broad effulgence. Their use in their Petihelion or nearest approach to Dulness, is the same in the moral World is that of Comets in the natural, namely to refresh and recreite the Divness and deciys of the system, in the manner marked out from vci gr to 98 PW

88 toupee (A cuil or artificial lock of hair on the top of the head, esp as a crowning feature of the periwig, a periwig in which the front hair was

combed up, over a pad, into such a top-knot' >

93 false to Phœbus] Spoken of the ancient and true Phœbus, not the French Phabus, who hath no chosen Priests or Poets, but equally inspires any man that pleaseth to sing or preach SCRIBL

103-4 Narcissus (Lord Hervey, to whom Dr Conyers Middleton dedicated his I ife of Cicero in 1741 Hervey was an epileptic, and had a

noticeably white fice >

105 Montalto The 'decent Knight' of 1 113, 1e Sir Thomas Hanmer >

His stretch'd-out arm display'd a Volume fair. Courtiers and Patriots in two ranks divide, Thro' both he pass'd, and bow'd from side to side But as in graceful act, with awful eye Compos'd he stood, bold Benson thrust him by IIO On two unequal crutches propt he came, Milton's on this, on that one Johnston's name The decent Knight retir'd with sober rage, Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page [But (happy for him as the times went then) 115 Appear'd Apollo's May'r and Aldermen. On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await, To lug the pond'rous volume off in state l When Dulness, smiling—'Thus revive the Wits!

100 a Volume (1 e his edition of Shakespeare See 1 113)

roy Courtiers and Patriots (The 'Courtiers' are the Court party, the supporters of the administration By the 'Patriots' Pope probably intends the Opposition of Whigs led by Pulteney, and of Tories led by Bolingbroke and (till his death in 1740) by Wyndham >

108 bow d from side to side (As being of no one party)

110 bold Benson] This man endeavoured to raise himself to Fame by electing monuments, striking coins, setting up heads, and procuring translations of Milton and afterwards by a great passion for Arthur Johnston, a Scotch physician's Version of the Psalms, of which he printed many fine Editions See more of him, Book 3 ver 325 PW (Benson's admiration for Milton resulted in his setting up a monument to him in the Abbey (1737) See p 834 He had a bust of Johnston executed by Rysbiach—Arthur Johnston, MD (1587–1641), a Scots physician and writer of Latin verse)

113 The decent Knight] An eminent person, who was about to publish a very pompous Edition of a great Author, at his own expense PW

Hanmer's edition of Shakespeare appeared in 1743-4 >

115-18 (These four lines were printed in a separate leaf by Mr Pope in the list edition, which he himself gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer, to put this leaf into its place as soon as Sir I' H's

shakespear should be published B'>

116 Apollo's May'r and Aldermen (In the context this appears to be the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, and the Heads of the various colleges The Claiendon Press was about to publish Hammer's Shake-yeare, but Pope had a quairel with Oxford of a more serious kind. In the summer of 1741 both Pope and Warburton had been unofficially approached to discover whether they would be willing to accept a Doctor's degree from the University of Oxford Both men were willing, but unhappily for Waiburton his enemies in Oxford succeeded in having the proposal, so far as it related to him, outvoted Pope thereupon told Warburton 'I will be doctored with you, or not at all, and refused to accept the degree offered to him.)

117 gold-capt (The Gentleman Commoner at Oxford wore a gold

tassel on his cap >

119 'Thus revive, &c] The Goddess applauds the practice of tacking the obscure names of Persons not eminent in any branch of learning, to

THE DUNCIAD BOOK IV	773
But murder first, and mince them all to bits, As erst Medea (cruel, so to save')	120
A new Edition of old Æson gave,	
Let standard-Authors, thus, like trophies born,	
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn,	
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd shade,	125
Admire new light thro' holes yourselves have made	
'Leave not a foot of verse, a foot of stone,	
A Page, a Grave, that they can call their own,	
But spread, my sons, your glory thin or thick,	
On passive paper, or on solid brick	130
So by each Bard an Alderman shall sit,	
A heavy Lord shall hang at ev'ry Wit,	
And while on Fame's triumphal Car they ride,	
Some Slave of mind be pinion'd to their side'	
Now crowds on crowds around the Goddess press,	135
Each eager to present the first Address	
Dunce scorning Dunce beholds the next advance,	
But Fop shews Fop superior complaisance	
When lo! a Spectre rose, whose index-hand	
Held forth the Virtue of the dreadful wand,	140
His beaver'd brow a birchen gariand wears,	
Dropping with Infant's blood, and Mother's tears	

those of the most distinguished Writers, either by printing Editions of their works with impertment alterations of their Text, as in the former instances, or by setting up Monuments disgraced with their own vile names and inscriptions, as in the latter PW

122 old Æson] Of whom Ovid (very applicable to these restored

authors)

Æson miratur, Alson miratur,
Dissimilemque animum subnt—— (Met vii)
PW

128 A Page, a Grave] For what less than a Grave can be granted to a dead author? or what less than a Page can be allow'd a living one? P W Ibid A Page] Pagina, not Pedissequus A Page of a Book, not a Servant, Follower, or Attendant, no Poet having had a Page since the death of Mr Thomas Durfey SCRIBL PW

131 So by each Bard and Alderman, &c] Vide the Tombs of the Poets, Editio Westmonasteriensis PW (Alluding to the monument erected

for Butler by Alderman Barber See p 834 >

134 Some Slave of mine (In allusion to the custom in ancient Rome of placing a chained slave beside a victorious general as he rode through the city >

139 a Spectre / The ghost of Dr Busby, the famous headmaster of

Westminster School > 140 the dreadful wand A Cane usually born by Schoolmasters, which drives the poor Souls about like the wand of Mercury Scribl PW

O'ei ev ry vein a shudd'ring horror runs, Eton and Winton shake thro' all their Sons All Flesh is humbled, Westminster's bold race Shrink, and confess the Genius of the place The pale Boy-Senator yet tingling stands,	145
And holds his breeches close with both his hands Then thus 'Since Man from beast by Words is known	
	<i>v</i> n,
Words are Man's province, Words we teach alone	150
When Reason doubtful, like the Samian letter,	
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better	
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,	
We never suffer it to stand too wide	
To ask, to guess, to know, as they commence,	155
As Fancy opens the quick springs of Sense,	
We ply the Memory, we load the brain,	
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,	
Confine the thought, to exercise the breath,	
And keep them in the pale of Words till death	160
Whate'ei the talents, or howe'er design'd,	
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind	
A Poet the first day, he dips his quill,	
And what the last? a very Poet still	
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,	165
Lost, lost too soon in yonder House or Hall	ده.
2006, 1000 too boom in Jonate Lloude of Liam	

148 And holds his breeches] An effect of Fe is somewhat like this, is described in the 7th Æneid (515, 518),

Contremust nemus-

Et trepidæ maties piessere ad pictora natos

nothing being so natural in any apprehension is to Ity close hold on whatever is supposed to be most in danger. But let it not be imagined the author would insinuite these youthful Senators (tho so lately come from school) to be under the undue influence of any Master. SCRIBL P.W.

151 like the Saman letter] The letter Y, used by Pythagoras (1 native of Samos) is in emblem of the different roads of Virtue and Vice

Et tibi quae Samios diduxit litera i amos

Persius (Sat iii 56) PW

153 Plac'd at the door, &c] This circumstance of the Genius Loci (with that of the Indu-hand before) seems to be an allusion to the Table of Cebes, where the Genius of human Nature points out the road to be pursued by those entering into life 'O δε γερωι ο αιω εστηκως έγων λαρτην τινα εν τῆ χειρι και τῆ ετερα ωσπερ δεικνύων τι οὖτος Δαιμών καλειται &c P W

159 to exercise the breath] By obliging them to get the classic poets by heart, which furnishes them with endless matter for Conversation, and

Verbal amusement for their whole lives PW

165 our wall (Busby is speaking He refers to the 'Dormitory wall mentioned in A iii 323n >

166 in yonder House or Hall] Westminster-hall and the House of Commons

There truant WYNDHAM ev'ry Muse gave o'er, There TALBOT sunk, and was a Wit no more! How sweet an Ovid, MURRAY was our boast! How many Martials were in Pult'NEY lost! 170 Flse sure some Bard, to our eternal praise, In twice ten thousand rhyming nights and days, Had reach'd the Work, the All that mortal can, And South beheld that Master-piece of Man' 'Oh (cry'd the Goddess) for some pedant Reign! 175 Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land again, To stick the Doctor's Chair into the Throne. Give law to Words, or war with Words alone, Senates and Courts with Greek and Latin rule, And turn the Council to a Grammar School! 180 For sure, if Dulness sees a grateful Day, 'Tis in the shade of Arbitrary Sway

174 that Master piece of Man] viz an Epigram The famous Dr South declared a perfect Epigram to be as difficult a performance as an Epic Poem And the Critics say, 'an Epic Poem is the greatest work human nature is capable of PW

176 Some gentle JAMES, &c] Wilson tells us that this King, James the first, took upon himself to teach the Latin tongue to Car Earl of Somerset, and that Gondomar the Spanish Ambassador wou d speak fase Latin to him, on puipose to give him the pleasure of correcting it, whereby he wrought himself into his good graces

This great Prince was the first who assumed the title of Sacred Majesty, which his loyal Clergy transfer d from God to Him 'The principles of Passive Obedience and Non-resistance (says the Author (Bolingbroke) of the Dissertation on Parties, Letter 8) which before his time had skulk d perhaps in some old Homily, were talk d, written, and preach'd into vogue in that inglorious reign' P W

181, 182 if Dulness see: &c] And grateful it is in Dulness to make this confession. I will not say she alludes to that celebrated verse of Claudian (De Consulatu Stilichoms, iii 113),

—nunquam Libertas gratior extat Quam sub Rege pio—

But this I will say that the words Liberty and Monarchy have been frequently confounded and mistaken one for the other by the gravest authors I should therefore conjecture, that the genuine reading of the forecited verse was thus,

—nunquam Libertas gratior exstat

Quam sub Lege pia—

and that Rege was the reading only of Dulness heiself And therefore she might allude to it SCRIBL

I judge quite otherwise of this passage. The genuine reading is Libertas, and Rege. So Claudian gave it. But the error lies in the first verse. It should be Exit, not Esstat, and then the meaning will be, that Liberty was never lost, or uent anay with so good a grace, as under a good King. It being without doubt a tenfold shame to lose it under a bad one

This farther leads me to animadvert upon a most grievous piece of

O' if my sons may learn one earthly thing, Teach but that one, sufficient for a King, That which my Priests, and mine alone, maintain, Which as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign May you, may Cam, and Isis preach it long!	185
"The RIGHT DIVINE of Kings to govern wrong"	
Prompt at the call, around the Goddess roll Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a sable shoal	T00
Thick and more thick the black blockade extends,	190
A hundred head of Austotle's friends	
Nor wert thou, Isis! wanting to the day,	
[Tho' Christ-church long kept prudishly away]	
Each staunch Polemic, stubborn as a rock,	195
Each fierce Logician, still expelling Locke,	-
Came whip and spur, and dash'd thro' thin and thick	
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgersdyck	

nonsense to be found in all the Editions of the Author of the Dunciad himself A most capital one it is, and owing to the confusion above mentioned by Scriblerus, of the two words Liberty and Monarchy Essay on Crit (90-1)

Nature, like Monarchy, is but restrain'd By the same Laws herself at first ordain'd

Who sees not, it should be, Nature like Liberty? Correct it therefore repugnantibus omnibus (even the' the Author himself should oppugn) in all the impressions which have been, or shall be, made of his works Bentle PW

187 Cam, and Isis (The two Universities were still preaching the doctrine of passive obedience Oxford in particular remained very cool to the Hanoverians, and correspondingly sympathetic to the Jacobites and to Noniurors)

190 shoat (1e school The word is applied to fish, frogs seals, etc.)
194 [Tho Christ-church] This line is doubtless spurious, and foisted in by the impertinence of the I ditor, and accordingly we have put it between Hooks For I ashrm this College came is early is any other, by its proper Deputies, nor did any College pay homage to Dulness in its whole body Bentley W (In the Piesree to his edition of Paradise Lost Bentley explained that those passages in the poem which he believed to

Hooks' Cf Ep II 1 104n, p 639 > 196 still expelling Locke] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the University of Oxford to censure Mr Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, and to forbid the reading it See his Letters in the last Edit

have been 'foisted in' by Milton's 'editor', he had put 'between two

197 thin and thick (Cf A 11 264n)

198 On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck] There seems to be an improbability that the Doctors and Heads of Houses should ride on horseback, who of late days, being gouty or unweildy, have kept their coaches But these are horses of great strength, and fit to carry any weight, as their German and Dutch extraction may manifest, and very famous we

210

may conclude, being honour'd with Names, as were the horses Pegasus and Bucephalus SCRIBL PW (Jean Pierre de Crousaz, (1663-1748), Swiss philosopher, published (1737) a confutation of the religious views he found in the *Listay on Man* Francis Burgersdyck (1590–1629) was Professor of Logic and Philosophy at Leyden >

Avaunt——is Aristarchus vet unknown?

100 the streams] The River Cam, running by the walls of these Colleges, which are particularly famous for their skill in Disputation PW ('Marg'ret is St John's College, Cambridge, founded by the will of

Lady Margaret Benufort > 202 sleeps in Port viz 'now retired into harbour, after the tempests that had long igitated his society' (i e Trinity College, Cambridge Bentley's long quarrel with the Fellows ended in 1738 > So Scriblerus But the learned Scipio Maffei understands it of a certain Wine called Port from Opoito a city of Portugal, of which this Piofessor invited him to drink abundantly SCIP MAFF de Compotationibus Academics PW (Port was, in fact Bentley's favourite wine His comment on claret was that it 'would be Port if it could' The De Compotationibus Academicis is a Pope-Warbuiton joke, and may possibly refer to some occasion at Cimbridge when Maffei was too hospitably entertained by Bentley >

204 Remark (Used with special reference to such titles as Bentley's

Remarks upon a late Discourse of Free Thinking, 1713 >

205-8 His Hat, &c | The Hat-worship, as the Quakers call it, is an abomination to that sect yet, where it is necessary to pay that respect to man (as in the Courts of Justice and Houses of Parliament) they have, to avoid offence and yet not violate their conscience, permitted other people to uncover them PW

206 Waller (D1 Richard Walker, Vice-Master of Trinity College

and Bentley's chief ally See iv 273 >

207 — He, kingly, did but nod] Milton (Par Lost xi 249-50),

– He kingly, from his State Declin d not -

210 - is Aristarchus yet unknown?]

- Sic notus Ulysses? Virg (Aeneid, 11 44) Dost thou not feel me Rome? Ben Johnson (Catiline, I 1 1)

210 Aristarchus] A famous Commentator, and Corrector of Homer, whose name has been frequently used to signify a complete Critic The Compliment paid by our author to this eminent Professor, in applying to Thy mighty Scholiast, whose unweary'd pains Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains Turn what they will to Verse, then toil is vain, Critics like me shall make it Prose again Roman and Greek Grammarians! know your Better 215 Author of something yet more great than Letter, While tow'ring o'er your Alphabet, like Saul, Stands our Digamma, and Ger-tops them all 'Tis true, on Words is still our whole debate, Disputes of Me or Te, of aut or at, 220 To sound or sink in cano, O or A, Or give up Cicero to C or K Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke, And Alsop never but like Horace joke For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny, 225 Manilius or Solinus shall supply For Attic Phrase in Plato let them seek, I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek

him so great a Name, was the reason that he hath omitted to comment on this part which contains his own praises. We shall therefore supply that loss to our best ability. Scribl P.W.

212 Made Horace dull, Sc (In his edition of Horace, 1711, and of Paradise Lost, 1732)

215 Roman and Greek Grammarians & I Imitated from Properties (Bk II, Eleg vv 65-6) speaking of the Ancid

(edite Romani scriptores, cedite Grun!
Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade

217, 215 While to c'ring o'er vour Alphabet, &c] Alludes to the boasted restoration of the Alolic Digamma, in his long projected Edition of Homer He lalls it something more than Letter from the enormous figure it would make among the other letters, being one Gamma set upon the shoulders of another PW

223, 224 Freind, — Alsop] Di Robeit Freind, mister of Westminster school, and einon of Christ-church—Di Inthony Alsop, a happy imitator of the Horitian style P W

226 Manilus or Solinus Some Critics having had it in their choice to comment either on Virgil or Manilus, Pliny or Solinus, have chosen the worse author, the more freely to display their critical capacity PW (Bentley's edition of Manilus was published in 1739—Gaius Julius Solinus was the compiler of a work entitled Collectanea verum memora bilum, consisting mainly of historical and geographical observations He owed a great deal to Pliny >

228, &c Sudas, Gellus, Stobæus] The first a Dictionury-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words, the second a minute Critic, the third an author, who gave his Common-place book to the public, where we happen to find much Mince-meat of old books P W Suidas flourished add those was edited by Ludolph Kuster (see in 237), with the assistance of Bentley Aulus Gellius, the Rom in grammarian,

THE DUNCIAD BOOK IV	779
In ancient Sense if any needs will deal,	
Be sure I give them Fragments, not a Meal,	230
What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,	
Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts o'er and o'er	
The critic Eye, that microscope of Wit,	
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit	
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,	235
The body's harmony, the beaming soul,	
Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,	
When Man's whole frame is obvious to a Flea	
'Ah, think not, Mistress! more true Dulness lies	
In Folly's Cap, than Wisdom's grave disguise	240
Like buoys, that never sink into the flood,	
On Learning's surface we but lie and nod	
Thine is the genuine head of many a house,	
And much Divinity without a Nove	
Nor could a BARROW work on ev'ry block,	245

circa 130 AD, compiled a work called *Noctes Atticae*, containing many fragments of ancient writers —Stobæus, a Greek writer, circa 400 AD, also preserved in his work valuable fragments of ancient literature.

Nor has one ATTERBURY spoil'd the flock See' still thy own, the heavy Canon roll, And Metaphysic smokes involve the Pole

232 Or chew'd by blind old Scholiasts] These taking the same things eternally from the mouth of one mother P W

237 Kuster, Burman, Wasse For Kuster see iv 228n, Burman, a Dutch scholir published Bentley's emendations to the fragments of

Menander, Wasse published an edition of Sallust >

244 And much Dismity without a Novs A word much affected by the learned Alistarchus (le Bentley) in common conversation, to signify Genius of natural acumen But this passage has a farther view Novs was the Platonic team for Mind, of the first Cause, and that system of Divinity is here hinted it which terminates in blind Nature without a Novs such as the Poet afterwards describes (speaking of the dreams of one of these later Platonists)

Or that bright Image to our Fancy draw, Which Theocles in raptur d Vision saw, That Nature — &c P W

(See below, it 486)
245, 246 Barrow, Atterbury] Isaac Barrow (1630-77) Master of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Christ-church, both great Genius's and cloquent Preachers, one more conversant in the sublime Geometry, the other n classical Learning, but who equally made it their care to advance the polite Arts in their several Societies PW

245 block (In the double sense of a block of stone waiting to be

worked by the sculptor, and a blockhead >

247 the heavy Canon Cinon here if spoken of Artillery, is in the plural number, if of the Canons of the House, in the singular, and meant

For thee we dim the eyes, and stuff the head With all such reading as was never read For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it, And write about it, Goddess, and about it	250
So spins the silk-worm small its slender store, And labours till it clouds itself all o'er 'What tho' we let some better sort of fool Thrid ev'ry science, run thio' ev'ry school? Never by tumbler thro' the hoops was shown Such skill in passing all, and touching none	255
He may indeed (if sober all this time) Plague with Dispute, or persecute with Rhyme We only furnish what he cannot use, Or wed to what he must divorce, a Muse	260
Full in the midst of Euclid dip at once, And petrify a Genius to a Dunce Or set on Metaphysic ground to prance, Show all his paces, not a step advance With the same Cement, ever sure to bind,	265
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind Then take him to devellop, if you can, And hew the Block off, and get out the Man But wherefore waste I words? I see advance Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor from France	270

only of one in which case I suspect the Pole to be a false reading, and that it should be the Poll, or Head of that Canon It may be objected, that this is a mere Paranomasia or Pun But what of that? Is any figure of Speech more apposite to our gentle Goddess, or more frequently used by her and her Children, especially of the University? Doubtless it better suits the Character of Dulness, yea of a Doctor, than that of an Angel, yet Milton fear'd not to put a considerable quantity into the mouths of his It hath indeed been observed, that they were the Devil's Angels, as if he did it to suggest the Devil was the Author as well of false Wit, as of false Religion, and that the Father of Lies was also the Father of Puns But this is idle. It must be own'd a Christian practice, used in the primitive times by some of the Fathers, and in later by most of the Sons of the Church, till the debauch'd reign of Charles the second, when the shameful Passion for Wit overthrew every thing and even then the best Writers admitted it, provided it was obscene, under the name of the Double entendre SCRIBL P.W.

264 petrify a Genus] Those who have no Genius, employ'd in works of imagination, those who have, in abstract sciences PW

270 And hew the Block off] A notion of Aristotle, that there was originally in every block of marble, a Statue, which would appear on the removal of the superfluous parts P W

272 lac'd Governor] Why lac'd' Because Gold and Silver are necessary trimming to denote the dress of a person of rank, and the Governor must

Walker! our hat'—nor more he deign'd to say, But, stern as Ajax' spectre, strode away In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race, 275 And titt'ring push'd the Pedants off the place Some would have spoken, but the voice was drown'd By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound The first came forwards, with as easy mien, As if he saw St James's and the Queen 280 When thus th' attendant Orator begun 'Receive, great Empress! thy accomplish'd Son Thine from the birth, and sacred from the rod, A dauntless infant! never scar'd with God 285 The Sire saw, one by one, his Virtues wake The Mother begg'd the blessing of a Rake Thou gav'st that Ripeness, which so soon began, And ceas'd so soon, he ne'er was Boy, nor Man

be supposed so in foreign countries, to be admitted into Courts and other places of fair reception. But how comes Aristarchus to know by sight that this Governor came from France, Why, by the laced coat Scribl PW

Ibid Whore, Pupil, and lac'd Governor] Some Critics have objected to the order here, being of opinion that the Governor should have the precedence before the Whore, if not before the Pupil But were he so placed, it might be thought to insinuate that the Governor led the Pupil to the Whore and were the Pupil placed first, he might be supposed to lead the Governor to her But our impartial Poet, as he is drawing their Picture, represents them in the order in which they are generally seen, namely, the Pupil between the Whore and the Governor, but placeth the Whore first, as she usually governs beat the Order PW

276 And titt ring push'd, &c] Hor (Ep II II 216) Rideat & pulset lascwa decentius ætas

PW (Cf Ep 11 11 324-5)

278 op'ning (1 e giving tongue There is an almost identical usage at

1 403 \(280 \) As if he saw St James s] Reflecting on the disrespectful and indecent Behaviour of several forward young Persons in the Presence, so offensive to all serious men, and to none more than the good Scriblerus PW

281 th attendant Orator] The Governor above said The Poet gives him no particular name, being unwilling, I presume, to offend or do injustice to any, by celebrating one only with whom this character agrees, in preference to so many who equally deserve it SCRIBL P W

282-334 Receive, great Empress & & & & II I may judge myself, I think the travelling Governor's Speech one of the best things in my new editions [i e additions?] to the Dunciad '—Pope to Spence, Anecdotes, p 264 > 284 A dauntless Infant' & Hor & III, Ode iv 20>

- (Non) sine Dis Animosus Infans

286 the blessing of a Rake (1 e that she might be blessed by her some becoming a rake)

Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast, Safe and unseen the young Æneas past Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down, Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew	290
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too There all thy gifts and graces we display, Thou, only thou, directing all our way! To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs, Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons,	295
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls, Vain of Italian Arts, Italian Souls To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines, Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines	300
To Isles of fragrance, lilly-silver'd vales, Diffusing languor in the panting gales To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves, Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,	305
And Cupids ride the Lyon of the Deeps, Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main Wafte the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round, And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground,	310
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare His royal Sense, of Op'ra's or the Fair, The Stews and Palace equally explor'd, Intrigu'd with glory, and with spirit whor'd, Try'd all hors-d'œuvres, all hqueurs defin'd,	315
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd,	

290 unseen the young Ameas past Thence bursting glorious] See Virg Am 1 (411-14),

At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit, Et multo nebulæ circum Dea fudit amictu, Cernere ne quis eos,—I neu quis contingere possit, 2 Molirive moram,—aut 3 veniendi poscere causas

Where he enumerates the causes why his mother took this care of him to wit, I that no-body might touch or correct him 2 might stop or detain him 3 examine him about the progress he had made, or so much as guess why he came there $P \ W$

303 Lilly-silver'd vales] Tuberoses

308 the Lyon of the Deeps] The winged Lyon, the Arms of Venice This Republic heretofore the most considerable in Europe, for her Naval Force and the extent of her Commerce, now illustrious for her Carmvals P W

318 greatly-daring din'd] It being indeed no small risque to eat thro'

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store, Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more, All Classic learning lost on Classic ground,	320
And last turn'd Air, the Echo of a Sound!	
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well-bred,	
With nothing out a Solo in his head,	
As much Estate, and Principle, and Wit,	325
As Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber shall think fit,	
Stol'n from a Duel, follow'd by a Nun,	
And, if a Borough chuse him, not undone,	
See, to my country happy I restore	
This glorious Youth, and add one Venus more	330
Her too receive (for her my soul adores)	
So may the sons of sons of whores,	
Prop thine, O Empress! like each neighbour Throne	,
And make a long Posterity thy own?	
Pleas'd, she accepts the Hero, and the Dame,	335
Wraps in her Veil, and frees from sense of Shame	

those extraordinary compositions, whose disguis'd ingredients are generally unknown to the guests, and highly inflammatory and ûnwholesome PW (Cf ll 553-4)

324 With nothing but a Solo in his head] With nothing but a Solo? Why, if it be a Solo, how should there be any thing else? Palpable Tautology! Read boldly an Opera, which is enough of conscience for such

a head as has lost all its Latin BENTL PW

326 Jansen, Fleetwood, Cibber] Three very eminent persons, all Man agers of Plays, who, tho' not Governors by profession, had, each in his way, concern d themselves in the Education of Youth, and regulated their Wits, their Moials, or their Finances at that period of their age which is the most important, their entrance into the polite world Of the last of these, and his Talents for this end, see Book I ver 199, &c PW (The note is monical throughout Cibber and Fleetwood were 'managers of plays' at Diviy Lane, and were also notorious gamblers Sir Henry Jansen (d 1766) managed his play at gaming-tables See Donne 11 88n, p 678 >

328 And, if a Borough, & Members of Parliament were immune

from arrest for debt >

331 Her too receive, &c] This confirms what the learned Scriblerus advanced in his Note on ver 272, that the Governor, as well as the Pupil, had a particular interest in this lady PW

332 So may the sons of sons, &c] Virg

Et nati natorum, et qui nascentur ab illis Æn 111 (98)

(The 'sons of whores may possibly be a thrust at the Duke of Grafton, who, as Lord Chamberlain, had given Cibber the laureateship in 1730 and so had 'propped the throne' of dullness His father, the first Duke, as the natural son of Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, qualified for Pope's contemptuous phrase, the second Duke was accordingly one of the 'sons of sons of whores' >

Then look'd, and saw a lazy, lolling sort, Unseen at Church, at Senate, or at Court,	
Of ever-listless Loit'rers, that attend	
No cause, no Trust, no Duty, and no Friend	340
Thee too, my Paridel! she mark'd thee there,	
Stretch'd on the rack of a too easy chair,	
And heard thy everlasting yawn confess	
The Pains and Penalties of Idleness	
She pity'd! but her Pity only shed	345
Benigner influence on thy nodding head	
But Annius, crafty Seer, with ebon wand,	
And well dissembled em'rald on his hand,	
False as his Gems, and canker'd as his Coins,	
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines	350
Soft, as the wily Fox is seen to creep,	
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep,	
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,	
So he, but pious, whisper'd first his pray'r	
'Grant, gracious Goddess' grant me still to cheat,	355
O may thy cloud still cover the deceit!	
Thy choicer mists on this assembly shed,	
But pour them thickest on the noble head	
So shall each youth, assisted by our eyes,	
See other Cæsars, other Homers rise,	360

341 Thee too, my Paridell] The Poet seems to speak of this young gentleman with great affection. The name is taken from Spenser, who gives it to a wandering Courtly 'Squire, that travell'd about for the same reason, for which many young Squires are now fond of travelling, and especially to Faris. P.W.

342 &c Stretch'd on the rack &c] Virg Æn vi (617)

Sedet, æternumque scdebit, Infelix Theseus, Phlegyasque miserrimus omnes Admonet—

347 Annus] The name taken from Annus the Monk of Viterbo, famous for many Impositions and Forgeries of ancient manuscripts and inscriptions, which he was prompted to by mere Vanity, but our Annus had a more substantial motive P W (Perhaps Sir Andrew Fountaine, purchaser of antiques for the museums of the wealthy)

355 grant me still to cheat & [Hor (Bk 1, Ep xv1 60-2)

— Da, pulchra Laverna, Da mihi fallere — Noctem peccatis & fraudibus objice nubem

Ibid still to cheat] Some read skill, but that is frivolous, for Annius hath that skill already, or if he had not, skill were not wanting to cheat such persons Bentl PW

Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl, Which Chalcis Gods, and mortals call an Owl, Now see an Attys, now a Cecrops clear, Nay, Mahomet! the Pigeon at thine ear, Be rich in ancient brass, tho' not in gold, 365 And keep his Lores, tho' his house be sold, To headless Phæbe his fair bride postpone, Honour a Syrian Prince above his own, Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true, Blest in one Niger, till he knows of two' 370 Mummius o'erheard him, Mummius, Fool-renown'd, Who like his Cheops stinks above the ground, Fierce as a startled Adder, swell'd, and said, Rattling an ancient Sistrum at his head 'Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? Traitor base! 375

361 hunt th Atheman fowl] The Owl stamp'd on the severse of the ancient money of Athens

Which Chalcis Gods, and Mortals call an Owl

is the verse by which Hobbes renders that of Homer (Ihad, xiv 291), Χαλκιδα κικλησκουσι θεοι άνδρες δε Κύμινδιν

363 Cecrops] The first King of Athens, of whom it is hard to suppose any Coins are extant, but not so improbable as what follows, that there should be any of Mahomet, who forbad all Images Nevertheless one of these Annius's made a counterfeit one, now in the collection of a learned Nobleman PW

Niger (See To Mr Addison, ll 39f, p 216) 369, 370 Otho

371 Mummus] This name is not merely an allusion to the Mummies he was so fond of, but probably referred to the Roman General of that name, who burn'd Corinth, and committed the curious Statues to the Captain of a Ship, assuring him, 'that if any were lost or broken, he should procure others to be made in their stead by which it should seem (what ever may be pretended) that Mummius was no Virtuoso PW (Perhaps Lord Sandwich, virtuoso and President of the Egyptian Club >

372 Cheops] A King of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known as being buried alone in his Pyramid, and is therefore more genuine than any of the Cleopatra's This Royal Mummy, being stolen by a wild Arab, was purchas'd by the Consul of Alexandria and transmitted to the Museum of Mummius, for proof of which he brings a passage in Sandys's Travels, where that accurate and learned Voyager assures us that he saw the Sepulchre empty, which agrees exactly (saith he) with the time of the theft above mention'd But he omits to observe that Herodotus tells the same thing of it in his time PW

374 Sistrum (A musical instrument originally peculiar to Egypt and the worship of Isis At meetings of the Egyptian Club, founded about

1740, a sistrum was laid before the President, Lord Sandwich >

375 Speak'st thou of Syrian Princes? &c] The strange story following which may be taken for a fiction of the Poet, is justified by a true relation in Spon's Voyages Vaillant (who wrote the History of the Syrian Kings as it is to be found on medals) coming from the Levant, where he had been

Mine, Goddess! mine is all the horned race True, he had wit, to make their value rise, From foolish Greeks to steal them, was as wise,	
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep, When Sallee Rovers chac'd him on the deep Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold, Down his own throat he risqu'd the Grecian gold,	380
Receiv'd each Demi-God, with pious care,	
Deep in his Entrails—I rever'd them there,	- 0
I bought them, shrouded in that living shrine, And, at their second birth, they issue mine'	385
'Witness great Ammon' by whose horns I swore,	
(Reply'd soft Annius) this our paunch before	
Still bears them, faithful, and that thus I eat,	
Is to refund the Medals with the meat	390
To prove me, Goddess! clear of all design,	3,-
Bid me with Pollio sup, as well as dine	
There all the Learn'd shall at the labour stand,	
And Douglas lend his soft, obstetric hand'	
The Goddess smiling seem'd to give consent,	395
So back to Pollio, hand in hand, they went	
Then thick as Locusts black'ning all the ground,	
A tribe, with weeds and shells fantastic crown'd,	
Each with some wond'rous gift approach'd the Pow'r,	
A Nest, a Toad, a Fungus, or a Flow'r	400
But far the foremost, two, with earnest zeal,	
And aspect ardent to the Throne appeal	

collecting various Coins, and being pursued by a Corsaire of Sallee, swallowed down twenty gold medals. A sudden Bourasque freed him from the Rover, and he got to land with them in his belly. On his road to Avignon he met two Physicians, of whom he demanded assistance. One advis d Purgations, the other Vomits. In this uncertainty he took neither, but pursued his way to Lyons, where he found his ancient friend, the famous Physician and Antiquary Dufour, to whom he related his adventures. Dufour first ask'd him whether the Medals were of the higher Empire? He assur'd him they were Dufour was ravish'd with the hope of possessing such a treasure, he bargain'd with him on the spot for the most curious of them, and was to recover them at his own expence. P. W. 376 horned race (See 387n.)

³⁸³ each Demi-God] They are called Ocioi on their Coins PW

³⁸⁷ Witness great Ammon 1 Jupiter Ammon is call'd to witness, as the father of Alexander, to whom those Kings succeeded in the division of the Macedonian Empire, and whose Horns they were on their Medals

³⁹⁴ Douglas] A Physician of great Learning and no less Taste, above all curious in what related to Horace, of whom he collected every Edition, Translation, and Comment, to the number of several hundred volumes PW (James Douglas, MD, 1675-1742, a celebrated obstetrician)

The first thus open'd 'Hear thy suppliant's call, Great Queen, and common Mother of us all! Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this Flow'r, 405 Suckled, and chear'd, with air, and sun, and show'r, Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I spread, Bright with the gilded button tipt its head, Then thron'd in glass, and nam'd it CAROLINE Each Maid cry'd, charming! and each Youth, divine! Did Nature's pencil ever blend such rays, Such vary'd light in one promiscuous blaze? Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine! And lo the wretch! whose vile, whose insect lust 415 Lav'd this gay daughter of the Spring in dust Oh punish him, or to th' Elysian shades Dismiss my soul, where no Carnation fades' He ceas'd, and wept With innocence of mein, Th' Accus'd stood forth, and thus address'd the Queen 'Of all th' enamel'd race, whose silv'ry wing **42**I Waves to the tepid Zephyrs of the spring, Or swims along the fluid atmosphere, Once brightest shin'd this child of Heat and Air > I saw, and started from its vernal bow'r 425 The rising game, and chac'd from flow'r to flow'r

405, &c Fair from its humble bed, &c —nam'd it Caroline Each Maid cry d charming! and each Youth, divine!

Now prostrate! dead! behold that Caroline

No Maid cries, charming! and no Youth, divine!

These Verses are translated from Catullus Epith (42-7)

Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis, Quem mulcent auræ, finnat Sol, educat imber, Multi illum pueri, multæ optavere puellæ Idem quum tenui carptus defloi ut ungui, Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavere puellæ, &c

407-9 Soft on the paper ruff, &c <A reference to measures taken by the eighteenth-century gardener to produce the perfect carnation >

409 and nam'd it Caroline] It is a compliment which the Florists usually pay to Princes and great persons, to give their names to the most curious Flowers of their raising Some have been very jealous of vindicating this honour, but none more than that ambitious Gardiner at Hammersmith, who caused his Favourite to be painted on his Sign, with this inscription, This is My Queen Caroline P W

421 Of all th'enamel'd race] The poet seems to have an eye to Spenser,

Muiopotmos (ll 17-18)

Of all the race of silver-winged Flies Which do possess the Empire of the Air

It fled, I follow'd, now in hope, now pain,	
It stopt, I stopt, it mov'd, I mov'd again	
At last it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,	
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I seiz'd	430
Rose or Carnation was below by care,	
I meddle, Goddess! only in my sphere	
I tell the naked fact without disguise,	
And, to excuse it, need but shew the prize,	
Whose spoils this paper offers to your eye,	435
Fair ev'n in death! this peerless Butterfly'	
'My sons! (she answer'd) both have done your parts	
Live happy both, and long promote our arts	
But hear a Mother, when she recommends	
To your fraternal care, our sleeping friends	440
The common Soul, of Heav'n's more frugal make,	
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake	
A drowzy Watchman, that just gives a knock,	
And breaks our rest, to tell us what's a clock	
Yet by some object ev'ry brain is stirr'd,	445
The dull may waken to a Humming-bird,	
The most recluse, discreetly open'd find	
Congenial matter in the Cockle-kind,	
The mind, in Metaphysics at a loss,	
May wander in a wilderness of Moss,	450
The head that turns at super-lunar things,	
Poiz'd with a tail, may steer on Wilkins' wings	
'O' would the Sons of Men once think their Eyes	

427, 428 [It fled, I follow'd, &c]

—I started back

It started back, but pleas'd I soon return'd, Pleas'd it return'd as soon—Milton (Par Lost, iv 402-3)

440 our sleeping friends] Of whom see ver 345 above

450 a wilderness of Moss] Of which the Naturalists count I can't tell

how many hundred species PW

452 Wilkins' wings One of the first Projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and useful notions, entertain'd the extravagant hope of a possibility to fly to the Moon, which has put some volatile Genius's upon making wings for that purpose PW (Wilkins (1614-72), was Bishop of Chester, one of the foul ders of the Royal Society, and its first secretary)

453 O' would the Sons of men, &c] This is the third speech of the Goddess to her Supplicants, and completes the whole of what she had to give in instruction on this important occasion, concerning Learning, Civil Society, and Religion In the first speech, ver 119, to her Editions and conceited Critics, she directs how to deprave Wit and discredit fine Writers In her second, ver 175, to the Educators of Youth, she shews

THE DUNCIAD BOOK IV	789
And Reason giv'n them but to study Flies? See Nature in some partial narrow shape,	
And let the Author of the Whole escape	455
Learn but to trifle, or, who most observe,	
To wonder at their Maker, not to serve'	
Be that my task (replies a gloomy Clerk,	
Sworn foe to Myst'ry, yet divinely dark,	460
Whose pious hope aspires to see the day	460
When Moral Evidence shall quite decay,	
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,	
Prompt to impose, and fond to dogmatize	
Let others creep by timid seeps, and slow,	465
On plain Experience lay foundations low.	405
By common sense to common knowledge bred.	
And last, to Nature's Cause thro' Nature led	
All-seeing in thy mists, we want no guide.	
Mother of Arrogance, and Source of Pride!	470
We nobly take the high Priori Road.	.,,
And reason downward, till we doubt of God	

them how all Civil Duties may be extinguish'd, in that one doctrine of divine Hereditary Right And in this third, she charges the Investigators of Nature to amuse themselves in Trifles, and rest in Second causes, with a total disregard of the First This being all that Dulness can wish, is all she needs to say, and we may apply to her (as the Poet hath manag'd it) what hath been said of true Wit, that She neither says too little, nor too much PW

459 a gloomy Clerk] The Epithet gloomy in this line may seem the same with that of dark in the next But gloomy relates to the uncomfortable and disastrous condition of an irreligious Sceptic, whereas dark alludes only to his puzzled and embroiled Systems P W (The 'sworn foe to Myst'ry' is perhaps Dr Samuel Clarke (1675-1729) See 471n By 'Myst'ry' is meant religious truth known only through divine revelation)

462 When Moral Evidence shall quite decay] Alluding to a ridiculous and absurd way of some Mathematicians, in calculating the gradual decay of Moral Evidence by mathematical proportions according to which calculation, in about fifty years it will be no longer probable that Julius Cæsar was in Gaul, or died in the Senate House See Crag's Theologiae Christianae Principia Mathematica But as it seems evident, that facts of a thousand years old, for instance, are now as probable as they were five hundred years ago, it is plain that if in fifty more they quite disappear, it must be owing, not to their Arguments, but to the extraordinary Power of our Goddess, for whose help therefore they have reason to pray P W

471 the high Priori Road Those who, from the effects in this Visible world, deduce the Eternal Power and Godhead of the First Cause tho' they cannot attain to an adequate idea of the Deity, yet discover so much of him, as enables them to see the End of their Creation, and the Means of their Happiness whereas they who take this high Priori Road (such as Hobbs, Spinoza, Des Cartes, and some better Reasoners) for one that goes right, ten lose themselves in Mists, or ramble after Visions which

Make Nature still incroach upon his plan,
And shove him off as far as e'er we can
Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place,
Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause,
Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn,
See all in Self, and but for self be born
Of nought so certain as our Reason still,

he choice of

475

480

deprive them of all sight of their End, and mislead them in the choice of wrong means P W ('He allude's to Dr Clarke's famous Demonstrations of the Attributes of God, a book which Bolingbroke, who hated Clarke because he was a favourite of Queen Caroline, impotently attacked '>

473 Make Nature still] This relates to such as being ashamed to assert a mere Mechanic Cause, and yet unwilling to forsake it intirely, have had recourse to a certain Plastic Nature, Elastic Fluid, Subtile Matter, &c PW ('Plastic nature'—Cudworth's phrase for a life-force which, he held, accounted for natural processes without the interference of God Berkeley scoffs at it in Alciphron 'Subtile matter' [materia subtilis] was a term coined by Descartes to describe a material which he supposed to fill the whole of space It was by such philosophical refinements that God was shoved off')

475-6 Thrust some Mechanic Cause into his place, Or bind in Matter, or diffuse in Space]

The first of these Follies is that of Des Cartes, the second of Hobbs, the third of some succeeding Philosophers PW (The folly of Descartes was his explanation of celestial motions by his hypothesis of vortices Hobbes had suggested that God might be composed of a subtle or refined matter he would not admit existence to anything immaterial. The philo sophers who 'diffuse God in space' may include Henry More who, in his anxiety to rescue spirit from being a mere abstraction, claimed extension for it while distinguishing it still from matter >

478, &c Make God Man's Image, Man the final Cause, Find Virtue local, all Relation scorn, See all in Self—

Here the Poet, from the errors relating to a Deity in Natural Philosophy, descends to those in Moral Man was made according to God's Image this false Theology, measuring his Attributes by ours, makes God after Man's Image This proceeds from the imperfection of his Reason The next, of imagining himself the Final Cause, is the effect of his Pride as the making Virtue and Vice arbitrary, and Morality the imposition of the Magistrate, is of the Corruption of his heart Hence he centers every thing in himself The Progress of Dulness herein differing from that of Madness, one ends in seeing all in God, the other in seeing all in Self P W (Bolingbroke had ridiculed those anthropomorphic divines who made God after man's image Hobbes may fairly be said to be among those philosophers who 'find Virtue local', and to 'see all in Self', but perhaps Mandeville is the writer in Pope's mind here Those who make 'Man the final Cause' are presumably the atheists >

481 Of nought so certain as our Reason still] Of which we have most

485

Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will Oh hide the God still more! and make us see Such as Lucretius diew, a God like Thee Wrapt up in Self, a God without a Thought, Regardless of our merit or default Or that bright Image to our fancy draw, Which Theocles in raptur'd vision saw, While thro' Poetic scelles the Genius roves,

cause to be diffident Of nought so doubtful as of Soul and Will two things the most self-evident, the Existence of our Soul, and the Freedom of our Will P W

484 Such as Lucretius drew] Lib I ver 57

Omms enim per se Divom natura necesse'st Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur, Semota ab nostris rebus, summotaque longe— Nec bene pro meritis capitur, nec tangitur ira

From whence the two verses following are translated and wonderfully agree with the character of our Goddess Scribl PW

488 Which Theocles in raptur'd Vision saw] Thus this Philosopher (Theocles, in Shaftesbury's dialogue, The Moralists, a Philosophical Rhapsody) calls upon his Friend, to partake with him in these Visions

"To-morrow, when the Eastern Sun With his first Beams adorns the front Of yonder Hill, if you're content To wander with me in the Woods you see, We will pursue those Loves of ours, By favour of the Sylvan Nymphs

and invoking first the Genius of the Place, we'll try to obtain at least some faint and distant view of the Sovereign Genius and first Beauty' Charact Vol 2 pag 245

This Genius is thus apostrophized (pag 345) by the same Philosopher

'—O glorious Nature!
Supremely fair, and sovereignly good!
All-loving, and all-lovely! all divine!
Wise Substitute of Providence! impower'd
Creatress! or impow'ring Deity,
Supreme Creator!
Thee I invoke, and thee alone adore'

Sir Isaac Newton distinguishes between these two in a very different manner [Princ Schol gen sub fin]—Hunc cognoscimus solummodo per proprietates suas & attributa, & per sapientissimas & optimas rerum structuras, & causas finales, veneramur autem & colimus ob dominium Deus etenim sine dominio, providentia, & causis finalibus, nihil aliud est quam Fatum & Natura P W

489 roves,—Or wanders wild in Academic Groves] 'Above all things I lov'd Ease, and of all Philosophers those who reason'd most at their Ease, and were never angry or disturb'd, as those call'd Sceptics never were I look'd upon this kind of Philosophy as the pretiest, agreeablest, roving Exercise of the Mind, possible to be imagined' (Characteristics) Vol 2 p 206 P W

Or wanders wild in Academic Groves,	490
That NATURE our Society adores,	770
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus snores'	
Rous'd at his name, up rose the bowzy Sire,	
And shook from out his Pipe the seeds of fire,	
Then snapt his box, and strok'& his belly down	495
Rosy and rev'rend, tho' without a Gown	.,,
Bland and familiar to the throne he came,	
Led up the Youth, and call'd the Goddess Dame	
Then thus 'From Priest-craft happily set free,	
Lo! ev'ry finish'd Son returns to thee	500
First slave to Words, then vassal to a Name,	-
Then dupe to Party, child and man the same,	
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd still by Art,	
A trifling head, and a contracted heart	
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I seen,	505
Smiling on all, and smil'd on by a Queen	
Mark'd out for Honours, honour'd for their Birth,	
To thee the most rebellious things on earth	
Now to thy gentle shadow all are shrunk,	
All melted down, in Pension, or in Punk!	510
So K * so B * * sneak'd into the grave,	
A Monarch's half, and half a Harlot's slave	

492 Silenus Silenus was an Epicurean Philosopher, as appears from Virgil, Eclog 6 where he sings the Principles of that Philosophy in his drink P W (Thomas Gordon, the translator of Tacitus, called Silenus because he was a Commissioner of the Wine Licences, an appointment which was made in recognition of his journalistic services to the government

494 seeds of Fire] The Epicurean language, Semina reium, or Atoms Virg Eclog 6 (31 ff), Semina ignis—semina flammæ—P W

495 his box (snuff-box)

501 First slave to Words, &c] A Recapitulation of the whole Course of Modern Education describ'd in this book, which confines Youth to the study of Words only in Schools, subjects them to the authority of Systems in the Universities, and deludes them with the names of Party-distinctions in the World All equally concurring to narrow the Understanding, and establish Slavery and Error in Literature, Philosophy, and Politics The whole finished in modern Free-thinking, the completion of whatever is vain, wrong, and destructive to the happiness of mankind, as it establishes Self-love for the sole Principle of Action P W

510 Punk (whore)

511 So K* so B** (Henry de Grey, Duke of Kent (1671-1740), see p 627, and James, third Earl of Berkeley (1680-1736), First Lord of the Admiralty under George I The reference to a 'Harlot's slave' indicates that they must have owed their places to the influence of one of George I's mistresses >

THE DUNCIAD BOOK IV	793
Poor W * * nipt in Folly's broadest bloom, Who praises now? his Chaplain on his Tomb Then take them all, oh take them to thy breast! Thy Magus, Goddess! shall perform the rest? With that, a Wizard old his Cup extends,	515
Which who so tostes, forgets his former friends, Sire, Ancestors, Himself One casts his eyes Up to a Star, and like Endymion dies A Feather shooting from another's head, Extracts his brain, and Principle is fled,	520
Lost is his God, his Country, ev'ry thing, And nothing left but Homage to a King! The vulgar herd turn off to roll with Hogs, To run with Horses, or to hunt with Dogs, But, sad example! never to escape	525
Their Infamy, still keep the human shape But she, good Goddess, sent to ev'ry child Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild, And strait succeeded, leaving shame no room,	5 3 0

513 Poor W* (Perhaps the dissipated young Earl of Warwick)

517 With that a Wizard old, &c.] (Almost certainly Walfole In the lines that follow, Pope is probably thinking in particular of William Pulteney Though he was not made Earl of Bath till 1742, Pulteney had been growing steadily more lukewarm in opposition, and rumours that he was willing to be silenced by a peerage had been circulating for some years >

517 his Cup, &c] The Cup of Self-love, which causes a total oblivion of the obligations of Friendship, or Honour, and of the Service of God or our Country, all sacrificed to Vain-glory, Court-worship, or yet meaner considerations of Lucre and brutal Pleasures From ver 520 to 528 PW

518 Which whoso tastes, forgets his former friends,—Sine, &c] Homer

of the Nepenthe Odyss 4 (220-1)

Αυτικ' αρ εις οΐνον βαλε φαρμακον ένθεν επινον Νηπενθες τ' ἄχολον τε, κακών επιληθον απαντων

520 a Star (Worn by Knights of the Garter or Knights of the Bath > 521 Feather (Worn by Knights of the Garter in their caps >

523, 524 Lost is his God, &c] So strange as this must seem to a mere English reader, the famous Mons de la Bruyere declares it to be the character of every good Subject in a Monarchy 'Where (says he) there is no such thing as Love of our Country, the Interest, the Glory and Service of the Prince supply its place' De la Republique, Chap to PW

529 But she, good Goddess, &c] The only comfort such people can receive, must be owing in some shape or other to Dulness, which makes some stupid, others impudent, gives Self-conceit to some, upon the Flatteries of their dependants, presents the false colours of Interest to others, and busies or amuses the rest with idle Pleasures or Sensuality, till they become easy under any infamy Each of which species is here shadowed under Allegorical persons P W

Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom Kind Self-conceit to some her glass applies, Which no one looks in with another's eyes But as the Flatt'rer or Dependant paint,	535
Beholds himself a Patriot, Chief, or Saint	233
On others Int'rest her gay liv'ry flings,	
Int'rest, that waves on Party-colour'd wings	
Turn'd to the Sun, she casts a thousand dyes,	
And, as she turns, the colours fall or rise	540
Others the Syren Sisters warble round,	
And empty heads console with empty sound	
No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,	
The balm of Dulness trickling in their ear	
Great C * *, H * *, P * *, R * *, K *,	545
Why all your Toils? your Sons have learn'd to sing	
How quick Ambition hastes to ridicule!	
The Sire is made a Peer, the Son a Fool	
On some, a Priest succinct in amice white	
Attends, all flesh is nothing in his sight!	550
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,	• •
And the huge Boar is shrunk into an Urn	
The board with specious miracles he loads,	
•	

541 the Syren Sisters (The Muses of Opera)

545 Great C** &c \(\text{William Cowper}\), first Earl Cowper, Simon Harcourt, first Viscount Harcourt, Thomas Parker, first Earl of Macclesfield, and Peter King, first Baron King of Ockham, were at different times Lord Chancellor, Sir Robert Raymond, first Baron Raymond, was Lord Chief Justice Their sons (in Harcourt's case, grandson) were undistinguished, and, as Pope's line implies, patrons of the opera \(\)

549 annot (An oblong piece of white linen, used in the Western Church in conjunction with the alb, now generally folded so as to lie round the neck and shoulders Pope's priest is a chef, the amice is

presumably his cap >

553 The board with specious Miracles he loads, &c] Scriblerus seems at a loss in this place Speciosa miracula (says he) according to Horace (Ars Poetica, 144-5), were the monstrous Fables of the Cyclops, Læstrygons, Scylla, &c What relation have these to the transformation of Hares into Larks, or of Pigeons into Toads? I shall tell thee The Læstrygons spitted Men upon Spears, as we do Larks upon Skewers and the fair Pigeon turn'd to a Toad is similar to the fair Virgin Scylla ending in a filthy beast But here is the difficulty, why Pigeons in so shocking a shape should be brought to a Table Hares indeed might be cut into Larks at a second dressing, out of frugality Yet that seems no probable motive, when we consider the extravagance before mention'd, of dissolving whole Oxen and Boars into a small vial of Jelly, nay it is expresly said that all Flesh is nothing in his sight. I have searched in Apicius, Pliny, and the Feast of Trimalchio, in vain I can only resolve it into some mysterious superstitious Rite, as it is said to be done by a Priest, and soon after called

a Sacrifice attended (as all ancient sacrifices were) with Libation and Song SCRIBL

This good Scholiast, not being acquainted with modern Luxury, was ignorant that these were only the miracles of French Cookery, and that particularly Pigeons en crapeau were a common dish PW 555 in all what one can shine?] Alludes to that of Virgil, Ecl 8 (63)

-non omnia possumus omnes

556 Seve and Verdeur] French Terms relating to Wines (Seve the fineness and strength of flavour proper to any particular wine Verdeur briskness > St Evremont has a very pathetic Letter to a Nobleman in disgrace, advising him to seek Comfort in a good Table and particularly to be attentive to these Qualities in his Champaigne PW

560 Bladen-Hays] Names of Gamesters Bladen is a black man Robert Knight Cashier of the South-sea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742)—These lived with the utmost magnificence at Paris, and kept open Tables frequented by persons of the first Quality of England, and even by Princes of the Blood of France ΡW

Ibid Bladen, &c] The former Note of Bladen is a black man, is very absurd The Manuscript here is partly obliterated, and doubtless could only have been Wash Blackmoors white, alluding to a known Proverb SCRIBL PW

562 three essential Partriges in one] 1 e two dissolved into Quintessence to make sauce for the third The honour of this invention belongs to France, yet has it been excell'd by our native luxury, an hundred squab Turkeys being not unfrequently deposited in one Pye in the Bishopric of Durham to which our Author alludes in ver 593 of this work 571 Some, deep Free-Masons, join the silent race. The Poet all along

expresses a very particular concern for this silent Race. He has here

Some Botanists, or Florists at the least,	
Or issue Members of an Annual feast	
Nor past the meanest unregarded, one	575
Rose a Gregorian, one a Gormogon	
The last, not least in honour or applause,	
Isis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws	
Then blessing all, 'Go Children of my care!	
To Practice now from Theory repair	580
All my commands are easy, short and full	
My Sons! be proud, be selfish, and be dull	
Guard my Prerogative, assert my Throne	
This Nod confirms each Privilege your own	
The Cap and Switch be sacred to his Grace,	585
With Staff and Pumps the Marquis lead the Race,	
From Stage to Stage the licens'd Earl may run,	
Pair'd with his Fellow-Charioteer the Sun,	
The learned Baron Butterflies design,	
Or draw to silk Arachne's subtile line,	590

provided, that in case they will not waken or open (as was before proposed) to a Humming-Bird or Cockle, yet at worst they may be made Free-Masons, where Taciturmty is the only essential Qualification, as it was the chief of the disciples of Pythagoras PW

576 a Gregorian, one a Gormogon] A sort of Lay-brothers, Slips from the Root of the Free-Masons PW (The Gregorians and Gormogons were both founded in the early eighteenth century in ridicule of the

Freemasons >

584 each Privilege your own, &c] This speech of Dulness to her Sons at parting may possibly fall short of the Reader's expectation, who may imagine the Goddess might give them a Charge of more consequence. and, from such a Theory as is before delivered, incite them to the practice of something fore extraordinary, than to personate Running-Footmen, Jockeys, Stage Coachmen, &c

But if it be well consider d, that whatever inclination they might have to do mischief, her sons are generally render'd harmless by their Inability, and that it is the common effect of Dulness (even in her greatest efforts) to defeat her own design, the Poet, I am persuaded, will be justified, and it will be allow'd that these worthy persons, in their several ranks, do as

much as can be expected from them PW

585 The Cap and Switch, &c (i e the cap and switch of a jockey) 586 With Staff and Pumps &c (Running-footmen wore 'pumps' (a sort of shoe without heels), and carried a long staff, when accompanying their master's coach >

587-8 the licens'd Earl ('Earl of Salisbury who took the property of

a Stage Coach and drove it himself'>

589 The learned Baron ('Baron Charles de Geer, a friend and pupil

of Linnæus, and a celebrated entomologist >

590 Arachne's subtile line] This is one of the most ingenious employ ments assign'd, and therefore recommended only to Peers of Learning Of weaving Stockings of the Webs of Spiders, see the Phil Trans PW The Judge to dance his brother Sergeant call, The Senator at Cricket urge the Ball, The Bishop stow (Pontific Luxury!) An hundred Souls of Turkeys in a pye, The sturdy Squire to Gallic masters stoop, 595 And drown his Lands and Manors in a Soupe Others import vet nobler arts from France. Teach Kings to fiddle, and make Senates dance Perhaps more high some daring son may soar. Proud to my list to add one Monaich more, 600 And nobly conscious, Princes are but things Born for First Ministers, as 3laves for Kings, Tyrant supreme! shall three Estates command, And MAKE ONE MIGHTY DUNCIAD OF THE LAND! More she had spoke, but yawn'd-All Nature nods 605 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods? Churches and Chapels instantly it reach'd,

591 The Judge to dance his brother Serjeant call Alluding perhaps to that ancient and solemn Dance intitled A Call of Sergeants P W (At a call of sergeants certain ancient ceremonies were observed which had some resemblance to a country dance)

592 The Senator at Cricket, &c (Several peers were noted at this time for their interest in cricket, a game which gave offence to many because it encouraged lords and gentlemen to associate with 'butchers

and cobblers >

593-4 The Bishop stow, &c (See iv 562n)

598 Teach Kings to fiddle] An ancient amusement of Sovereign Princes, (viz) Achilles, Alexander, Nero, tho despised by Themistocles, who was a Republican—Make Senates dance, either after their Prince, or to Pontoise, or Siberia P W (See Moral Es, in 72n, The Parliament of Paris was banished by Dubois to Pontoise, 1720)

599-604 Perhaps more high, &c (In these daring lines Pope is attacking Walpole's long ascendancy as First Minister He had been virtual ruler of the country since 1721 He fell at last in Jan 1742—two months

before this attack was made upon him in The New Dunciad >

606 What Mortal can resist the Yawn of Gods] This verse is truly Homerical, as is the conclusion of the Action, where the great Mother composes all, in the same manner as Minerva at the period of the Odyssey—It may indeed seem a very singular Epitasis of a Poem, to end as this does, with a Great Yawn, but we must consider it as the Yawn of a God, and of powerful effects. It is not out of Nature, most long and grave counsels concluding in this very manner. Nor without Authority, the incomparable Spencer having ended one of the most considerable of his works with a Roar, but then it is the Roar of a Lion, the effects whereof are described as the Catastrophe of his Poem PW (See Mother Hubberds Tale, ll 1337 ff)

607 Churches and Chapels, &c] The Progress of this Yawn is judicious, natural, and worthy to be noted First it seizeth the Churches and Chapels, then catcheth the Schools, where, tho' the boys be unwilling to sleep, the Masters are not Next Westminster-hall, much more hard

(St James's first, for leaden Gilbert preach'd) Then catch'd the Schools, the Hall scarce kept awake, The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak 610 Lost was the Nation's Sense, nor could be found, While the long solemn Unison went round Wide, and more wide, it spread o'er all the realm. Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the Helm The Vapour mild o'er each Committee crept, 615 Unfinish'd Treaties in each Office slept, And Chiefless Armies doz'd out the Campaign, And Navies yawn'd for Orders on the Main O Muse! relate (for you can tell alone, Wits have short Memories, and Dunces none) 620 Relate, who first, who last resign'd to rest, Whose Heads she partly, whose completely blest,

indeed to subdue, and not totally put to silence even by the Goddess Then the Convocation, which tho' extremely desirous to speak, yet cannot Even the House of Commons, justly called the Sense of the Nation (cf Dia I p 691, 1 78n), is lost (that is to say suspended) during the Yawn (far be it from our Author to suggest it could be lost any longer!) but it spreadeth at large over all the rest of the Kingdom, to such a degree, that Palinurus himself (tho' as incapable of sleeping as Jupiter) yet noddeth for a moment the effect of which, tho' ever so momentary, could not but cause some Relaxation, for the time, in all public affairs SCRIBL P W

608 leaden] An Epithet from the Age she had just then restored, according to that sublime custom of the Easterns, in calling new-born Princes after some great and recent Event Scribl (The preacher is Dr John Gilbert, afterwards Archbishop of York)

610 The Convocation gap'd, but could not speak \ The Lower House of Convocation of the Clergy had been prorogued in 1717 and did not again receive the royal licence to transact business till 1861 >

614 Ev'n Palinurus nodded, & C (Walpole the pilot of the Ship of State)

615–8] These Verses were written many years ago, and may be found in the State Poems of that time So that Scriblerus is mistaken, or whoever else have imagined this Poem of a fresher date P W (Pope is referring to the delay in fitting out two expeditions to Spanish America in 1740 One, under the command of Sir Charles Ogle, sailed at the end of October to join Admiral Vernon at Jamaica, the other, after considerable mismanagement had sailed under Anson for Peru on Sept 18 The reference to 'unfinish'd Treaties' may be intended to glance at the Convention which was signed by England and Spain on Jan 14, 1739 It was 'unfinished' in the sense that it was inconclusive, and left several important points unsettled By 'chiefless Armies' Pope may be alluding to the troops sent out to the West Indies under Lord Cathcart, who died from the effects of the climate >

620 Wits have short Memories] This seems to be the reason why the Poets, whenever they give us a Catalogue, constantly call for help on the

What Charms could Faction, what Ambition lull,
The Venal quiet, and intrance the Dull,
'Till drown'd was Sense, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong—
625
O sing, and hush the Nations with thy Song!

In vain, in vain,—the all-composing Hour Resistless falls The Muse obeys the Pow'r She comes! she comes! the sable Throne hehold Of Night Primæval, and of Chaos old! 630 Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay, And all its varying Rain-bows die away Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires, The meteor drops, and in a flash expires As one by one, at dread Medea's strain, 635 The sick'ning stars fade off th' ethereal plain, As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest, Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest, Thus at her felt approach, and secret might, Art after Art goes out, and all is Night 640

Muses, who, as the Daughters of Memory, are obliged not to forget any thing So Homer, Iliad 2 <488, 491-2>,

Πληθυν δ ουκ αν εγω μυθησομαι ουδ' ονομηνω Ει μη 'Ολυμπιαδες Μοῦσαι Διος αιγιοχοιο Ουγατερες μνησαιαθ —

And Virgil, Æn 7 (645-6),

Et meministis enim, Divæ, & memorare potestis Ad nos vix tenuis famæ perlabitur aura

But our Poet had yet mother reason for putting this Task upon the Muse that all besides being asleep, she only could relate what passed SCRIBL DW

626 (To the couplet with which Pope closed The New Dunciad of

1742 the following note was added

o'er the Land and Deep] It was but necessary for the Poet to say this expressly, that Bitain might not be supposed to be in this condition alone, but in company with all other Nations of Europe It had been a monstrous impropriety, in such a case, to have made any Nation keep awake, except France But our Poet, tho' a Satyrist, is an utter enemy to all National Reflections Scribt.

It is impossible to lament sufficiently the loss of the rest of this Poem, just at the opening of so fair a scene as the Invocation seems to promise It is to be hop'd however that the Poet compleated it, and that it will not be lost to posterity, if we may trust to a Hint given in one of his Satires

[Sat II 1 59]

Publish the present Age, but where the Text Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next >

637 As Argus eyes, &c <A iii 343 >

See skulking Truth to her old Cavern fled,	
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!	
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,	
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more	
Physic of Metaphysic begs defence,	645
And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense!	
See Mystery to Mathematics fly	
In vain! they gaze, turn gaddy, rave, and die	
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,	
And unawares Morality expires	650
Nor public Flame, nor private, dares to shine,	-
Nor human Spark is left, nor Glimpse divine	
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd,	
Light dies before thy uncreating word	
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall,	655
And Universal Darkness buries All	

APPENDIX

I PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect Editions of the DUNCIAD, in three books, printed at DUBLIN and LONDON, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727

⟨See p 430⟩

II A LIST OF BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES
In which our Author was abused, before the Publication of the DUNCIAD, with the true Names of the Authors

(See p 434)

III ADVERTISEMENT

To the FIRST EDITION with Notes, in Quarto, 1729 (See p 317)

IV ADVERTISEMENT TO THE FIRST EDITION separate, of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the author of the three first books of the Dunciad, that we publish this Fourth It was found merely by accident, in taking a survey of the *Library* of a late

eminent nobleman, but in so blotted a condition, and in so many detach'd pieces, as plainly shewed it to be not only incorrect, but infimshed. That the author of the three first books had a design to extend and complete his poem in this manner, appears from the dissertation prefixt to it, where it is said, that the design is more extensive, and that we may expect other episodes to complete it. And from the declaration in the argument to the third book, that the accomplishment of the prophecies therein, would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad. But whether or no he be the author of this, we declare ourselves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it, than Tucca and Varius for that of the last six books of the Æneid, tho' perhaps inferior to the former

If any person be possessed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publisher, we shall make the next edition more complete. In which, we also promise to insert any Criticisms that shall be published (if at all to the purpose) with the Names of the Authors, or any letters sent us (tho' not to the purpose) shall yet be printed under the title of Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum, which, together with some others of the same kind formerly laid by for that end, may make no impleasant addition to the future impressions of this poem

V THE GUARDIAN

Being a continuation of some former Papers on the subject of PASTORALS

⟨See p 445⟩

VI OF THE POET LAUREATE

November 19, 1729

The time of the election of a Poet Laureate being now at hand, it may be proper to give some account of the rites and ceremonies anciently used at that Solemnity, and only discontinued through the neglect and degeneracy of later times. These we have extracted from an historian of undoubted credit, a reverend bishop, the learned Paulus Jovius, and are the same that were practised under the pontificate of Leo X, the great restorer of learning

As we now see an age and a court, that for the encouragement of poetry rivals, if not exceeds, that of this famous Pope, we cannot but wish a restoration of all its honours to poesy, the rather, since there are so many parallel circumstances in the person who was then honoured with the laurel, and in him, who (in all probability) is now to wear it

I shall translate my author exactly as I find it in the 82d chapter of his Elogia Vir Doct He begins with the character of the poet himself, who was the original and father of all Laureates, and called Camillo He was a plain country-man of Apulia, whether a shepherd or thresher, 1 is not material 'This man (says Jovius) excited by the fame of the great encouragement given to poets at court, and the high honour in which they were held, came to the city, bringing with him a strange kind of lyre in his hand, and at least some twenty thousand of verses All the wits and critics of the court flock'd about him, delighted to see a clown, with a ruddy, hale complexion, and in his own long hair, so top full of poetry, and at the first sight of him all agreed he was born to be Poet Laureate He had a most hearty welcome in an island of the river Tiber (an agreeable place, not unlike our Richmond2) where he was first made to eat and drink plentifully, and to repeat his verses to every body. Then they adorn'd him with a new and elegant garland, composed of vine-leaves, laurel, and brassica (a sort of cabbage) so composed, says my author, emblematically, ut tam sales, quam lepide ejus temulentia, Brassicæ remedio combenda, notaretur He was then saluted by common consent with the title of archi-poeta, or archipoet, in the style of those days, in ours, Poet Laureate This honour the poor man received with the most sensible demonstrations of joy, his eves drunk with tears and gladness^b Next the public acclamation was expressed in a canticle, which is transmitted to us, as follows

> 'Salve, brassicea virens corona, Et lauro, archipoeta, pampinoque! Dignus principis auribus Leonis'

All hail, arch-poet without peer! Vine, bay, or cabbage fit to wear, And worthy of the prince's ear

From hence he was conducted in pomp to the *Capitol* of Rome, mounted on an *elephant*, thro' the shouts of the populace, where the ceremony ended

The historian tells us farther, 'That at his introduction to Leo, he

¹ the sher <The satire which follows is directed against Stephen Duck (1705-56), the agricultural labourer and poet patronized by Queen Caroline On Nov 19, 1730, Swift told Gay that he heard Duck was to be the new laureate, in succession to Eusden >

^a Apulus præpingui vultu alacer, & prolixé comatus, omnino dignus festa laurea videretur

² Richmond (Among Queen Caroline's gifts to Duck was 'a Small House at Richmond in Surrey)'

b Manantibus præ gaudio oculis

not only poured forth verses innumerable, like a torrent, but also sung them with open mouth Nor was he only once introduced, or on stated days (like our Laureates) but made a companion to his master. and entertained as one of the instruments of his most elegant pleasures When the prince was at table, the poet had his place at the window When the prince, hade half eaten his meat, he gave with his own hands the rest to the poet When the poet drank, it was out of the prince's own flaggon, insorbuch (says the historian) that thro' so great good eating and drinking he contracted a most terrible gout' Sorry I am to relate what follows, but that I cannot leave my reader's curiosity unsatisfied in the catastrophe of this extraordinary man To use my author's words, which are remarkable, mortuo Leone, profligatisque poetis, &c 'When Leo died, and poets were no more' (for I would not understand profligatis literally, as if noets then were profligate) this unhappy Laureate was forthwith reduced to return to his country, where, oppress'd with old age and mant, he miserably perish'd in a common hospital

We see from this sad conclusion (which may be of example to the poets of our time) that it were happier to meet with no encouragement at all, to remain at the plough, or other lawful occupation, than to be elevated above their condition, and taken out of the common means of life, without a suier support than the temporary. or, at best, mortal favours of the great It was doubtless for this consideration, that when the Royal Bounty1 was lately extended to a rural genius, care was taken to settle it upon him for life And it hath heen the practice of our Princes, never to remove from the station of Poet Laureate any man who hath once been chosen, tho' never so much greater Genius's might arise in his time A noble instance. how much the charity of our monarchs hath exceeded their love of fame

To come now to the intent of this paper We have here the whole ancient ceremonial of the Laureate In the first place the crown is to be mix'd with vine-leaves, as the vine is the plant of Bacchus, and full as essential to the horour, as the butt of sack to the salary

Secondly, the brassica must be made use of as a qualifier of the former It seems the cabbage was anciently accounted a remedy for drunkenness, a power the French now ascribe to the onion, and style a soupe made of it, soupe d'Yvronge I would recommend a large mixture of the brassica if Mr Dennis be chosen.2 but if

c Semesis opsoniis

Royal Bounty (Queen Caroline allowed Duck a salary of £30 per annum, which was later raised to £80 >

be chosen (The gibe here is directed at the poetical intoxication of Dennis >

PAP-DD

Mr Tibbald, it is not so necessary, unless the cabbage be supposed to signify the same thing with respect to poets as to taylors, viz stealing 1 I should judge it not amiss to add another plant to this garland, to wit, vvv Not only as it anciently belonged to poets in general, but as it is emblematical of the three virtues of a court poet in particular, it is creeping, dirty, and daugling 2

In the next place, a canticle must be composed and sung in laud and praise of the new poet If Mre CIBBER be laureated, it is my opinion no man can write this but himself And no man, I am sure. can sing it so affectingly 8 But what this canticle should be, either in his or the other candidates' case. I shall not pretend to determine

Thirdly, there ought to be a public show, or entry of the poet To settle the order or procession of which, Mr Anstis⁴ and Mr DENNIS ought to have a conference I apprehend here two difficulties One, of procuring an elephant, the other of teaching the poet to ride him Therefore I should imagine the next animal in size or dignity would do best, either a mule or a large ass, particularly if that noble one could be had, whose portraiture makes so great an ornament of the Dunciad, and which (unless I am misinform'd) is vet in the park of a nobleman near this city⁵ — Unless Mr CIBBER be the man, who may, with great propriety and beauty, ride on a dragon, if he goes by land, or if he chuse the water, upon one of his own swans from Cæsar in Egypt 6

We have spoken sufficiently of the *ceremony*, let us now speak of the qualifications and privileges of the Laureate First, we see he must be able to make verses extempore, and to pour forth innumerable, if requir'd In this I doubt Mr TIBBALD Secondly, he ought to sing, and intrepidly, patulo ore Here, I confess the excellency of Mr CIBBER Thirdly, he ought to carry a lyre about with him If a large one be thought too cumbersome, a small one may be contrived to hang about the neck, like an order, and be very much a grace to the person Fourthly, he ought to have a good stomach, to eat and drink whatever his betters think fit, and there-

¹ stealing ('Cabbage Shreds (or larger pieces) of cloth cut off by tailors in the process of cutting out clothes, and appropriated by them as a perquisite' >

² dangling (Cf B 1 304)

³ affectingly (For Cibber's squeaky voice, cf B 111 306n)

⁴ Anstis (John Anstis (1669–1744), Garter King-of-Arms, and author of several heraldic works One of the duties of his office was to regulate public processions >

⁵ city (The nobleman is perhaps Lord Hervey, whose regimen of

ass's milk was well known Cf Ep to Arbuthnot, 306n >

⁶ Egypt (For his Caesar in Egypt (1724) the stage carpenter had made pasteboard swans to swim on an imaginary Nile When drawn across the stage, they occasioned some ridicule among the audience >

fore it is in this high office as in many others, no puny constitution can discharge it I do not think CIBBER or FIBBALD here so happy but rather a stanch, vigorous, season'd, and dry old gentleman. Whom I have in my eye

I could also wish at this juncture, such a person as is truly jealous of the honour and dignity of poetry, no joker, or trifler, but a bard in good earnest, nay, not amiss if a critic, and the better if a little obstinate. For when we consider what great privileges have been lost from this office (as we see from the forecited authentic record of Jovius) namely those of feeding from the prince's table, drinking out of his own flaggon, becoming even his domestic and companion, it requires a man warm and resolute, to be able to claim and obtain the restoring of these high honours. I have cause to fear the most of the candidates would be liable, either through the influence of ministers, or for rewards or favours, to give up the glorious rights of the Laureate. Yet I am not without hopes, there is one, from whom a serious and steddy assertion of these privileges may be expected, and, if there be such a one, I must do him the justice to say, it is Mr. Dennis the worthy president of our society.

VII ADVERTISEMENT

Printed in the Journals, 1730

Whereas, upon occasion of certain Pieces relating to the Gentlemen of the Dunciad, some have been willing to suggest, as if they looked upon them as an abuse we can do no less than own, it is our opinion, that to call these Gentlemen bad authors is no sort of abuse, but a great truth We cannot alter this opinion without some reason, but we promise to do it in respect to every person who thinks it an injury to be represented as no Wit, or Poet, provided he procures a Certificate of his being really such, from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr Dennis singly, who is esteemed equal to any three of the number

VIII A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS OF MR DRYDEN AND MR POPE

As drawn by certain of their Contemporaries (See p 452)

BY THE AUTHOR A DECLARATION (See p 458)

¹ gentleman (Dennis at this time over seventy is intended)
² society (1 e the Grub-Street Society)

Prologue to Sophonisba

[written 1730, published 1730]

•	
When learning, after the long <i>Gothic</i> night, Fair, o'er the western world, renew'd his light,	
With arts arising Sophonisba rose	
The tragic muse, returning, wept her woes	
With her th' Italian scene first learnt to glow,	5
And the first tears for her were taught to flow	
Her chaims the Gallic muses next inspir'd	
Corneille himself saw, wonder'd, and was fir'd	
What foreign theatres with pride have shewn,	
Britain, by juster title, makes her own	10
When freedom is the cause, 'tis hers to fight,	
And hers, when freedom is the theme, to write	
For this, a British Author bids again	
The heroine rise, to grace the British scene	
Here, as in life, she breathes her genuine flame	15
She asks what bosom has not felt the same?	
Asks of the British Youth—Is silence there?	
She dares to ask it of the British Fair	
To night, our home-spun author would be true,	••
At once, to nature, history, and you	20
Well-pleas'd to give our neighbours due applause,	
He owns their learning, but disdains their laws	
Not to his patient touch, or happy flame,	
'Tis to his British heart he trusts for fame	2 "
If France excel him in one free-born thought,	25
The man, as well as poet, is in fault	
[Nature informer of the poet's art,	
Whose force alone can raise or melt the heart,	
Thou art his guide, each passion, every line,	30
Whate'er he draws to please, must all be think	20
Re thou his judge in every candid breast,	
Thy silent whisper is the sacred test]	

Epigram

[written 1730, published, Lewis's Miscellany, 1730]

When other Ladies to the Groves go down, Cornna still, and Fulvia stay in Town, Those Ghosts of Beauty ling'ring here reside, And haunt the Places where their Honour dy'd

The second couplet was later incorporated in Epistle to a Lady Of the Characters of Women, p 568, ll 241-2

Epitaph Intended for Sir Isaac Newton, In Westminster-Abbey

[written c 1730, published 1730]

ISAACUS NEWTONIUS

Quem Immortalem, Testantur Tempus, Natura, Cœlum Mortalem Hoc Marmor fatetur

Nature, and Nature's Laws lay hid in Night God said, Let Newton be ' and All was Light

Epitaph On Mr Elijah Fenton, At Easthamsted in Berks, 1730

[written 1730, published 1730]

This modest Stone what few vain Marbles can
May truly say, here lies an honest Man
A Poet, blest beyond the Poet's fate,
Whom Heav'n kept sacred from the Proud and Great
Foe to loud Praise, and Friend to learned Ease,
Content with Science in the Vale of Peace
Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear,
From Nature's temp'iate feast rose satisfy'd,
Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd

Epitaph On General Henry Withers, In Westminster-Abbey, 1729

[written c 1730, published 1730]

Here WITHERS rest! thou bravest, gentlest mind,
Thy Country's friend, but more of Human kind
Oh born to Arms! Worth in Youth approv'd!
O soft Humanity, in Age belov'd!
For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a tear,
And the gay Courtier feels the sigh sincere
WITHERS adieu! yet not with thee remove
Thy Martial spirit, or thy Social love!
Amidst corruption, luxury, and rage,
Still leave some ancient virtues to our age
Nor let us say, (those English glories gone)
The last true Briton lies beneath this stone

When first printed, these lines were preceded by a prose epitaph which appears on the monument and is believed to be Pope's also

HENRY WITHERS, Lieutenant General, descended from a military stock, and bred in arms, in Britain, Dunkirk, and Tangier Thro' the whole course of the two last wars of England with France he served in Ireland, in the Low Countries, and in Germany, was present in every battle, and at every siege, and distinguished in all by an activity, a vilour, and zeal, which nature gave and honour improved. A love of glory and of his country animated and raised him above that spirit which the trade of war inspires, a desire of acquiring riches and honours by the miseries of mankind. His temper wis humane, his benevolence universal, and among all those ancient virtues, which he preserved in practice and in credit, none was more remarkable than his hospitality. He died at the age of 78 years, on the 11th, of November MDCCXXIX To whom this Monument is erected by his Companion in the wars, and his friend thro' life, Henry Disney

Disney and Withers were both old friends of Pope

Epitaph On Mrs Corbet, Who dyed of a Cancer in her Breast

[written 1730, published 1730]

Here rests a Woman, good without pretence, Blest with plain Reason and with sober Sense,

Γhe Indy commemorated was Elizabeth daughter of Sir Uvedale Coibett, of Longnor, Shropshire She died at Paris, 1 March 1724/5

No Conquests she, but o'er heiself desir'd, No Arts essay'd, but not to be admir'd Passion and Pride were to her soul unknown, Convinc'd, that Virtue only is our own So unaffected, so compos'd a mind, So firm yet soft, so strong yet so refin'd, Heav'n, as its purest Gold, by Tortures tiy'd, The Saint sustain'd it, but the Woman dy'd

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To Mr C

ST JAMES'S PLACE LONDON, OCTOBER 22

[written 17307, published 1774]

Few words are best, I wish you well Bethel, I'm told, will soon be here Some morning-walks along the Mall, And evening-friends will end the year

If, in this interval, between

The falling leaf and coming frost,
You please to see, on Twit'nam green,
Your friend, your poet, and your host,

5

For three whole days you here may rest From office, business, news, and strife And (what most folks would think a jest) Want nothing else, except your wife

10

Addressed to William Cleland (1673-1741), of the *Dunciad* and the Timon-Chandos controversies (see p 324)
2 Bethell Hugh Bethel (see p 540)

Epigrams from The Grub-Street Jovrnal 1730–1731

I ON I M S GENT

To prove himself no Plagiary, MOORE, Has writ such stuff, as none e'er writ before Thy prudence, MOORE, is like that Irish Wit, Who shew'd his breech, to prove 'twas not besh—

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II ON MR M—RE'S GOING TO LAW WITH MR GILLIVER

INSCRIB'D TO ATTORNEY TIBBALD

Once in his Life M—RE judges right
His Sword and Pen not worth a Straw,
An Author that cou'd never write,
A Gentleman that dares not fight,
Has but one way to teaze—by Law

This suit dear TIBBALD kindly hatch,
Thus thou may'st help the sneaking Elf
And sure a *Printer* is his Match,
Who's but a *Publisher* himself

III ON J M S GENT

A gold watch found on Cinder Whore, Or a good verse on \mathcal{J} —my M—e, Proves but what either shou'd conceal, Not that they're rich, but that they steal

IV EPITAPH ON JAMES MOORE SMYTHE

Here lyes what had nor Birth, nor Shape, nor Fame, No Gentleman ' no man ' no-thing ' no name ' For Jamme ne'er grew James, and what they call More, shrunk to Smith—and Smith's no name at all Yet dye thou can'st not, Phantom, oddly fated For how can no-thing be annihilated?

Ex mulo muli fit

V ON THE CANDIDATES FOR THE LAUREL

Shall Royal praise be rhym'd by such a ribald,
As fopling C——R, or Attorney T——D?

Let's rather wait one year for better luck,
One year may make a singing Swan of Duck

Great G——! such servants since thou well can'st lack,
Oh! save the Salary, and drink the Sack!

VI ON THE SAME

Behold! ambitious of the Bittsh bays, C——R and DUCK contend in rival lays But, gentle Colley, should thy verse prevail, Thou hast no fence, alas! against his flail Wherefore thy claim resign, allow his right, For Duck can thresh, you know, as well as write

VII ON DENNIS

Shou'd D——s print how once you robb'd your Brother, Traduc'd your Monarch, and debauch'd your Mother, Say what revenge on D—— can be had, Too dull for laughter, for reply too mad? Of one so poor you cannot take the law, On one so old your sword you scorn to draw Uncag'd then let the harmless Monster rage,

Uncag'd then let the harmless Monster rage, Secure in dullness, madness, want, and age

VIII OCCASION'D BY SEEING SOME SHEETS OF DR B-TL-Y'S EDITION OF MILTON'S PARADISE LOST

Did MILTON'S Prose, O CHARLES, thy Death defend? A furious Foe unconscious proves a Friend On MILTON'S Verse does B—t—ly comment?—Know A weak officious Friend becomes a Foe While he but sought his Author's Fame to further, The murd'rous Critic has aveng'd thy Murder

I 'An Epigram Occasioned by some scurrilous Verses on Pope and Swift, privately handed about, and written by J[ame]s M[oo]re Sm[y]th' II This piece continues the attack on Moore Smythe Gilliver was Pope's principal publisher

IV Cf Dunciad A, II 46 (p 373)

V On the death of the Poet Laureate, Eusden, on 27 September 1730, the names of possible successors were much canvassed in the papers Cibber was appointed on 3 December, but Stephen Duck, the 'thresher poet', was just then being taken up by Queen Caroline (see pp 802-5)

2 C-r, T-d Cibber, 1 ibbald

4 Duck Stephen Duck

5 G---] George II

Lines to a Friend

WRITTEN AT HIS MOTHER'S BEDSIDE

[written 1731, published 1751]

While ev'ry Joy, successful Youth! is thine, Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine

These Lines, later to be used as the conclusion of An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot (1734), are found in a letter to Aaron Hill (3 September 1731)

5

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5

Me long, ah long! may these soft Cares engage, To rock the Cradle of reposing Age, With lement Arts prolong a Parent's Breath, 5 Make Languor smile, and smooth the Bed of Death Me, when the Cares my better Years have shown Another's Age, shall hasten on my own, Shall some kind Hand, like B***'s or thine, Lead gently down, and favour the Decline? 10 In Wants, in Sickness, shall a Friend be nigh, Explore my Thought, and watch my asking Eve? Whether that Blessing be deny'd, or giv'n, Thus far, is right, the rest belongs to Heav'n

o B***'s] Bolingbroke's

Epitaph On Charles Earl of Dorset, In the Church of Withvham in Sussex [written 1731?, published, Works, 1735]

Dorset, the Grace of Courts, the Muses Pride, Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dv'd! The Scourge of Pride, tho' sanctify'd or great? Of Tops in Learning, and of Knaves in State Yet soft his Nature, tho' severe his Lay, Blest Satyrist! who touch'd the Mean so true, As show'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too Blest Courtier! who could King and Country please, Yet sacred keep his Friendships, and his Ease

5 His Anger moral, and his Wisdom gav TO Blest Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace Reflecting, and reflected in his Race, Where other Buckhursts, other Dorsets shine, And Patriots still, or Poets, deck the Line

1 Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset (1638-1706) Pope con sidered Dorset 'the best of the Restoration wits 11 his great Forefathers] particularly the first Earl, author of the Induction to A Mirror for Magistrates, and part-author of Gorboduc

On the Countess of Burlington cutting Paper

[written 1732, published, PSM, 1732]

Pallas grew vap'rish once and odd, She would not do the least right thing, Either for Goddess or for God, Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor sing

Jove frown'd, and 'Use (he cry'd) those Eyes
So skilful and those Mands so taper,
Do something exquisite, and wise—'
She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut Paper

5

10

In

20

This vexing him who gave her Birth,
Thought by all Heav'n a burning Shame,
What does she next, but bids on Earth
Her B—l—n do just the same

Pallas, you give yourself strange Airs,
But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
The Sense and Taste of one that bears
The Name of Savil and of Boyle

Alas! one bad Example shown,
How quickly all the Sex pursue!
See Madam! see, the Arts o'erthrown,
Between John Overton and You

8 cut Paper] 1 e into shapes of flowers, etc
16 Lady Burlington was a Savile, and her husband a Boyle
20 John Overton] Doubtless a member of the family of print-sellers
and engravers

Horace, Satyr 4 Lib I Paraphrased

INSCRIBED TO THE HONORABLE MR-

[written 1731, published 1732]

Absentem qui rodit Amicum ² Qui non defendit, alio culpante ³ Solutos Qui captat Risus hominum, Famamque dicacis ⁴ Fingere qui Non Visa potest ⁵ Commissa tacere
Qui nequit —Hic Niger est Hunc, tu Romane, caveto

- I The Fop, whose Pride affects a Patron's name, Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame
- 2 That more abusive Fool, who calls me Friend, Yet wants the honour, injur'd to defend

This sketch of a Fop, later incorporated in the Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot, (p 607, ll 291-304), was occasioned by gossip which immediately followed the publication of Of Taste, on 13 December 1731

- 3 Who spreads a Tale, a Libel hands about, 5 Enjoys the fest, and copies Scandal out
- 4 Who to the Dean and Silver Bell can swear, And sees at C-n-ons what was never there,
- 5 Who tells you all 1 mean, and all I say, And, if he lyes not, must at least betray ΙO -Tis not the sober Satyrist you should dread, But such a babling Goxcomb in his stead

the Dean and Silver Bell] Quoted from the description of 'Timon's Villa' in Of Taste, ll 141, 149-50 (p 593) 8 C-n-ns] Canons, the Duke of Chandos's seat near Edgware

Wrote by Mr P in a Volume of Evelyn on Coins, presented to a painter by a parson

[written c 1732 published 1735]

T-m W—d of Ch-sw-c, deep divine, To painter K-t presents his coin, 'Tis the first time I dare to say, That Churchman e'er gave coin to Lay

Title Evelyn on Coins] Numismata A Discourse of Medals, Antient and Modern By John Lvelyn 1697

1 T-m W-d] Thomas Wood, vicar of Chiswick, 1716-32

2 K-t William Kent, aichitect and painter

The Six Mardens

[written c 1732, published 1949]

A tower there is, where six Maidens do dwell, This Tow'r it belongs to the Dev'l of Hell, And sure of all Devils this must be the best, Who by six such fair Maidens at once is possest

So bright are their beauties, so charming their eyes, 5 As in spite of his Fall, might make Lucifer rise, But then they're so blithe and so buxome withall, As, the ten Devils rose, they could make them to fall

A squib on the Prince of Wales and his intrigues with the six maids of honour to Queen Caroline

1 A Tower] Windsor Castle

Ah why, good Lord Grantham, were you so uncivil
To send at a dash all these Nymphs to the Devil?

And yet why, Madam Dives, at your lot should you stare?

'Tis known all the Dives's ever went there

There, Mordaunt, Fitzwilliams, &ç remain,
(I promis'd I never would mention Miss Vane)
Ev'n Cart'ret and Meadows so pure of desires,
Are lump'd with the rest of these charming Hell fires

15

O' sure to King George 'tis a dismal disaster, To see his own Maids serve a new Lord and Master Yet this, like their old one, for nothing will spare, And treateth them all, like a Prince of the Air

20

Who climbs these High Seats oh his joy shall be great! Tho strait be the passage, and narrow the Gate, And who now of his Court, to this place would not go, Prepard for the Devil and his Angells also?

9 Lord Grantham] Henry d'Auverquerque, Earl of Grantham (c 1672-1754) Lord Chamberlain to Princess (later Queen) Caroline, 1716-37 16 Hell fires] A term for reckless young people, derived from the Hell-fire Club, 1720

Epitaph For Dr Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Who died in Exile at Paris, in 1732

[His only Daughter having expired in his arms, immediately after she arrived in France to see him]

[written 1732, published 1751]

DIALOGUE

SHE

Yes, we have liv'd—one pang, and then we part! May Heav'n, dear Father! now, have all thy Heart Yet ah! how once we lov'd, remember still, Till you are Dust like me

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5

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ΗE

Dear Shade! I will Then mix this Dust with thine—O spotless Ghost! O more than Fortune, Friends, or Country lost! Is there on earth one Care, one Wish beside? Yes—Save my Country, Heav'n,

-He said, and dy'd

Poems from Miscellames The Third Volume 1732

I EPITAPH [OF BY-WORDS]

Here lies a round Woman, who thought mighty odd Every Word she e'er heard in this Church about God To convince her of God the good Dean did indeavour, But still in her Heart she held Nature more clever Tho' he talk'd much of Virtue, her Head always run Upon something or other, she found better Fun For the Dame, by her Skill in Affairs Astronomical, Imagin'd, to live in the Clouds was but comical In this World, she despis'd every Soul she met here, And now she's in t'other, she thinks it but Queer

II EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH

Sir, I admit your gen'ral Rule That every Poet is a Fool But you yourself may serve to show it, That every Fool is not a Poet

III

You beat your Pate, and fancy Wit will come Knock as you please, there's no body at home

IV EPIGRAM

Peter complains, that God has given
To his poor Babe a Life so short
Consider Peter, he's in Heaven,
'Tis good to have a Friend at Court

Epitaph On Mr Gay In Westminster-Abbev 1732

[written 1733, published 1733]

Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild, In Wit, a Man, Simplicity, a Child, With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage, Form'd to delight at once and lash the age, Above Temptation, in a low Estate, And uncorrupted, ev'n among the Great, A safe Companion, and an easy Friend, Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End These are Thy Honours! not that here thy Bust Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy dust, But that the Worthy and the Good shall say, Striking their pensive bosoms—Here lies GAY

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The Crux-Easton Epigrams

[written 1733, published 1750]

I ON SEEING THE LADIES AT CRUX-EASTON WALK IN THE WOODS BY THE GROTTO

Extempore by Mr POPE

Authors the world and their dull brains have trac'd, To fix the ground where paradise was plac'd Mind not their learned whims and idle talk, Here, here's the place, where these bright angels walk

II INSCRIPTION ON A GROTTO OF SHELLS AT CRUX-EASTON THE WORK OF NINE YOUNG LADIES

Here shunning idleness at once and praise This radiant pile nine rural sisters raise, The glitt'ring emblem of each spotless dame, Clear as her soul, and shining as her frame,

The Misses Lisle of Crux-Easton are reported to have amused themselves 'by standing on niches in the Grotto as the Nine Muses, Pope Deing placed in the midst, as Apollo

5

Beauty which Nature only can impart, And such a polish as disgraces Art, But Fate dispos'd them in this humble soit, And hid in desarts what wou'd charm a court

CE.

Prologue, For the Benefit of Mr Dennis,

[written 1733, published 1733]

As when that Hero, who in each Campaign Had brav'd the Goth, and many a Vandal slain, Lay Fortune-struck, a Spectacle of Woe! Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by ev'ry Foe Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting Mind, 5 But pities Belisarius, Old and Blind? Was there a Chief, but melted at the Sight? A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite? Such, such Emotions should in Britons rise, When prest by Want and Weakness, Denn's lies, TO Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern Huns. Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns, A desp'rate Bulwark, sturdy, firm, and fierce, Against the Gothick Sons of frozen Verse, How chang'd from him, who made the Boxes groan, 15 And shook the Stage with Thunders all his own! Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's Hope, Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope! If there's a Briton, then, true bred and born, Who holds Dragoons and Wooden-Shoes in scorn, 20 If there's a Critick of distinguish'd Rage, If there's a Senior, who contemns this Age, Let him to Night his just Assistance lend, And be the Critick's, Briton's, Old-man's Friend

A performance of *The Provoked Husband* was given for Dennis's benefit at the Haymarket Theatre on 18 December 1733 The evidence suggests that if Pope's prologue was in fact spoken on this occasion, its authorship was not revealed

16 Thunders all his own] Dennis was said to have invented an improved method of making stage-thunder for his play, Appus and Virginia, 1709

The play failed, but the thunder was a success

18 French Tyrant] Dennis wrote a play against the French, Liberty Asserted, in 1704, which (so the tale went) so offended the French king 'that he never would make Peace with England, unless the delivering up Mr Dennis, was one of the Articles of it'

To the Earl of Burlington asking who writ the Libels against him

[written c 1733, published 1736]

You wonder Who this Thing has writ, So full of Fibs, so void of Wit? Lord! never ask who thus could serve ye? Who can it be but Fibster H—y

Lord Hervey's anonymous attack on Pope, entitled An Epistle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, was reported by Hervey to have put Pope 'in a most violent fury'

To Ld Hervey & Lady Mary Wortley

[written c 1733, published 1950]

When I but call a flagrant Whore unsound, Or have a Pimp or Flaterer in the Wind, Sapho enrag'd crys out your Back is round, Adonis screams—Ah! Foe to all Mankind!

Thanks, dirty Pair! you teach me what to say,
When you attack my Morals, Sense, or Truth,
I answer thus—poor Sapho you grow grey,
And sweet Adonis—you have lost a Tooth

References to Sappho and Lord Fanny in the first *Imitation of Horace* provoked Lord Hervey and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to collaborate in *Verses Addressed to the Imitator of Horace* This epigram anticipates the retort in *An Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*

[A Character]

[written c 1734, published 1871]

Mark by what wretched steps Great * * grows, From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose, One equal course how Guilt and Greatness ran, And all that rais'd the Hero sunk the Man Now Europe's Lawrels on his brows behold, But stain'd with Blood, or ill exchang'd for Gold What wonder tryumphs never turn'd his brain

A character of the Duke of Marlborough It is a manuscript revision and expansion of *Essay on Man*, IV 291-308 probably designed for a revised edition, but suppressed I ines from the *Essay on Man* are printed in talic

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MINOR VERSE

Fill'd with mean fear to lose mean joy to gain Hence see him modest free from pride or shew Some Vices were too high but none too low TO Go then indulge thy age in Wealth and ease Stretch'd on the spals of plunder'd palaces Alas what wealth, which no one act of fame E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame Alas what ease those furies of thy life 15 Ambition Av'rice and th' imperious Wife The trophy'd Arches, story'd Halls invade, And haunt his slumbers in the pompous Shade No joy no pleasure from successes past Timid and therefore treacherous to the last 20 Hear him in accents of a pining Ghost Sigh, with his Captive for his ofspring lost Behold him loaded with unreverend years Bath'd in unmeaning unrepentant tears Dead, by regardless Vet'rans born on high 25 Dry pomps and Obsequies without a sigh Who now his fame or fortune shall prolong In vain his consort bribes for venal song No son nor Grandson shall the line sustain The husband toils the Adulterer sweats in vain 30 In vain a nations zeal a senate's cares 'Madness and lust' (said God) 'be you his heirs' 'O'er his vast heaps in drunkenness of pride Go wallow Harpyes and your prey divide' Alas! not dazled with his Noontide cav. 35 Compute the Morn and Evening of his Day The whole amount of that enormous Fame A Tale ' that blends the Glory with the Shame ' 38 Tale] 'Tally', as well as 'story' cf 'compute', 1 36

Epigrams Occasioned by Cibber's Verses in Praise of Nash

[written c 1735, published 1928]

I

O Nash! more blest in ev'ry other thing, But in thy Poet wretched as a King!

I r Richard ('Beau') Nash (1674-1762), Arbiter Elegantiarum at Bath c 1705-c 1745

Thy Realm disarm'd of each offensive Tool, Ah! leave not this, this Weapon to a Fool Thy happy Reign all other Discord quells, Oh doe but silence Cibber, and the Bells Apollo's genuine Sons thy fame shall raise And all Mankind, but Cibber, sing thy praise

TT

Cibber! write all thy Verses upon Glasses, The only way to save 'em from our A—s

3 ' it was thought necessary to forbid the wearing of swords at Bath, as they often tore the ladies' clothes, and frighted them, by sometimes appearing upon trifling occasions' Goldsmith, Life of Nash

6 the Bells] 'Upon a stranger s arrival at Bath he is welcomed by a peal

of the Abbey bells', ibid

Epigram On One who made long Epitaphs

[written 1736, published, Works, 1738]

Friend! for your Epitaphs I'm griev'd, Where still so much is said, One half will never be believ'd, The other never read

Epitaph On Edmund Duke of Buckingham, who died in the Nineteenth Year of his Age,

17.35

[written c 1736, published, Works, 1738]

If modest Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd, And ev'ry opening Virtue blooming round, Could save a Mother's justest Pride from fate, Or add one Patriot to a sinking state, This weeping marble had not ask'd thy Tear, Or sadly told, how many Hopes lie here! The living Virtue now had shone approv'd, The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd Yet softer Honours, and less noisy Fame Attend the shade of gentle Buckingham

5

10

In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art, Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart, And Chiefs or Sages long to Britain giv'n, Pays the last Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n

Epitaph On John Knight

[written 1736, published 1736]

JOANNI KNIGHT

De Goss-field Com Essex Armig
Qui obut Oct 2 1733 Æt 50

ANNA CRAGGS,

JACOBI CRAGGS, Regi GEORGIO I A Secretis, Soror,
MEMORIÆ & AMORI SACRUM
Conjugi suo Charissimo H S P

O fairest Pattern to a failing Age!
Whose Publick Virtue knew no Party rage
Whose Private Name all Titles recommend,
The pious Son, fond Husband, faithful Friend
In Manners plain, in Sense alone refind,
Good without Show, and without weakness kind
To Reason's equal dictates ever true,
Calm to resolve, and constant to pursue
In Life, with ev'ry social Grace adorn'd,
In Death, by Friendship, Honour, Virtue, mourn'd

Bounce to Fop

AN HEROICK EPISTLE
FROM A DOG AT TWICKENHAM TO
A DOG AT COURT

[written 1727-36?, published 1736]

To thee, sweet *Fop*, these Lines I send, Who, tho' no Spaniel, am a Filend Tho, once my Tail in wanton play, Now frisking this, and then that way,

Bounce was a bitch belonging to Pope, Fop seems to have been Lady Suffolk's dog

Chanc'd, with a Touch of just the Tip, To hurt your Lady-lap-dog-ship, Yet thence to think I'd bite your Head off! Sure <i>Bounce</i> is one you never read of	5
For you can dance, and make a Leg, Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg, And (what's the Top of all your Tricks) Can stoop to pick up <i>Strings</i> and <i>Sticks</i> We Country Dogs love nobler Sport, And scorn the Pranks of Dogs at Court	10
Fye, naughty Fop! where e'er you come To f—t and p—ss about the Room, To lay your Head in every Lap, And, when they think not of you—snap! The worst that Envy, or that Spite	15
E'er said of me, is, I can bite That sturdy Vagrants, Rogues in Rags, Who poke at me, can make no Brags, And that to towze such Things as flutter, To honest Bounce is Bread and Butter	20
While you, and every courtly Fop, Fawn on the Devil for a Chop, I've the Humanity to hate A Butcher, tho' he brings me Meat,	25
And let me tell you, have a Nose, (Whatever stinking Fops suppose) That under Cloth of Gold or Tissue, Can smell a Plaister, or an Issue	30
Your pilf'ring Lord, with simple Pride, May wear a Pick-lock at his Side, My Master wants no Key of State, For Bounce can keep his House and Gate	35
When all such Dogs have had their Days, As knavish <i>Pams</i> , and fawning <i>Trays</i> , When pamper'd <i>Cupids</i> , bestly <i>Vem</i> 's, And motly, squinting <i>Harvequim</i> 's,	40

10 fetch and carry] Cf Ep to Arbuthnot, ll 225 f, p 605
12 Cf 'Voyage to Lilliput', chap III § 4, Ess on Man, IV 205, p 542,
Impt Hor, Ep I VI 14, p 631

MINOR VERSE	825
Shall lick no more their Lady's Br—, But die of Looseness, Claps, or Itch, Fair <i>Thames</i> from either ecchoing Shoare Shall hear, and dread my manly Roar	
See <i>Bounce</i> , like <i>Berecynthia</i> , crown'd With thund'ring Offspring all around, Beneath, beside me, and a top, A hundred Sons' and not one <i>Fop</i>	45
Before my Children set your Beef, Not one true <i>Bounce</i> will be a Thief, Not one without Permission feed, (Tho' some of 9—'s hungry Breed) But whatsoe'er the Father's Race, From me they suck a little Grace	50
While your fine Whelps learn all to steal, Bred up by Hand on Chick and Veal	55
My Eldest-born resides not far, Where shines great Strafford's glittering Star My second (Child of Fortune!) waits At Burlington's Palladian Gates A third majestically stalks (Happiest of Dogs!) in Cobham's Walks One ushers Friends to Bathus st's Door, One fawns, at Oxford's, on the Poor	60
Nobles, whom Arms or Arts adorn, Wait for my Infants yet unborn None but a Peer of Wit and Grace, Can hope a Puppy of my Race	65
And O! wou'd Fate the Bliss decree To mine (a Bliss too great for me) That two, my tallest Sons, might grace Attending each with stately Pace, Iulus' Side, as erst Evander's,	70
To keep off Flatt'rers, Spies, and Panders, To let no noble Slave come near, And scare Lord <i>Fannys</i> from his Ear Then might a Royal Youth, and true, Enjoy at least a Friend—or two	75
73 Iulus] Son of Æneas, reference to the Prince of Wales [P] 76 Cf Ep to Arbuthnot, 1 319, p 608	

A Treasure, which, of Royal kind, Few but Himself deserve to find

80

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave) Shall wag her Tail within the Grave

And tho' no Doctors, Whig, or Tory ones,
Except the Sect of Pythagoreans,
Have Immortality assign'd
To any Beast, but Dryden's Hind
Yet Master Pope, whom Truth and Sense
Shall call their Friend some Ages hence,
Tho' now on loftier Themes he sings
Than to bestow a Word on Kings,
And Dread of Dogs and Poets both)
Man and his Works he'll soon renounce,
And roai in Numbers worthy Bounce

86 A Milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd Ver I Of the Hind and Panther [P]

Epigram Engraved on the Collar of a Dog which I gave to his Royal Highness

[written c 1737, published, Works, 1738]

I am his Highness' Dog at Kew, Pray tell me Sir, whose Dog are you?

Sonnet Written upon Occasion of the Plague, and found on a Glass-Window at Chalfont

(IN IMITATION OF MILTON)

[written 1737, published, Milton's Works, 1738]

Fair Mirrour of foul Times! whose fragile Sheene Shall as it blazeth, break, while Providence (Aye watching o'er his Saints with Eye unseen,) Spreads the red Rod of angry Pestilence,
To sweep the wicked and their Counsels hence,

5

This appears to have been intended as a hoax to catch the connoisseurs

Yea all to break the Pride of lustful Kings, Who Heaven's Lore reject for brutish Sense, As erst he scourg'd Jessides' Sin of yore For the fair Hittite, when on Seraph's Wings He sent him Waf, or Plague, or Famine sore

10

Epitaph For One who would not be buried in Westminster-Abbey

[written 17387, published, Works, 1738]

HEPOES, and KINGS 'your distance keep In peace let one poor Poet sleep, Who never flatter'd Folks like you Let Horace blush, and Virgil too

Epitaph On Himself

[written 1741, published 1741]

Under this Marble, or under this Sill, Or under this Turf, or e'en what they will, whatever an Heir, or a Friend in his stead, Or any good Creature shall lay o'er my Head, Lies He who ne'er car'd, and still cares not a Pin, What they said, or may say of the Mortal within But who living and dying, serene still and free, Trusts in God, that as well as he was, he shall be

5

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Forty A POEM

[written 1740, published 1797]

O wietched B—, jealous now of all, What God, what mortal, shall prevent thy fall? Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place, And see what succour from the Patriot Rece C—, his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things Made just for him, as other fools for Kings,

5

I B- Britain

⁴ Patriot Race] The Opposition See Pope's note to Dia 1 24 5 Carteret His policy was to displace Walpole in royal favour

Controls, decides, insults thee every hour, And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r	
Thro' Clouds of Passion P—'s views are clear,	
He foams a Patriot to subside a Peer,	10
Impatient sees his country bought and sold,	10
And damns the market where he takes no gold	
Grave, righteous S— joggs on till, past belief,	
He finds himself companion with a thief	
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and sword,	15
Is all the help stern S— wou'd afford	
That those who bind and rob thee, would not kill	,
Good C— hopes, and candidly sits still	
Of Ch—s W— who speaks at all,	
No more than of Sir Har—y or Sir P—	20
Whose names once up, they thought it was not wron	ıg
To lie in bed, but sure they lay too long	
G-r, C-m, B-t, pay thee due regards,	
Unless the ladies bid them mind their cards	
with wit that must	
And C-d who speaks so well and writes,	25
Whom (saving W) every S harper bites,	
must needs	
Whose wit and equally provoke one,	
Finds thee, at best, the butt to crack his joke on	
As for the rest, each winter up they run,	
And all are clear, that something must be done	30
Then urg'd by C—t, or by C—t stopt,	
Inflam'd by P—, or by P— dropt,	
They follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,	
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write	
So geese to gander prone obedience keep,	35
Hiss if he hiss, and if he slumber, sleep	
9 P—'s] William Pulteney See Dia 1 24n (p 689)	
10 He was not created Earl of Bath till 1742, but rumours that he	could
be bought with a peerage had been persistent in 1737 13 Perhaps Sandys, a prominent member of the Opposition	
16 Perhaps Shippen, the Jacobite leader	
18 C Perhaps Lord Cornbury See Ep I vi 61 (p 632)	
19 Ch—s W—] Perhaps 'Chandos, Winchilsea'	
 I do not recognize Sir Harry Sir P— is evidently Sir Paul Metl Gower, Cobham, Bathurst 	nuen
25 C—d] Chesterfield	
26 W] Perhaps Peter Walter	
29 The country gentlemen of the Tory Opposition, who 'run u	p' to
ttend sessions of Parliament gr C—t] Carteret 32 P—] Pulteney	
32 F—J Putteney	

Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,	
Utter'd a speech, and ask'd their friends to dine,	
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,	
Contend but for five shillings in the pound,	40
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,	•
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live	
Rise, rise, great W fated to appear,	
Spite of thyself a glogious minister!	
Speak the loud language Princes	45
And treat with half the	
At length to B— kind, as to thy	
Espouse the nation, you	
What can thy H	
Dress in Dutch	50
Tho' still he travels on no bad pretence,	
To shew	
Or those foul copies of thy face and tongue,	
Veracious W— and frontless Young,	
Sagacious Bub, so late a friend, and there	55
So late a foe, yet more sagacious H—?	
Hervey and Hervey's school, F— H—y, H—n,	
Yea, moral Ebor, or religious Winton	
How! what can O-w, what can D-	
The wisdom of the one and other chair,	60

40 The country gentlemen's grievance was the land-tax, -increased to four shillings in the pound in 1740—which Walpole had designed to ease by means of his Excise Bill, defeated in 1733 See Sat II ii 134n (p 622)

42 Sir Robert] Walpole

43 W---] Walpole

47 Croker completed the couplet

At length to Britain kind, as to thy whore, Espouse the nation, you debauched before

Walpole married Maria Skerrett, whom he had kept for ten years, in 1738 See p 693, 1 141n

49 thy H] Walpole's brother, Horace, ambassador at the Hague (1733–40) 54 *W*—] Winnington

55 Bub] Dodington 56 Bishop Hare of Chichester, although a staunch Whig, had opposed the government on the Quaker Bill in 1736 but returned to his allegiance soon after

57 Fox (1 e Stephen Fox), Harry (1 e Harry Fox), Hinton (1 e John

Poulett, Lord Hinton), all political protégés of Lord Hervey

58 Archbishop Blackburne of York (see p 669), and Bishop Hoadly

of Winchester The epithets are ironical

59 Onslow and Lord De la Warr, Speakers of the House of Commons and of the House of Lords respectively

N— laugh, or D—s sager	
Or thy dread truncheon M 's mighty peer?	
What help from J—s opiates canst thou draw	
Or H—k's quibbles voted into law?	
C that Roman in his nose alone,	65
Who hears all causes, B—, but thy own,	,
Or those proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate	
Made fit companions for the Sword of State	
Can the light packhorse, or the heavy steer,	
The sowzing Prelate, or the sweating Peer,	70
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,	•
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?	
Alas! the people curse, the carman swears,	
The drivers quarrel, and the master stares	
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries	75
To save thee in th' infectious office dies	
The first firm P—y soon resign'd his breath,	
Brave S—w lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death	
Good M—m—t's fate tore P—th from thy side,	
And thy last sigh was heard when W—m died	80
Thy Nobles Sl-s, thy Se-s bought with gold,	

61 Newcastle Doiset The word sneer would complete the line 62 The Duke of Marlborough had deserted the Opposition in 1738 and had been rewarded with a court appointment

63 7—s] Probably Sir Joseph Jekyll

64 H—k] Hardwicke, the Loid Chancellor Pethaps a reference to Hardwick's objections to certain clauses in the smuggling Bill (1736), which were modified because of his opposition

65 C] Spencer Compton, Carl of Wilmington, whose nose, Pope wrote to Marchmont, was all that could be found remarkable to set on his monument.

66 B- Britain

67-8 Alluding to the Lord High Chamberlain's privilege of disposing of the Sword of State to be carried by any peer he may select, at the opening or closing of a parliamentary session

70 sowzing] i e powerful
77 Daniel Pulteney's undeviating hostility to Walpole provided a

valuable satiric contrast to his cousin's vacillation (1 9)

78 Lord Scarbrough committed suicide on Jan 29, 1740 His action was attributed to his wishing to avoid marriage with the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, but Pope seems to have believed that he was too sensitive to malicious interpretation of his political behaviour

79 Lord Marchmont had died on Feb 27, 1740 His son, Lord Polwarth, by succeeding to the title, was incapacited from sitting in the House of Commons, and was not elected as a representative of the

Scottish Peers until 1750

80 Sir William Wyndham, the leader of the Hanoverian Tories, died

on June 17, 1740

Perhaps 'Thy Nobles Slaves, thy Senates bought with gold'

MINOR VERSE	831
Thy Cleigy perjur'd, thy whole People sold An atheist	
Blotch thee all o'er, and sink	
Alas! on one alone our all relies,	85
Let him be honest, and he must be wise,	
Let him no trifler from his school,	
Nor like his still a	
Be but a man! unministered, alone,	
And free at once the Senate and the Throne,	90
Esteem the public love his best supply,	
A O's true glory his integrity,	
Rich with his in his strong,	
Affect no conquest, but endure no wrong	
Whatever his religion or his blood,	95
His public virtue makes his title good	
Europe's just balance and our own may stand,	
And one man's honesty redeem the land	
haps	
- · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	
An Atheist court, a thief's administration, Blotch thee all o'er, and sink thee to damnation'	

83 Perl

ch thee all o'ei, and sink thee to damnation

85 Frederick, Prince of Wales

92 Perhaps King s

93 ff Probably the lines were intended to run

Rich with his Britain, in his Britain strong Affect no conquest, &c

The allusion in that case would be to George II's preference for Hanover The Patriot King would affect no conquest' on the Continent, but he would 'endure no wrong' from Spain He would be rich enough with Britain, and strong in hei love

95 Whatever his religion Pope is expressing his personal opinion Though a professing Catholic at a time when anti Catholic legislation made life unpleasant for the faithful Pope was open-minded in religious

matters See Sat 11 1 64-6

Epigram [On lopping Trees in his Garden]

[written c 1740, published 1741]

My Ld complains, that P— (stark mad with Gardens) Has lopp'd three Trees, the Value of three Farthings But he's my Neighbour, cries the Peer polite, And if he'll visit me, I'll wave my Right What? on Compulsion? and against my Will A Lord's Acquaintance -Let him file his Bill

5

Verbatım from Boıleau

Un jour, dit un Auteur, &c EPISTLE II
[written c 1740, published 1741]

Once (says an Author, where, I reed not say)
Two Trav'lers found an Oyster in their Way,
Both fierce, both hungry, he Dispute grew strong,
While, Scale in Hand, Dame Justice past along
Before her each with Clamour pleads the Laws,
Explain'd the Matter, and would win the Cause,
Dame Justice, weighing long the doubtful Right,
Takes, opens, swallows it, before their Sight
The Cause of Strife remov'd so rarely well,
There, take (says Justice) take ye each a Shell
We thrive at Westminster on Fools like you,
'Twas a fat Oyster—Live in Peace—Adieu

5

IO

5

On the Benefactions in the late Frost, 1740 [written 1740, published 1740]

Yes, 'tis the time! I cry'd, impose the chain!
Destin'd and due to wretches self-enslav'd!
But when I saw such Charity remain,
I half could wish this people might be sav'd
Faith lost, and Hope, their Charity begins,
And 'tis a wise design on pitying heav'n,
If this can cover multitudes of sins,
To take the only way to be forgiven

Epigrams 1738-1741

I ON QUEEN CAROLINE'S DEATH-BED

Here lies wrapt up in forty thousand towels The only proof that C*** had bowels

II ON A PICTURE OF QUEEN CAROLINE, DRAWN BY LADY BURLINGTON

Alas! what room for Flattry, or for Pride! She's dead!—but thus she lookd the hour she dy'd, Peace, blubbring Bishop! peace thou flattring Dean! This single Crayon, Madam, saints the Queen

III LINES ON MINISTERS

—But Ministers like Gladiators live, Tis half their business, Blows to ward, or give, The good their Virtue might effect, or sense, Dies between Exigents, and self defence

III These verses from MS Egerton 1950 are written on the back of some notes about the Essav on Griticism and the Essay on Man Their subject suggests that they were drafted when Pope was at work on the later Imitations of Horace

IV COUPLET

May THESE put Money in your Purse, For I assure you, I've read worse

A P

IV To the concluding lines of a poem entitled "The Author's Picture A Fourth Epistle to Mr Pope" which read

The most I seriously would hope Is, just to read the Words, A POPE, Writ, without Sneer, or Shew of Banter, Beneath your friendly *Imprimantur*

the author, John Bancks, has appended a footnote stating

A copy of these Epistles having been sent to Mr Pope, he was pleased to return them with Subscriptions for two Sets of the Author's Works, and the following Couplet

V ON DR ALURED CLARKE

Let Clarke make half his life the poor's support, But let him give the other half to court

V Spence reports Pope as saying that this couplet was in the manuscript for *Dunciad* iv 'But I believe I shall omit it, though, if rightly understood, it has more of commendation than satire in it 'Alured Clarke (1696–1742) had been a prebendary of Winchester and Westminster before being appointed Dean of Exeter

VI COUPLET FROM HORACE

In unambitious silence be my lot, Yet ne'er a friend forgetting, till forgot

VI Pope wrote to Lord Marchmont, 10 January 1739 'I am learning Horace's verse [Epist 1 x1 9]— Oblitusque meorum, obliviscendus et illis," but I learn it (what I think the best way) backwards and appended the couplet above

VII COUPLET ON HIS GROTTO

And life itself can nothing more supply Than just to plan our projects, and to die

VIII LINES TO KING GEORGE II

O all-accomplish'd Cæsar' on thy Shelf Is room for all Pope's Works—and Pope himself

'Tis true Great Bard, thou on my shelf shall lye With Oxford, Cowper, Noble Strafford by But for thy Windsor, a New Fabric Raise And There Triumphant Sing Thy Soverain's Praise

5

VIII Elwin glosses the last four lines 'the king answers that he permits the "bard's" works to have a place in a libiary adorned with portraits of Oxford, Cowper, and Strafford—all politicians whom he honours more than authors,—but that he has no desire to see Pope in person, and his Windsor must be a second poetical fabric of his own raising, similar to the Windsor Forest in which he sang the praises of Oueen Anne'

After an hundred and thirty years' nap, Enter Shakespear, with a loud clap

1. [ON SHAKESPEAR'S MONUMENT]

Thus Britain lov'd me, and preserv'd my Fame,
Clear from a Barber's or a Benson's Name

Mock inscriptions for the blank scroll on Shakespeare's monument in Westminster Abbey

Alderman John Barber (1675-1740) erected a monument to Samuel Butler in Westminster Abbey At the end of the Latin inscription appear the words

Hoc tandem, posito Marmoie cuiavit Johannes Barber, Civis Londinensis, 1721

William Benson (1682-1754), Surveyor-General of Worls, crected a monument to Milton in Westminster Abbey in 1737

Epigram On Cibber's Declaration that he will have the Last Word with Mr Pope

[written 1742, published 1742]

Quoth Cibber to Pope, tho' in Verse you foreclose, I'll have the last Word, for by G—d I'll write Prose Poor Colley, thy Reas'ning is none of the strongest, For know, the last Word is the Word that lasts longest

Tom Southerne's Birth-day Dinner at Ld Orrery's

[written 1742, published 1742]

Resign'd to live, prepar'd to die, With not one sin but poetry, This day Tom's fair account has run (Without a blot) to eighty one Kind Boyle before his poet lays 5 A table with a cloth of bays, And Ireland, mother of sweet singers, Presents her harp still to his fingers, The feast, his towring genius marks In yonder wildgoose, and the larks! 10 The mushrooms shew his wit was sudden! And for his judgment lo a pudden! Roast beef, tho' old, proclaims him stout, And grace, altho' a bard, devout May Tom, whom heav'n sent down to raise 15 The price of prologues and of plays, Be ev'ry birth-day more a winner, Digest his thirty-thousandth dinner, Walk to his grave without reproach, And scorn a rascal and a coach! 20

Epigram [On Bishop Hough]

[written c 1742, published 1742]

A bishop by his Neighbours hated Has Cause to wish himself translated

For Pope's opinion of Hough see Epil to Sat, II 240 P 703 P A P —E E

But why shou'd *Hough* desire Translation, Lov'd and esteem'd by all the Nation? Yet if it be the old Man's Case, I'll lay my Life, I know the Place 'Tis where God sent some that adore him, And whither *Enoch* went before him

Epitaph on Mr Rowe

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY [written 1743]

Thy Reliques, Rowe! to this sad Shrine we trust, And near thy Shakespear place thy honour'd Bust, Oh next him skill'd to draw the tender Tear, For never Heart felt Passion more sincere To nobler Sentiment to fire the Brave, For never Briton more disdain'd a Slave! Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endless Rest, Blest in thy Genius, in thy Love too blest, And blest, that timely from Our Scene remov'd Thy Soul enjoys that Liberty it lov'd

5

10

To these, so mourn'd in Death, so lov'd in Life! The childless Parent and the widow'd Wife With tears inscribes this monumental Stone, That holds their Ashes and expects her own

2 thy Shakespear] Rowe was Shakespeare's first edition (1709)
11 these] I e Rowe and his daughter Charlotte Fane, whose death
(1739) is recorded on the pedestal of Rowe s bust

Fragment of Brutus, an Epic

[written 1743, published 1954]

The Patient Chief, who lab'ring long, arriv'd On Britains Shore and brought with fav'ring Gods Arts Arms and Honour to her Ancient Sons Daughter of Memory! from elder Time Recall, and me, with Britains Glory fir'd, Me, far from meaner Care or meaner Song, Snatch to thy Holy Hill of Spotless Bay, My Countrys Poet, to record her Fame

Lines on Bounce

[written 1744, published 1872]

Ah Bounce! ah gentle Beast! why wouldst thou dye, When thou had'st Meat enough, and Orrery?

Pope's dog, Bounce, had been entrusted to Lord Orrery, under whose care she died On 10 April 1744, he wrote to Orrery

I dread to enquire into the part culars of yo Fate of Bounce Perhaps you conceald them, as Heav'n often does Unhappy Events, in pity to the Survivors, or not to hasten on my End by Sorrow I doubt not how much Bounce was lamented They might say as the Athenians did to Arcite, in Chaucer,

Ah Arcite! gentle Knight! why would'st thou die, When thou had st Gold enough, and Emilye? The couplet which follows was probably the last he ever wrote

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